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THE BEQUEST OF

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THE

WORKS

OF

Samuel Johnſon, LL.D.

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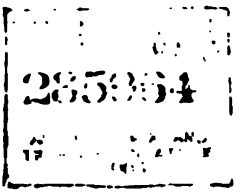

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CONTENTS

OF THE

FOURTH VOLUME.

THE LIVES OF THE MOST EMINENT ENGLISH POETS, Concluded.

Life of POPE,	Page 1
PITT,	159
THOMSON,	163
WATTS,	179
A. PHILIPS,	189
WEST,	199
COLLINS,	204
DYER,	210
SHENSTONE,	214
YOUNG,	223
MALLET,	279
AKENSIDE,	286
GRAY,	294
LYTTELTON,	309

MISCELLANEOUS LIVES.

Life of FATHER PAUL SARPI, - Page 318
BOERHAAVE, - - - 329
BLAKE, - - - 358
Sir FRANCIS DRAKE, - - 379
BARRETIER, - - - 461
MORIN, - - - 472
BURMAN, - - - 480
SYDENHAM, - - - 492
CHEYNEL, - - - 501
CAVE, - - - 521
KING OF PRUSSIA, - - 531
BROWNE, - - - 581
ASCHAM, - - - 617

P O P E.

ALEXANDER POPE was born in London, May 22, 1688, of parents whoſe rank or ſtation was never aſcertained: we are informed that they were of *gentle blood*; that his father was of a family of which the Earl of Downe was the head, and that his mother was the daughter of William Turner, Eſquire, of York, who had likewiſe three ſons, one of whom had the honour of being killed, and the other of dying, in the ſervice of Charles the Firſt; the third was made a general officer in Spain, from whom the ſiſter inherited what ſequeſtrations and forfeitures had left in the family.

This, and this only, is told by Pope; who is more willing, as I have heard obſerved, to ſhew what his father was not, than what he was. It is allowed that he grew rich by trade; but whether in a ſhop or on the Exchange was never diſcovered, till Mr. Tyers told, on the authority of Mrs. Racket, that he was a linen-draper in the Strand. Both parents were papiſts.

Pope was from his birth of a conſtitution tender and delicate; but is ſaid to have ſhewn remarkable gentleneſs and ſweetneſs of diſpoſition. The weakneſs of his body continued through his life *; but the mildneſs of his mind perhaps ended with his childhood. His voice, when he was young, was ſo pleaſing, that he was called in fondneſs the *little Nightingale*.

Being not ſent early to ſchool, he was taught to read by an aunt; and when he was ſeven or eight years old, became a lover of books. He firſt learned to write by imitating printed books; a ſpecies of penmanſhip in which he retained great excellence through his whole life, though his ordinary hand was not elegant.

When he was about eight, he was placed in Hampſhire under Taverner, a Romiſh prieſt, who, by a method very rarely practiſed, taught him the Greek and Latin rudiments together. He was now firſt regularly initiated in poetry by the peruſal of Ogylby's *Homer*, and Sandys's *Ovid:* Ogylby's aſſiſtance he never repaid with any praiſe; but of Sandys he declared, in his notes to the *Iliad*, that Engliſh poetry owed much of its preſent beauty to his tranſlations. Sandys very rarely attempted original compoſition.

From the care of Taverner, under whom his proficiency was conſiderable, he was removed to a ſchool at Twyford near Wincheſter, and again to another ſchool about Hyde-park Corner; from which he uſed ſometimes to ſtroll to the playhouſe, and was ſo de-

* This weakneſs was ſo great, that he conſtantly wore ſtays, as I have been aſſured by a waterman at Twickenham, who, in lifting him into his boat, had often felt them. His method of taking the air on the water, was to have a ſedan chair in the boat, in which he ſat with the glaſſes down.

lighted

lighted with theatrical exhibitions, that he formed a kind of play from Ogylby's *Iliad*, with ſome verſes of his own intermixed, which he perſuaded his ſchool-fellows to act, with the addition of his maſter's gardener, who perſonated *Ajax*.

At the two laſt ſchools he uſed to repreſent himſelf as having loſt part of what Taverner had taught him, and on his maſter at Twyford he had already exerciſed his poetry in a lampoon. Yet under thoſe maſters he tranſlated more than a fourth part of the *Metamorphoſes*. If he kept the ſame proportion in his other exerciſes, it cannot be thought that his loſs was great.

He tells of himſelf, in his poems, that *he liſp'd in numbers*; and uſed to ſay that he could not remember the time when he began to make verſes. In the ſtyle of fiction it might have been ſaid of him as of Pindar, that, when he lay in his cradle, *the bees ſwarmed about his mouth*.

About the time of the Revolution, his father, who was undoubtedly diſappointed by the ſudden blaſt of popiſh proſperity, quitted his trade, and retired to Binfield in Windſor Foreſt, with about twenty thouſand pounds; for which, being conſcientiouſly determined not to entruſt it to the government, he found no better uſe than that of locking it up in a cheſt, and taking from it what his expences required; and his life was long enough to conſume a great part of it, before his ſon came to the inheritance.

To Binfield Pope was called by his father when he was about twelve years old; and there he had for a few months the aſſiſtance of one Deane, another prieſt, of whom he learned only to conſtrue a little of *Tully's Of-*

fices. How Mr. Deane could ſpend, with a boy who had tranſlated ſo much of *Ovid*, ſome months over a ſmall part of *Tully's Offices*, it is now vain to enquire.

Of a youth ſo ſucceſsfully employed, and ſo conſpicuouſly improved, a minute account muſt be naturally deſired; but curioſity muſt be contented with confuſed, imperfect, and ſometimes improbable intelligence. Pope, finding little advantage from external help, reſolved thenceforward to direct himſelf, and at twelve formed a plan of ſtudy which he completed with little other incitement than the deſire of excellence.

His primary and principal purpoſe was to be a poet, with which his father accidentally concurred, by propoſing ſubjects, and obliging him to correct his performances by many reviſals; after which the old gentleman, when he was ſatisfied, would ſay, *theſe are good rhymes.*

In his peruſal of the Engliſh poets he ſoon diſtinguiſhed the verſification of Dryden, which he conſidered as the model to be ſtudied, and was impreſſed with ſuch veneration for his inſtructer, that he perſuaded ſome friends to take him to the coffee-houſe which Dryden frequented, and pleaſed himſelf with having ſeen him.

Dryden died May 1, 1701, ſome days before Pope was twelve; ſo early muſt he therefore have felt the power of harmony, and the zeal of genius. Who does not wiſh that Dryden could have known the value of the homage that was paid him, and foreſeen the greatneſs of his young admirer?

The earlieſt of Pope's productions is his *Ode on Solitude*, written before he was twelve, in which there is nothing more than other forward boys have attained, and which is not equal to Cowley's performances at the ſame age.

His time was now ſpent wholly in reading and writing. As he read the Claſſicks, he amuſed himſelf with tranſlating them; and at fourteen made a verſion of the firſt book of the *Thebais*, which, with ſome reviſion, he afterwards publiſhed. He muſt have been at this time, if he had no help, a conſiderable proficient in the Latin tongue.

By Dryden's Fables, which had then been not long publiſhed, and were much in the hands of poetical readers, he was tempted to try his own ſkill in giving Chaucer a more faſhionable appearance, and put *January and May*, and the *Prologue of the Wife of Bath*, into modern Engliſh. He tranſlated likewiſe the Epiſtle of *Sappho to Phaon* from Ovid, to complete the verſion, which was before imperfect; and wrote ſome other ſmall pieces, which he afterwards printed.

He ſometimes imitated the Engliſh poets, and profeſſed to have written at fourteen his poem upon *Silence*, after Rocheſter's *Nothing*. He had now formed his verſification, and in the ſmoothneſs of his numbers ſurpaſſed his original: but this is a ſmall part of his praiſe; he diſcovers ſuch acquaintance both with human life and public affairs, as is not eaſily conceived to have been attainable by a boy of fourteen in *Windſor Foreſt*.

Next year he was deſirous of opening to himſelf new ſources of knowledge, by making himſelf acquainted with modern languages; and removed for a

time to London, that he might ſtudy French and Italian, which, as he deſired nothing more than to read them, were by diligent application ſoon diſpatched. Of Italian learning he does not appear to have ever made much uſe in his ſubſequent ſtudies.

He then returned to Binfield, and delighted himſelf with his own poetry. He tried all ſtyles, and many ſubjects. He wrote a comedy, a tragedy, an epick poem, with panegyricks on all the princes of Europe; and, as he confeſſes, *thought himſelf the greateſt genius that ever was.* Self-confidence is the firſt requiſite to great undertakings; he, indeed, who forms his opinion of himſelf in ſolitude, without knowing the powers of other men, is very liable to errour; but it was the felicity of Pope to rate himſelf at his real value.

Moſt of his puerile productions were, by his maturer judgement, aftewards deſtroyed; *Alcander*, the epick poem, was burnt by the perſuaſion of Atterbury. The tragedy was founded on the legend of *St. Genevieve.* Of the comedy there is no account.

Concerning his ſtudies it is related, that he tranſlated Tully *on old Age*; and that, beſides his books of poetry and criticiſm, he read *Temple's Eſſays* and *Locke on human Underſtanding.* His reading, though his favourite authors are not known, appears to have been ſufficiently extenſive and multifarious; for his early pieces ſhew, with ſufficient evidence, his knowledge of books.

He that is pleaſed with himſelf eaſily imagines that he ſhall pleaſe others. Sir William Trumbal, who had been ambaſſador at Conſtantinople, and ſecretary of ſtate, when he retired from buſineſs, fixed

fixed his reſidence in the neighbourhood of Binfield. Pope, not yet ſixteen, was introduced to the ſtateſman of ſixty, and ſo diſtinguiſhed himſelf, that their interviews ended in friendſhip and correſpondence. Pope was, through his whole life, ambitious of ſplendid acquaintance, and he ſeems to have wanted neither diligence nor ſucceſs in attracting the notice of the great; for from his firſt entrance into the world, and his entrance was very early, he was admitted to familiarity with thoſe whoſe rank or ſtation made them moſt conſpicuous.

From the age of ſixteen the life of Pope, as an author, may be properly computed. He now wrote his paſtorals, which were ſhewn to the Poets and Criticks of that time; as they well deſerved, they were read with admiration, and many praiſes were beſtowed upon them and upon the Preface, which is both elegant and learned in a high degree; they were, however, not publiſhed till five years afterwards.

Cowley, Milton, and Pope, are diſtinguiſhed among the Engliſh Poets by the early exertion of their powers; but the works of Cowley alone were publiſhed in his childhood, and therefore of him only can it be certain that his puerile performances received no improvement from his maturer ſtudies.

At this time began his acquaintance with Wycherley, a man who ſeems to have had among his contemporaries his full ſhare of reputation, to have been eſteemed without virtue, and careſſed without good-humour. Pope was proud of his notice; Wycherley wrote verſes in his praiſe, which he was charged by Dennis with writing to himſelf, and they agreed for a while to flatter one another. It is pleaſant to remark how ſoon

and which therefore was left to him as a baſis of fame; and, being delighted with rural poems, recommended to him to write a paſtoral comedy, like thoſe which are read ſo eagerly in Italy; a deſign which Pope probably did not approve, as he did not follow it.

Pope had now declared himſelf a poet; and thinking himſelf entitled to poetical converſation, began at ſeventeen, to frequent Will's, a coffee-houſe on the north ſide of Ruſſel-ſtreet in Covent-garden, where the wits of that time uſed to aſſemble, and where Dryden had, when he lived, been accuſtomed to preſide.

During this period of his life he was indefatigably diligent, and inſatiably curious; wanting health for violent, and money for expenſive pleaſures, and having certainly excited in himſelf very ſtrong deſires of intellectual eminence, he ſpent much of his time over his books; but he read only to ſtore his mind with facts and images, ſeizing all that his authors preſented with undiſtinguiſhing voracity, and with an appetite for knowledge too eager to be nice. In a mind like his, however, all the faculties were at once involuntarily improving. Judgement is forced upon us by experience. He that reads many books muſt compare one opinion or one ſtyle with another; and when he compares, muſt neceſſarily diſtinguiſh, reject, and prefer. But the account given by himſelf of his ſtudies was, that from fourteen to twenty he read only for amuſement, from twenty to twenty-ſeven for improvement and inſtruction; that in the firſt part of this time he deſired only to know, and in the ſecond he endeavoured to judge.

The

The Paſtorals, which had been for ſome time handed about among poets and criticks, were at laſt printed (1709) in Tonſon's Miſcellany, in a volume which began with the Paſtorals of Philips, and ended with thoſe of Pope.

The ſame year was written the *Eſſay on Criticiſm*; a work which diſplays ſuch extent of comprehenſion, ſuch nicety of diſtinction, ſuch acquaintance with mankind, and ſuch knowledge both of ancient and modern learning, as are not often attained by the maſtereſt age and longeſt experience. It was publiſhed about two years afterwards; and being praiſed by Addiſon in the *Spectator* with ſufficient liberality, met with ſo much favour as enraged Dennis, "who," he ſays, "found himſelf attacked, without any manner of provocation on his ſide, and attacked in his perſon, "inſtead of his writings, by one who was wholly a "ſtranger to him, at a time when all the world knew "he was perſecuted by fortune; and not only ſaw "that this was attempted in a clandeſtine manner, "with the utmoſt falſehood and calumny, but found "that all this was done by a little affected hypocrite, "who had nothing in his mouth at the ſame time but "truth, candour, friendſhip, good-nature, humanity, "and magnanimity."

How the attack was clandeſtine is not eaſily perceived, nor how his perſon is depreciated; but he ſeems to have known ſomething of Pope's character, in whom may be diſcovered an appetite to talk too frequently of his own virtues.

The pamphlet is ſuch as rage might be expected to dictate. He ſuppoſes himſelf to be aſked two queſtions;

tions; whether the Eſſay will ſucceed, and who or what is the author.

Its ſucceſs he admits to be ſecured by the falſe opinions then prevalent; the author he concludes to be *young and raw.*

"Firſt, becauſe he diſcovers a ſufficiency beyond "his little ability, and hath raſhly undertaken a taſk "infinitely above his force. Secondly, while this lit-"tle author ſtruts, and affects the dictatorian air, he "plainly ſhews, that at the ſame time he is under the "rod; and while he pretends to give law to others, "is a pedantick ſlave to authority and opinion. "Thirdly, he hath, like ſchool-boys, borrowed both "from living and dead. Fourthly, he knows not his "own mind, and frequently contradicts himſelf. "Fifthly, he is almoſt perpetually in the wrong."

All theſe poſitions he attempts to prove by quotations and remarks; but his deſire to do miſchief is greater than his power. He has, however, juſtly criticiſed ſome paſſages, in theſe lines:

> There are whom heaven has bleſs'd with ſtore of wit,
> Yet want as much again to manage it;
> For wit and judgement ever are at ſtrife—

it is apparent that *wit* has two meanings, and that what is wanted, though called *wit*, is truly judgement. So far Dennis is undoubtedly right; but, not content with argument, he will have a little mirth, and triumphs over the firſt couplet in terms too elegant to be forgotten. "By the way, what rare numbers are here! "Would not one ſwear that this youngſter had eſpouſed "ſome antiquated Muſe, who had ſued out a divorce "on account of impotence from ſome ſuperannuated "ſinner; and, having been p—xed by her former "ſpouſe,

" ſpouſe, has got the gout in her decrepit age, which " makes her hobble ſo damnably." This was the man who would reform a nation ſinking into barbarity.

In another place Pope himſelf allowed that Dennis had detected one of thoſe blunders which are called *bulls*. The firſt edition had this line:

What is this wit—
Where wanted, ſcorn'd; and envied where acquir'd?

" How," ſays the critick, " can wit be *ſcorn'd* where it " is not? Is not this a figure frequently employed in " Hibernian land? The perſon that wants this wit " may indeed be ſcorned, but the ſcorn ſhews the ho- " nour which the contemner has for wit." Of this remark Pope made the proper uſe, by correcting the paſſage.

I have preſerved, I think, all that is reaſonable in Dennis's criticiſm; it remains that juſtice be done to his delicacy. " For his acquaintance (ſays Dennis) he " names Mr. Walſh, who had by no means the qualifi- " cation which this author reckons abſolutely neceſſary " to a critick, it being very certain that he was, like " this Eſſayer, a very indifferent poet; he loved to be " well-dreſſed; and I remember a little young gentle- " man whom Mr. Walſh uſed to take into his company, " as a double foil to his perſon and capacity.—Enquire " between *Sunningbill* and *Oakingham* for a young, ſhort, " ſquab gentleman, the very bow of the God of Love, " and tell me whether he be a proper author to make " perſonal reflections?—He may extol the antients, " but he has reaſon to thank the gods that he was born " a modern; for had he been born of Grecian parents, " and his father conſequently had by law had the ab- " ſolute diſpoſal of him, his life had been no longer

" than

"than that of one of his poems, the life of half a day. "—Let the perſon of a gentleman of his parts be ne- "ver ſo contemptible, his inward man is ten times "more ridiculous; it being impoſſible that his out- "ward form, though it be that of downright monkey, "ſhould differ ſo much from human ſhape, as his un- "thinking immaterial part does from human under- "ſtanding." Thus began the hoſtility between Pope and Dennis, which, though it was ſuſpended for a ſhort time, never was appeaſed. Pope ſeems, at firſt, to have attacked him wantonly; but though he always profeſſed to deſpiſe him, he diſcovers, by mentioning him very often, that he felt his force or his venom.

Of this Eſſay Pope declared that he did not expect the ſale to be quick, becauſe *not one gentleman in ſixty, even of liberal education, could underſtand it.* The gentlemen, and the education of that time, ſeem to have been of a lower character than they are of this. He mentioned a thouſand copies as a numerous impreſſion.

Dennis was not his only cenſurer; the zealous papiſts thought the monks treated with too much contempt, and Eraſmus too ſtudiouſly praiſed; but to theſe objections he had not much regard.

The *Eſſay* has been tranſlated into French by *Hamilton*, author of the *Comte de Grammont*, whoſe verſion was never printed, by *Robotham*, ſecretary to the King for Hanover, and by *Refnel*; and commented by Dr. Warburton, who has diſcovered in it ſuch order and connection as was not perceived by Addiſon, nor, as is ſaid, intended by the author.

Almoſt every poem, conſiſting of precepts, is ſo far arbitrary and immethodical, that many of the paragraphs may change places with no apparent inconveni-

ence;

ence; for of two or more poſitions, depending upon ſome remote and general principle, there is ſeldom any cogent reaſon why one ſhould precede the other. But for the order in which they ſtand, whatever it be, a little ingenuity may eaſily give a reaſon. *It is poſſible*, ſays Hooker, *that by long circumduction, from any one truth all truth may be inferred.* Of all homogeneous truths, at leaſt of all truths reſpecting the ſame general end, in whatever ſeries they may be produced, a concatenation by intermediate ideas may be formed, ſuch as, when it is once ſhewn, ſhall appear natural; but if this order be reverſed, another mode of connection equally ſpecious may be found or made. Ariſtotle is praiſed for naming Fortitude firſt of the cardinal virtues, as that without which no other virtue can ſteadily be practiſed; but he might, with equal propriety, have placed Prudence and Juſtice before it, ſince without Prudence Fortitude is mad; without Juſtice, it is miſchievous.

As the end of method is perſpicuity, that ſeries is ſufficiently regular that avoids obſcurity; and where there is no obſcurity, it will not be difficult to diſcover method.

In the *Spectator* was publiſhed the *Meſſiah*, which he firſt ſubmitted to the peruſal of Steele, and corrected in compliance with his criticiſms.

It is reaſonable to infer, from his Letters, that the verſes on the *Unfortunate Lady* were written about the time when his *Eſſay* was publiſhed. The Lady's name and adventures I have ſought with fruitleſs enquiry.

I can therefore tell no more than I have learned from Mr. Ruſſhead, who writes with the confidence of one who could truſt his information. She was a woman of eminent

eminent rank and large fortune, the ward of an unkle, who, having given her a proper education, expected like other guardians that ſhe ſhould make at leaſt an equal match; and ſuch he propoſed to her, but found it rejected in favour of a young gentleman of inferior condition.

Having diſcovered the correſpondence between the two lovers, and finding the young lady determined to abide by her own choice, he ſuppoſed that ſeparation might do what can rarely be done by arguments, and ſent her into a foreign country, where ſhe was obliged to converſe only with thoſe from whom her unkle had nothing to fear.

Her lover took care to repeat his vows; but his letters were intercepted and carried to her guardian, who directed her to be watched with ſtill greater vigilance; till of this reſtraint ſhe grew ſo impatient, that ſhe bribed a woman-ſervant to procure her a ſword, which ſhe directed to her heart.

From this account, given with evident intention to raiſe the Lady's character, it does not appear that ſhe had any claim to praiſe, nor much to compaſſion. She ſeems to have been impatient, violent, and ungovernable. Her unkle's power could not have laſted long; the hour of liberty and choice would have come in time. But her deſires were too hot for delay, and ſhe liked ſelf-murder better than ſuſpence.

Nor is it diſcovered that the unkle, whoever he was, is with much juſtice delivered to poſterity as a *falſe Guardian*; he ſeems to have done only that for which a guardian is appointed; he endeavoured to direct his niece till ſhe ſhould be able to direct herſelf. Poetry has not often been worſe employed than in dignifying the amorous *fury of a raving* girl.

Not long after, he wrote the *Rape of the Lock*, the moſt airy, the moſt ingenious, and the moſt delightful of all his compoſitions, occaſioned by a frolick of gallantry, rather too familiar, in which Lord Petre cut off a lock of Mrs. Arabella Fermor's hair. This, whether ſtealth or violence, was ſo much reſented, that the commerce of the two families, before very friendly, was interrupted. Mr. Caryl, a gentleman who, being ſecretary to King James's Queen, had followed his Miſtreſs into France, and who being the author of *Sir Solomon Single*, a comedy, and ſome tranſlations, was entitled to the notice of a Wit, ſolicited Pope to endeavour a reconciliation by a ludicrous poem, which might bring both the parties to a better temper. In compliance with Caryl's requeſt, though his name was for a long time marked only by the firſt and laſt letter, C—l, a poem of two cantos was written (1711), as is ſaid, in a fortnight, and ſent to the offended Lady, who liked it well enough to ſhew it; and, with the uſual proceſs of literary tranſactions, the author, dreading a ſurreptitious edition, was forced to publiſh it.

The event is ſaid to have been ſuch as was deſired; the pacification and diverſion of all to whom it related, except Sir *George Brown*, who complained with ſome bitterneſs that, in the character of *Sir Plume*, he was made to talk nonſenſe. Whether all this be true, I have ſome doubt; for at Paris, a few years ago, a niece of Mrs. Fermor, who preſided in an Engliſh Convent, mentioned Pope's work with very little gratitude, rather as an inſult than an honour; and ſhe may be ſuppoſed to have inherited the opinion of her family.

At its firſt appearance it was termed by Addiſon *merum ſal*. Pope, however, ſaw that it was capable of improve-

improvement; and, having luckily contrived to borrow his machinery from the *Roſicrucians*, imparted the ſcheme with which his head was teeming to Addiſon, who told him that his work, as it ſtood, was *a delicious little thing*, and gave him no encouragement to retouch it.

This has been too haſtily conſidered as an inſtance of Addiſon's jealouſy; for as he could not gueſs the conduct of the new deſign, or the poſſibilities of pleaſure compriſed in a fiction of which there had been no examples, he might very reaſonably and kindly perſuade the author to acquieſce in his own proſperity, and forbear an attempt which he conſidered as an unneceſſary hazard.

Addiſon's counſel was happily rejected. Pope foreſaw the future efflorescence of imagery then budding in his mind, and reſolved to ſpare no art, or induſtry of cultivation. The ſoft luxuriance of his fancy was already ſhooting, and all the gay varieties of diction were ready at his hand to colour and embelliſh it.

His attempt was juſtified by its ſucceſs. The *Rape of the Lock* ſtands forward, in the claſſes of literature, as the moſt exquiſite example of ludicrous poetry. Berkeley congratulated him upon the diſplay of powers more truly poetical than he had ſhewn before; with elegance of deſcription and juſtneſs of precepts, he had now exhibited boundleſs fertility of invention.

He always conſidered the intermixture of the machinery with the action as his moſt ſucceſsful exertion of poetical art. He indeed could never afterwards produce any thing of ſuch unexampled excellence. Thoſe performances, which ſtrike with wonder, are combinations of ſkilful genius with happy caſualty;

and it is not likely that any felicity, like the diſcovery of a new race of preternatural agents, ſhould happen twice to the ſame man.

Of this poem the author was, I think, allowed to enjoy the praiſe for a long time without diſturbance. Many years afterwards Dennis publiſhed ſome remarks upon it, with very little force, and with no effect; for the opinion of the publick was already ſettled, and it was no longer at the mercy of criticiſm.

About this time he publiſhed the *Temple of Fame*, which, as he tells Steele in their correſpondence, he had written two years before; that is, when he was only twenty-two years old, an early time of life for ſo much learning and ſo much obſervation as that work exhibits.

On this poem Dennis afterwards publiſhed ſome remarks, of which the moſt reaſonable is, that ſome of the lines repreſent *motion* as exhibited by *ſculpture*.

Of the Epiſtle from *Eloiſa to Abelard*, I do not know the date. His firſt inclination to attempt a compoſition of that tender kind aroſe, as Mr. Savage told me, from his peruſal of Prior's *Nut-brown Maid*. How much he has ſurpaſſed Prior's work it is not neceſſary to mention, when perhaps it may be ſaid with juſtice, that he has excelled every compoſition of the ſame kind. The mixture of religious hope and reſignation gives an elevation and dignity to diſappointed love, which images merely natural cannot beſtow. The gloom of a convent ſtrikes the imagination with far greater force than the ſolitude of a grove.

This piece was, however, not much his favourite in his latter years, though I never heard upon what principle he ſlighted it.

In the next year (1713) he publiſhed *Windſor Foreſt*; of which part was, as he relates, written at ſixteen, about the ſame time as his Paſtorals, and the latter part was added afterwards: where the addition begins, we are not told. The lines relating to the Peace confeſs their own date. It is dedicated to Lord Landſdowne, who was then high in reputation and influence among the Tories; and it is ſaid, that the concluſion of the poem gave great pain to Addiſon, both as a poet and a politician. Reports like this are often ſpread with boldneſs very diſproportionate to their evidence. Why ſhould Addiſon receive any particular diſturbance from the laſt lines of *Windſor Foreſt?* If contrariety of opinion could poiſon a politician, he would not live a day; and, as a poet, he muſt have felt Pope's force of genius much more from many other parts of his works.

The pain that Addiſon might feel it is not likely that he would confeſs; and it is certain that he ſo well ſuppreſſed his diſcontent, that Pope now thought himſelf his favourite; for, having been conſulted in the reviſal of *Cato*, he introduced it by a Prologue; and, when Dennis publiſhed his Remarks, undertook not indeed to vindicate but to revenge his friend, by a *Narrative of the Frenzy of John Dennis*.

There is reaſon to believe that Addiſon gave no encouragement to this diſingenuous hoſtility; for, ſays Pope, in a Letter to him, "indeed your opinion, that "'tis entirely to be neglected, would be my own in "my own caſe; but I felt more warmth here than I "did when I firſt ſaw his book againſt myſelf (though "indeed in two minutes it made me heartily merry)." Addiſon was not a man on whom ſuch cant of ſenſibility could make much impreſſion. He left the pam-

phlet to itſelf, having diſowned it to Dennis, and perhaps did not think Pope to have deſerved much by his officiouſneſs.

This year was printed in the *Guardian* the ironical compariſon between the Paſtorals of Philips and Pope; a compoſition of artifice, criticiſm, and literature, to which nothing equal will eaſily be found. The ſuperiority of Pope is ſo ingeniouſly diſſembled, and the feeble lines of Philips ſo ſkilfully preferred, that Steele, being deceived, was unwilling to print the paper leſt Pope ſhould be offended. Addiſon immediately ſaw the writer's deſign; and, as it ſeems, had malice enough to conceal his diſcovery, and to permit a publication which, by making his friend Philips ridiculous, made him for ever an enemy to Pope.

It appears that about this time Pope had a ſtrong inclination to unite the art of Painting with that of Poetry, and put himſelf under the tuition of Jervas. He was near-ſighted, and therefore not formed by nature for a painter: he tried, however, how far he could advance, and ſometimes perſuaded his friends to ſit. A picture of Betterton, ſuppoſed to be drawn by him, was in the poſſeſſion of Lord Mansfield: if this was taken from the life, he muſt have begun to paint earlier; for Betterton was now dead. Pope's ambition of this new art produced ſome encomiaſtick verſes to Jervas, which certainly ſhew his power as a poet; but I have been told that they betray his ignorance of painting.

He appears to have regarded Betterton with kindneſs and eſteem; and after his death publiſhed, under his name, a verſion into modern Engliſh of Chaucer's Prologues, and one of his Tales, which, as was related

lated by Mr. Harte, were believed to have been the performance of Pope himſelf by Fenton, who made him a gay offer of five pounds, if he would ſhew them in the hand of Betterton.

The next year (1713) produced a bolder attempt, by which profit was ſought as well as praiſe. The poems which he had hitherto written, however they might have diffuſed his name, had made very little addition to his fortune. The allowance which his father made him, though, proportioned to what he had, it might be liberal, could not be large; his religion hindered him from the occupation of any civil employment, and he complained that he wanted even money to buy books *.

He therefore reſolved to try how far the favour of the publick extended, by ſoliciting a ſubſcription to a verſion of the *Iliad*, with large notes.

To print by ſubſcription was, for ſome time, a practice peculiar to the Engliſh. The firſt conſiderable work, for which this expedient was employed, is ſaid to have been Dryden's *Virgil*; and it had been tried again with great ſucceſs when the *Tatlers* were collected into volumes.

There was reaſon to believe that Pope's attempt would be ſucceſsful. He was in the full bloom of reputation, and was perſonally known to almoſt all whom dignity of employment or ſplendour of reputation had made eminent; he converſed indifferently with both parties, and never diſturbed the publick with his political opinions; and it might be naturally expected, as each faction then boaſted its literary zeal, that the great men, who on other occaſions practiſed all the violence of oppoſition, would emulate each other in their en-

* Spence,

courageement of a poet who had delighted all, and by whom none had been offended.

With thoſe hopes, he offered an Engliſh *Iliad* to ſubſcribers, in ſix volumes in quarto, for ſix guineas; a ſum, according to the value of money at that time, by no means inconſiderable, and greater than I believe to have been ever aſked before. His propoſal, however, was very favourably received; and the patrons of literature were buſy to recommend his undertaking, and promote his intereſt. Lord Oxford, indeed, lamented that ſuch a genius ſhould be waſted upon a work not original; but propoſed no means by which he might live without it. Addiſon recommended caution and moderation, and adviſed him not to be content with the praiſe of half the nation, when he might be univerſally favoured.

The greatneſs of the deſign, the popularity of the author, and the attention of the literary world, naturally raiſed ſuch expectations of the future ſale, that the bookſellers made their offers with great eagerneſs; but the higheſt bidder was *Bernard Lintot*, who became proprietor on condition of ſupplying, at his own expence, all the copies which were to be delivered to ſubſcribers, or preſented to friends, and paying two hundred pounds for every volume.

Of the Quartos it was, I believe, ſtipulated that none ſhould be printed but for the author, that the ſubſcription might not be depreciated; but Lintot impreſſed the ſame pages upon a ſmall Folio, and paper perhaps a little thinner; and ſold exactly at half the price, for half a guinea each volume, books ſo little inferior to the Quartos, that, by a fraud of trade, thoſe Folios, being afterwards ſhortened by cutting away the top

and

and bottom, were ſold as copies printed for the ſubſcribers.

Lintot printed two hundred and fifty on royal paper in Folio, for two guineas a volume; of the ſmall Folio, having printed ſeventeen hundred and fifty copies of the firſt volume, he reduced the number in the other volumes to a thouſand.

It is unpleaſant to relate that the bookſeller, after all his hopes and all his liberality, was, by a very unjuſt and illegal action, defrauded of his profit. An edition of the Engliſh *Iliad* was printed in Holland in Duodecimo, and imported clandeſtinely for the gratification of thoſe who were impatient to read what they could not yet afford to buy. This fraud could only be counteracted by an edition equally cheap and more commodious; and Lintot was compelled to contract his Folio at once into a Duodecimo, and loſe the advantage of an intermediate gradation. The notes, which in the Dutch copies were placed at the end of each book, as they had been in the large volumes, were now ſubjoined to the text in the ſame page, and are therefore more eaſily conſulted. Of this edition two thouſand five hundred were firſt printed, and five thouſand a few weeks afterwards; but indeed great numbers were neceſſary to produce conſiderable profit.

Pope, having now emitted his propoſals, and engaged not only his own reputation, but in ſome degree that of his friends who patroniſed his ſubſcription, began to be frighted at his own undertaking; and finding himſelf at firſt embarraſſed with difficulties, which retarded and oppreſſed him, he was for a time timorous and uneaſy; had his nights diſturbed by dreams of long

journeys through unknown ways, and wiſhed, as he ſaid, *that ſomebody would hang him* *.

This miſery, however, was not of long countinuance; he grew by degrees more acquainted with Homer's images and expreſſions, and practice increaſed his facility of veſification. In a ſhort time he repreſents himſelf as diſpatching regularly fifty verſes a day, which would ſhew him by an eaſy computation the termination of his labour.

His own diffidence was not his only vexation. He that aſks a ſubſcription ſoon finds that he has enemies. All who do not encourage him defame him. He that wants money will rather be thought angry than poor; and he that wiſhes to ſave his money conceals his avarice by his malice. Addiſon had hinted his ſuſpicion that Pope was too much a Tory; and ſome of the Tories ſuſpected his principles becauſe he had contributed to the *Guardian*, which was carried on by *Steele*.

To thoſe who cenſured his politicks were added enemies yet more dangerous, who called in queſtion his knowledge of Greek, and his qualifications for a tranſlator of Homer. To theſe he made no publick oppoſition; but in one of his Letters eſcapes from them as well as he can. At an age like his, for he was not more than twenty-five, with an irregular education, and a courſe of life of which much ſeems to have paſſed in converſation, it is not very likely that he overflowed with Greek. But when he felt himſelf deficient he ſought aſſiſtance; and what man of learning would refuſe to help him? Minute enquiries into the force of words are leſs neceſſary in tranſlating Homer than other poets, becauſe his poſitions are general, and his repre-

* Spence.

ſentations

ſentations natural, with very little dependence on local or temporary cuſtoms, on thoſe changeable ſcenes of artificial life, which, by mingling original with accidental notions, and crowding the mind with images which time effaces, produce ambiguity in diction, and obſcurity in books. To this open diſplay of unadulterated nature it muſt be aſcribed, that Homer has fewer paſſages of doubtful meaning than any other poet either in the learned or in modern languages. I have read of a man, who being, by his ignorance of Greek, compelled to gratify his curioſity with the Latin printed on the oppoſite page, declared that from the rude ſimplicity of the lines literally rendered, he formed nobler ideas of the Homeric majeſty than from the laboured elegance of poliſhed verſions.

Thoſe literal tranſlations were always at hand, and from them he could eaſily obtain his author's ſenſe with ſufficient certainty: and among the readers of Homer the number is very ſmall of thoſe who find much in the Greek more than in the Latin, except the muſick of the numbers.

If more help was wanting, he had the poetical tranſlation of *Eobanus Heſſus*, an unwearied writer of Latin verſes; he had the French Homers of *La Valterie* and *Dacier*, and the Engliſh of *Chapman*, *Hobbes*, and *Ogylby*. With Chapman, whoſe work, though now totally neglected, ſeems to have been popular almoſt to the end of the laſt century, he had very frequent conſultations, and perhaps never tranſlated any paſſage till he had read his verſion, which indeed he has been ſometimes ſuſpected of uſing inſtead of the original.

Notes were likewiſe to be provided; for the ſix volumes would have been very little more than ſix pamphlets without them. What the mere peruſal of the text could ſuggeſt, Pope wanted no aſſiſtance to collect or methodize; but more was neceſſary; many pages were to be filled, and learning muſt ſupply materials to wit and judgement. Something might be gathered from Dacier; but no man loves to be indebted to his contemporaries, and Dacier was acceſſible to common readers. Euſtathius was therefore neceſſarily conſulted. To read Euſtathius, of whoſe work there was then no Latin verſion, I ſuſpect Pope, if he had been willing, not to have been able; ſome other was therefore to be found, who had leiſure as well as abilities; and he was doubtleſs moſt readily employed who would do much work for little money.

The hiſtory of the notes has never been traced. Broome, in his preface to his poems, declares himſelf the commentator *in part upon the Iliad*; and it appears from Fenton's Letter, preſerved in the Muſeum, that Broome was at firſt engaged in conſulting Euſtathius; but that after a time, whatever was the reaſon, he deſiſted; another man of Cambridge was then employed, who ſoon grew weary of the work; and a third, that was recommended by *Thirlby*, is now diſcovered to have been *Jortin*, a man ſince well known to the learned world, who complained that Pope, having accepted and approved his performance, never teſtified any curioſity to ſee him, and who profeſſed to have forgotten the terms on which he worked. The terms which Fenton uſes are very mercantile: *I think at firſt ſight that his performance is very commendable, and have ſent for him to finiſh the 17th book, and to ſend it with his*

his demands for his trouble. I have here enclosed the specimen; if the rest come before the return, I will keep them till I receive your order.

Broome then offered his service a second time, which was probably accepted, as they had afterwards a closer correspondence. Parnell contributed the Life of Homer, which Pope found so harsh, that he took great pains in correcting it; and by his own diligence, with such help as kindness or money could procure him, in somewhat more than five years he completed his version of the *Iliad*, with the notes. He began it in 1712, his twenty-fifth year; and concluded it in 1718, his thirtieth year.

When we find him translating fifty lines a day, it is natural to suppose that he would have brought his work to a more speedy conclusion. The *Iliad*, containing less than sixteen thousand verses, might have been dispatched in less than three hundred and twenty days by fifty verses in a day. The notes, compiled with the assistance of his mercenaries, could not be supposed to require more time than the text. According to this calculation, the progress of Pope may seem to have been slow; but the distance is commonly very great between actual performances and speculative possibility. It is natural to suppose, that as much as has been done to-day may be done to-morrow; but on the morrow some difficulty emerges, or some external impediment obstructs. Indolence, interruption, business, and pleasure, all take their turns of retardation; and every long work is lengthened by a thousand causes that can, and ten thousand that cannot, be recounted. Perhaps no extensive and multifarious performance was ever effected within the term originally

fixed

fixed in the undertaker's mind. He that runs againſt Time, has an antagoniſt not ſubject to caſualties.

The encouragement given to this tranſlation, though report ſeems to have over-rated it, was ſuch as the world has not often ſeen. The ſubſcribers were five hundred and ſeventy-five. The copies for which ſubſcriptions were given were ſix hundred and fifty-four; and only ſix hundred and ſixty were printed. For thoſe copies Pope had nothing to pay; he therefore received, including the two hundred pounds a volume, five thouſand three hundred and twenty pounds four ſhillings, without deduction, as the books were ſupplied by Lintot.

By the ſucceſs of his ſubſcription Pope was relieved from thoſe pecuniary diſtreſſes with which, notwithſtanding his popularity, he had hitherto ſtruggled. Lord Oxford had often lamented his diſqualification for publick employment, but never propoſed a penſion. While the tranſlation of *Homer* was in its progreſs, Mr. Craggs, then ſecretary of ſtate, offered to procure him a penſion, which, at leaſt during his miniſtry, might be enjoyed with ſecrecy. This was not accepted by Pope, who told him, however, that, if he ſhould be preſſed with want of money, he would ſend to him for occaſional ſupplies. Craggs was not long in power, and was never ſolicited for money by Pope, who diſdained to beg what he did not want.

With the product of this ſubſcription, which he had too much diſcretion to ſquander, he ſecured his future life from want, by conſiderable annuities. The eſtate of the Duke of Buckingham was found to have been charged with five hundred pounds a year, payable to Pope, which doubtleſs his tranſlation enabled him *to purchaſe.*

It

It cannot be unwelcome to literary curioſity, that I deduce thus minutely the hiſtory of the Engliſh *Iliad*. It is certainly the nobleſt verſion of poetry which the world has ever ſeen; and its publication muſt therefore be conſidered as one of the great events in the annals of Learning.

To thoſe who have ſkill to eſtimate the excellence and difficulty of this great work, it muſt be very deſirable to know how it was performed, and by what gradations it advanced to correctneſs. Of ſuch an intellectual proceſs the knowledge has very rarely been attainable; but happily there remains the original copy of the *Iliad*, which, being obtained by Bolingbroke as a curioſity, deſcended from him to Mallet, and is now by the ſolicitation of the late Dr. Maty repoſited in the Muſeum.

Between this manuſcript, which is written upon accidental fragments of paper, and the printed edition, there muſt have been an intermediate copy, that was perhaps deſtroyed as it returned from the preſs.

From the firſt copy I have procured a few tranſcripts, and ſhall exhibit firſt the printed lines; then, in a ſmall print, thoſe of the manuſcripts, with all their variations. Thoſe words in the ſmall print which are given in Italicks, are cancelled in the copy, and the words placed under them adopted in their ſtead.

The beginning of the firſt book ſtands thus:

The wrath of Peleus' ſon, the direful ſpring
Of all the Grecian woes, O Goddeſs, ſing,
That wrath which hurl'd to Pluto's gloomy reign
The ſouls of mighty chiefs untimely ſlain.

The

The ſtern Peſides' *rage*, O Goddeſs, ſing,
wrath
Of all the woes *of Greece* the fatal ſpring,
Grecian
That ſtrew'd with *warriors* dead the Phrygian plain,
heroes
And *peopled the dark hell with heroes* ſlain;
fill'd the ſhady hell with chiefs untimely

Whoſe limbs, unburied on the naked ſhore,
Devouring dogs and hungry vultures tore,
Since great Achilles and Atrides ſtrove;
Such was the ſovereign doom, and ſuch the will of Jove.

Whoſe limbs, unburied on the hoſtile ſhore,
Devouring dogs and greedy vultures tore,
Since firſt *Atrides* and *Achilles* ſtrove;
Such was the ſovereign doom, and ſuch the will of Jove.

Declare, O Muſe, in what ill-fated hour
Sprung the fierce ſtrife, from what offended power?
Latona's ſon a dire contagion ſpread,
And heap'd the camp with mountains of the dead;
The King of Men his reverend prieſt defy'd,
And for the King's offence the people dy'd.

Declare, O Goddeſs, what offended Power
Enflam'd their *rage*, in that *ill-omen'd* hour;
anger fatal, hapleſs
Phœbus himſelf the *dire* debate procur'd,
fierce
T' avenge the wrongs his injur'd prieſt endur'd;
For this the God a dire infection ſpread,
And heap'd the camp with millions of the dead:
The King of Men the ſacred Sire defy'd,
And for the King's offence the people dy'd.

For Chryſes ſought with coſtly gifts to gain
His captive daughter from the Victor's chain;
Suppliant the venerable Father ſtands,
Apollo's awful enſigns grace his hands,
By theſe he begs, and, lowly bending down,
Extends the ſceptre and the laurel crown.

For

For Chryſes ſought by *preſents to regain*
coſtly gifts to gain
His captive daughter from the Victor's chain;
Suppliant the venerable Father ſtands,
Apollo's awful enſigns grac'd his hands,
By theſe he begs, and lowly bending down
The golden ſceptre and the laurel crown,
Preſents the ſceptre
For theſe as enſigns of his God he bare,
The God that ſends his golden ſhafts afar;
The low on earth, the venerable man,
Suppliant before the brother kings began.

He ſued to all, but chief implor'd for grace
The brother kings of Atreus' royal race;
Ye kings and warriors, may your vows be crown'd,
And Troy's proud walls lie level with the ground;
May Jove reſtore you, when your toils are o'er,
Safe to the pleaſures of your native ſhore.

To all he ſued, but chief implor'd for grace
The brother kings of Atreus' royal race.
Ye *ſons of Atreus*, may your vows be crown'd,
Kings and warriors
Your labours, by the Gods be all your labours crown'd;
So may the Gods your arms with conqueſt bleſs,
And Troy's proud walls lie level with the ground;
Till *laid*
And crown your labours with deſerv'd ſucceſs;
May Jove reſtore you, when your toils are o'er,
Safe to the pleaſures of your native ſhore.

But, oh! relieve a wretched parent's pain,
And give Chryſeis to theſe arms again;
If mercy fail, yet let my preſent move,
And dread avenging Phœbus, ſon of Jove.

But, oh! relieve a hapleſs parent's pain,
And give my daughter to theſe arms again;
Receive my gifts; if mercy fails, yet let my preſent move,
And fear *the God that deals his darts around,*
avenging Phœbus, ſon of Jove.

The

The Greeks, in ſhouts, their joint aſſent declare
The prieſt to reverence, and releaſe the fair.
Not ſo Atrides; he, with kingly pride,
Repuls'd the ſacred Sire, and thus reply'd.

He ſaid, the Greeks their joint aſſent declare,
The father ſaid, the gen'rous Greeks reſtrain,
T' accept the ranſom, and releaſe the fair:
Revere the prieſt, and ſpeak their joint conſent:
Not ſo *the tyrant*, he, with kingly pride,
Atrides,
Repuls'd the ſacred Sire, and thus reply'd.
[Not ſo the tyrant. DRYDEN.]

Of theſe lines, and of the whole firſt book, I am told that there was yet a former copy, more varied, and more deformed with interlineations.

The beginning of the ſecond book varies very little from the printed page, and is therefore ſet down without any parallel: the few ſlight differences do not require to be elaborately diſplayed.

Now pleaſing ſleep had ſeal'd each mortal eye;
Stretch'd in their tents the Grecian leaders lie;
Th' Immortals ſlumber'd on their thrones above,
All but the ever-watchful eye of Jove.
To honour Thetis' ſon he bends his care,
And plunge the Greeks in all the woes of war.
Then bids an empty phantom riſe to fight,
And thus *commands* the viſion of the night:
directs
Fly hence, deluſive dream, and light, as air,
To Agamemnon's royal tent repair;
Bid him in arms draw forth th' embattled train,
March all his legions to the duſty plain.
Now tell the King 'tis given him to deſtroy
Declare ev'n now
The lofty *walls* of wide-extended Troy;
tow'rs

For

For now no more the Gods with Fate contend;
At Juno's ſuit the heavenly factions end.
Deſtruction *hovers* o'er yon devoted wall,
hangs
And nodding Ilium waits th' impending fall.

Invocation to the Catalogue of Ships.

Say, Virgins, ſeated round the throne divine,
All-knowing Goddeſſes! immortal Nine!
Since earth's wide regions, heaven's unmeaſur'd height,
And hell's abyſs, hide nothing from your ſight,
(We, wretched mortals! loſt in doubts below,
But gueſs by rumour, and but boaſt we know)
Oh ſay what heroes, fir'd by thirſt of fame,
Or urg'd by wrongs, to Troy's deſtruction came!
To count them all, demands a thouſand tongues,
A throat of braſs and adamantine lungs.

Now, Virgin Goddeſſes, immortal Nine!
That round Olympus' heavenly ſummit ſhine,
Who ſee through heaven and earth, and hell profound,
And all things know, and all things can reſound;
Relate what armies fought the Trojan land,
What nations follow'd, and what chiefs command;
(For doubtful Fame diſtracts mankind below,
And nothing can we tell, and nothing know)
Without your aid, to count th' unnumber'd train,
A thouſand mouths, a thouſand tongues were vain.

Book V. *v.* 1.

But Pallas now Tydides' ſoul inſpires,
Fills with her force, and warms with all her fires;
Above the Greeks his deathleſs fame to raiſe,
And crown her hero with diſtinguiſh'd praiſe,
High on his helm celeſtial lightnings play,
His beamy ſhield emits a living ray;
Th' unwearied blaze inceſſant ſtreams ſupplies,
Like the red ſtar that fires th' autumnal ſkies.

But Pallas now Tydides' ſoul inſpires,
Fills with her *rage*, and warms with all her fires;
force,
O'er all the Greeks decrees his fame to raiſe,
Above the Greeks *her warrior's* fame to raiſe,
his deathleſs
And crown her hero with *immortal* praiſe:
diſtinguiſh'd
Bright from his beamy *creſt* the lightnings play,
High on helm
From his broad buckler flaſh'd the living ray,
High on his helm celeſtial lightnings play,
His beamy ſhield emits a living ray.
The Goddeſs with her breath the flame ſupplies,
Bright as the ſtar whoſe fires in Autumn riſe;
Her breath divine thick ſtreaming flames ſupplies,
Bright as the ſtar that fires the autumnal ſkies:
'Th' unwearied blaze inceſſant ſtreams ſupplies,
Like the red ſtar that fires th' autumnal ſkies.

When firſt he rears his radiant orb to fight,
And bath'd in ocean ſhoots a keener light.
Such glories Pallas on the chief beſtow'd,
Such from his arms the fierce effulgence flow'd;
Onward ſhe drives him furious to engage,
Where the fight burns, and where the thickeſt rage

When freſh he rears his radiant orb to fight,
And gilds old Ocean with a blaze of light,
Bright as the ſtar that fires th' autumnal ſkies,
Freſh from the deep, and gilds the ſeas and ſkies.
Such glories Pallas on her chief beſtow'd,
Such ſparkling rays from his bright armour flow'd,
Such from his arms the fierce effulgence flow'd,
Onward ſhe drives him *headlong* to engage,
furious
Where the *war bleeds*, and where the *fierceſt* rage.
fight burns, thickeſt

The ſons of Dares firſt the combat fought,
A wealthy prieſt, but rich without a fault;
In Vulcan's fane the father's days were led,
The ſons to toils of glorious battle bred;

There

Around her ſilver throne the planets glow,
And ſtars unnumber'd trembling beams beſtow;
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And ſtars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole:
Clear gleams of light o'er the dark trees are ſeen,
o'er the dark trees a yellow ſheds,
O'er the dark trees a yellower *green* they ſhed,
gleam
verdure
And tip with ſilver all the *mountain* heads
foreſt
And tip with ſilver every mountain's head.
The vallies open, and the foreſts riſe,
The vales appear, the rocks in proſpect riſe,
Then ſhine the vales, the rocks in proſpect riſe,
All Nature ſtands reveal'd before our eyes;
A flood of glory burſts from all the ſkies.
The conſcious ſhepherd, joyful at the ſight,
Eyes the blue vault, and numbers every light.
The conſcious *ſwains rejoicing at the* ſight
ſhepherds gazing with delight
Eye the blue vault, and bleſs the *vivid* light.
glorious
uſeful
So many flames before *the wary* blaze,
proud Ilion
And lighten glimmering Xanthus with their rays,
Wide o'er the fields to Troy extend the gleams,
And tip the diſtant ſpires with fainter beams;
The long reflexions of the diſtant fires
Gild the high walls, and tremble on the ſpires,
Gleam on the walls, and tremble on the ſpires;
A thouſand fires at diſtant ſtations bright,
Gild the dark proſpect and diſpel the night.

Of theſe ſpecimens every man who has cultivated poetry, or who delights to trace the mind from the rudeneſs of its firſt conceptions to the elegance of its laſt, will naturally deſire a greater number; but moſt other readers are already tired, and I am not writing only to poets and philoſophers.

The

The *Iliad* was publiſhed volume by volume, as the tranſlation proceeded; the four firſt books appeared in 1715. The expectation of this work was undoubtedly high, and every man who had connected his name with criticiſm, or poetry, was deſirous of ſuch intelligence as might enable him to talk upon the popular topick. Halifax, who, by having been firſt a poet, and then a patron of poetry, had acquired the right of being a judge, was willing to hear ſome books while they were yet unpubliſhed. Of this rehearſal Pope afterwards gave the following account *.

"The famous Lord Halifax was rather a pretender "to taſte than really poſſeſſed of it.—When I had "finiſhed the two or three firſt books of my tranſlation "of the *Iliad*, that Lord deſired to have the pleaſure "of hearing them read at his houſe—Addiſon, Con- "greve, and Garth, were there at the reading. In "four or five places, Lord Halifax ſtopt me very "civilly, and with a ſpeech each time, much of the "ſame kind, 'I beg your pardon, Mr. Pope; but "there is ſomething in that paſſage that does not "quite pleaſe me. Be ſo good as to mark the place, "and conſider it a little at your leiſure.—I am ſure "you can give it a little turn.'—I returned from Lord "Halifax's with Dr. Garth, in his chariot; and, as "we were going along, was ſaying to the Doctor, "that my Lord had laid me under a good deal of dif- "ficulty by ſuch looſe and general obſervations; that "I had been thinking over the paſſages almoſt ever "ſince, and could not gueſs at what it was that of- "fended his Lordſhip in either of them. Garth "laughed heartily at my embarraſſment; ſaid, I had

* Spence.

" not been long enough acquainted with Lord Halifax " to know his way yet; that I need not puzzle myſelf " about looking thoſe places over and over, when I " got home. 'All you need do (ſays he) is to leave " them juſt as they are; call on Lord Halifax two or " three months hence, thank him for his kind obſer- " vations on thoſe paſſages, and then read them to him " as altered. I have known him much longer than " you have, and will be anſwerable for the event.' " I followed his advice; waited on Lord Halifax ſome " time after; ſaid, I hoped he would find his ob- "jections to thoſe paſſages removed; read them to " him exactly as they were at firſt: and his Lordſhip " was extremely pleaſed with them, and cryed out, " *Ay, now they are perfectly right: nothing can be better.*"

It is ſeldom that the great or the wiſe ſuſpect that they are deſpiſed or cheated. Halifax, thinking this a lucky opportunity of ſecuring immortality, made ſome advances of favour and ſome overtures of advantage to Pope, which he ſeems to have received with ſullen coldneſs. All our knowledge of this tranſaction is derived from a ſingle Letter (Dec. 1, 1714), in which Pope ſays, " I am obliged to you, both for " the favours you have done me, and thoſe you in- " tend me. I diſtruſt neither your will nor your me- " mory, when it is to do good; and if I ever become " troubleſome or ſolicitous, it muſt not be out of ex- " pectation, but out of gratitude. Your Lordſhip " may cauſe me to live agreeably in the town, or con- " tentedly in the country, which is really all the dif- " ference I ſet between an eaſy fortune and a ſmall " one. It is indeed a high ſtrain of generoſity in you " *to think* of making me eaſy all my life, only be-

" cauſe

"cauſe I have been ſo happy as to divert you ſome "few hours: but, if I may have leave to add it is be- "cauſe you think me no enemy to my native country, "there will appear a better reaſon; for I muſt of "conſequence be very much (as I ſincerely am) "yours &c."

Theſe voluntary offers, and this faint acceptance, ended without effect. The patron was not accuſtomed to ſuch frigid gratitude, and the poet fed his own pride with the dignity of independence. They probably were ſuſpicious of each other. Pope would not dedicate till he ſaw at what rate his praiſe was valued; he would be *troubleſome out of gratitude, not expectation.* Halifax thought himſelf entitled to confidence; and would give nothing, unleſs he knew what he ſhould receive. Their commerce had its beginning in hope of praiſe on one ſide, and of money on the other, and ended becauſe Pope was leſs eager of money than Halifax of praiſe. It is not likely that Halifax had any perſonal benevolence to Pope; it is evident that Pope looked on Halifax with ſcorn and hatred.

The reputation of this great work failed of gaining him a patron; but it deprived him of a friend. Addiſon and he were now at the head of poetry and criticiſm; and both in ſuch a ſtate of elevation, that, like the two rivals in the Roman ſtate, one could no longer bear an equal, nor the other a ſuperior. Of the gradual abatement of kindneſs between friends, the beginning is often ſcarcely diſcernible by themſelves, and the proceſs is continued by petty provocations, and incivilities ſometimes peeviſhly returned, and ſometimes contemptuouſly neglected, which would eſcape all attention but that of pride, and drop from any memory

but that of reſentment. That the quarrel of thoſe two wits ſhould be minutely deduced, is not to be expected from a writer to whom, as Homer ſays, *nothing but rumour has reached, and who has no perſonal knowledge.*

Pope doubtleſs approached Addiſon, when the reputation of their wit firſt brought them together, with the reſpect due to a man whoſe abilities were acknowledged, and who, having attained that eminence to which he was himſelf aſpiring, had in his hands the diſtribution of literary fame. He paid court with ſufficient diligence by his Prologue to *Cato*, by his abuſe of Dennis, and with praiſe yet more direct, by his poem on the *Dialogues on Medals*, of which the immediate publication was then intended. In all this there was no hypocriſy; for he confeſſed that he found in Addiſon ſomething more pleaſing than in any other man.

It may be ſuppoſed, that as Pope ſaw himſelf favoured by the world, and more frequently compared his own powers with thoſe of others, his confidence increaſed, and his ſubmiſſion leſſened; and that Addiſon felt no delight from the advances of a young wit, who might ſoon contend with him for the higheſt place. Every great man, of whatever kind be his greatneſs, has among his friends thoſe who officiouſly, or inſiduouſly, quicken his attention to offences, heighten his diſguſt, and ſtimulate his reſentment. Of ſuch adherents Addiſon doubtleſs had many, and Pope was now too high to be without them.

From the emiſſion and reception of the Propoſals for the *Iliad*, the kindneſs of Addiſon ſeems to have abated. Jervas the painter once pleaſed himſelf (Aug. 20, 1714) with imagining that he had re-eſtabliſhed their friendſhip;

ſhip; and wrote to Pope that Addiſon once ſuſpected him of too cloſe a confederacy with Swift, but was now ſatisfied with his conduct. To this Pope anſwered, a week after, that his engagements to Swift were ſuch as his ſervices in regard to the ſubſcription demanded, and that the Tories never put him under the neceſſity of aſking leave to be grateful. *But*, ſays he, *as Mr. Addiſon muſt be* the judge *in what regards himſelf, and ſeems to have no very juſt one in regard to me, ſo I muſt own to you I expect nothing but civility from him.* In the ſame Letter he mentions Philips, as having been buſy to kindle animoſity between them; but, in a Letter to Addiſon, he expreſſes ſome conſciouſneſs of behaviour, inattentively deficient in reſpect.

Of Swift's induſtry in promoting the ſubſcription there remains the teſtimony of Kennet, no friend to either him or Pope.

"Nov. 2, 1713, Dr. Swift came into the coffee-houſe, "and had a bow from every body but me, who, I con- "feſs, could not but deſpiſe him. When I came to "the antichamber to wait, before prayers, Dr. Swift "was the principal man of talk and buſineſs, and acted "as maſter of requeſts.—Then he inſtructed a young "nobleman that the *beſt Poet in England* was *Mr. Pope* "(a papiſt), who had begun a tranſlation of *Homer* into "Engliſh verſe, for which *he muſt have them all ſub-* "*ſcribe*; for, ſays he, the author *ſhall not* begin to print "till *I have* a thouſand guineas for him."

About this time it is likely that Steele, who was, with all his political fury, good-natured and officious, procured an interview between theſe angry rivals, which ended in aggravated malevolence. On this occaſion, if the reports be true, Pope made his complaint with

franknes

frankneſs and ſpirit, as a man undeſervedly neglected or oppoſed; and Addiſon affected a contemptuous unconcern, and, in a calm even voice, reproached Pope with his vanity, and, telling him of the improvements which his early works had received from his own remarks and thoſe of Steele, ſaid, that he, being now engaged in publick buſineſs, had no longer any care for his poetical reputation; nor had any other deſire, with regard to Pope, than that he ſhould not, by too much arrogance, alienate the publick.

To this Pope is ſaid to have replied with great keenneſs and ſeverity, upbraiding Addiſon with perpetual dependance, and with the abuſe of thoſe qualifications which he had obtained at the publick coſt, and charging him with mean endeavours to obſtruct the progreſs of riſing merit. The conteſt roſe ſo high, that they parted at laſt without any interchange of civility.

The firſt volume of *Homer* was (1715) in time publiſhed; and a rival verſion of the firſt *Iliad*, for rivals the time of their appearance inevitably made them, was immediately printed, with the name of Tickell. It was ſoon perceived that, among the followers of Addiſon, Tickell had the preference, and the criticks and poets divided into factions. *I*, ſays Pope, *have the town, that is, the mob, on my ſide; but it is not uncommon for the ſmaller party to ſupply by induſtry what it wants in numbers.—I appeal to the people as my rightful judges, and, while they are not inclined to condemn me, ſhall not fear the high-flyers at Button's.* This oppoſition he immediately imputed to Addiſon, and complained of it in terms ſufficiently reſentful to Craggs, their common friend.

When

When Addiſon's opinion was aſked, he declared the verſions to be both good, but Tickell's the beſt that had ever been written; and ſometimes ſaid that they were both good, but that Tickell had more of *Homer*.

Pope was now ſufficiently irritated; his reputation and his intereſt were at hazard. He once intended to print together the four verſions of Dryden, Maynwaring, Pope, and Tickell, that they might be readily compared, and fairly eſtimated. This deſign ſeems to have been defeated by the refuſal of Tonſon, who was the proprietor of the other three verſions.

Pope intended at another time a rigorous criticiſm of Tickell's tranſlation, and had marked a copy, which I have ſeen, in all places that appeared defective. But while he was thus meditating defence or revenge, his adverſary ſunk before him without a blow; the voice of the publick were not long divided, and the preference was univerſally given to Pope's performance.

He was convinced, by adding one circumſtance to another, that the other tranſlation was the work of Addiſon himſelf; but if he knew it in Addiſon's lifetime, it does not appear that he told it. He left his illuſtrious antagoniſt to be puniſhed by what has been conſidered as the moſt painful of all reflections, the remembrance of a crime perpetrated in vain.

The other circumſtances of their quarrel were thus related by Pope *.

" Philips ſeemed to have been encouraged to abuſe " me in coffee-houſes, and converſations: and Gildon

* Spence.

" wrote

"wrote a thing about Wycherley, in which he had "abuſed both me and my relations very groſly. "Lord Warwick himſelf told me one day, that it "was in vain for me to endeavour to be well with "Mr. Addiſon; that his jealous temper would never "admit of a ſettled friendſhip between us: and, to "convince me of what he had ſaid, aſſured me, that "Addiſon had encouraged Gildon to publiſh thoſe "ſcandals, and had given him ten guineas after they "were publiſhed. The next day, while I was heated "with what I had heard, I wrote a Letter to Mr. Ad-"diſon, to let him know that I was not unacquainted "with this behaviour of his; that if I was to ſpeak "ſeverely of him, in return for it, it ſhould be in "ſuch a dirty way, that I ſhould rather tell him, "himſelf, fairly of his faults, and allow his good "qualities; and that it ſhould be ſomething in the "following manner: I then adjoined the firſt ſketch "of what has ſince been called my ſatire on Addi-"ſon. Mr. Addiſon uſed me very civilly ever "after."

The verſes on Addiſon, when they were ſent to Atterbury, were conſidered by him as the moſt excellent of Pope's performances; and the writer was adviſed, ſince he knew where his ſtrength lay, not to ſuffer it to remain unemployed.

This year (1715) being, by the ſubſcription, enabled to live more by choice, having perſuaded his father to ſell their eſtate at Binfield, he purchaſed, I think only for his life, that houſe at Twickenham to which his reſidence afterwards procured ſo much celebration, and removed thither with his father and mother.

Here he planted the vines and the quincunx which his verſes mention; and being under the neceſſity of making a ſubterraneous paſſage to a garden on the other ſide of the road, he adorned it with foſſile bodies, and dignified it with the title of a grotto; a place of ſilence and retreat, from which he endeavoured to perſuade his friends and himſelf that cares and paſſions could be excluded.

A grotto is not often the wiſh or pleaſure of an Engliſhman, who has more frequent need to ſolicit than exclude the ſun; but Pope's excavation was requiſite as an entrance to his garden, and, as ſome men try to be proud of their defects, he extracted an ornament from an inconvenience, and vanity produced a grotto where neceſſity enforced a paſſage. It may be frequently remarked of the ſtudious and ſpeculative, that they are proud of trifles, and that their amuſements ſeem frivolous and childiſh; whether it be that men conſcious of great reputation think themſelves above the reach of cenſure, and ſafe in the admiſſion of negligent indulgences, or that mankind expect from elevated genius an uniformity of greatneſs, and watch its degradation with malicious wonder, like him who having followed with his eye an eagle into the clouds, ſhould lament that ſhe ever deſcended to a perch.

While the volumes of his *Homer* were annually publiſhed, he collected his former works (1717) into one quarto volume, to which he prefixed a Preface, written with great ſpritelineſs and elegance, which was afterwards reprinted, with ſome paſſages ſubjoined that he at firſt omitted; other marginal additions of the ſame kind he made in the later editions of his poems. Waller remarks, that poets loſe half their

praiſe,

Pope in his edition undoubtedly did many things wrong, and left many things undone; but let him not be defrauded of his due praiſe. He was the firſt that knew, at leaſt the firſt that told, by what helps the text might be improved. If he inſpected the early editions negligently, he taught others to be more accurate. In his Preface he expanded with great ſkill and elegance the character which had been given of Shakeſpeare by Dryden; and he drew the publick attention upon his works, which, though often mentioned, had been little read.

Soon after the appearance of the *Iliad*, reſolving not to let the general kindneſs cool, he publiſhed propoſals for a tranſlation of the *Odyſſey*, in five volumes, for five guineas. He was willing, however, now to have aſſociates in his labour, being either weary with toiling upon another's thoughts, or having heard, as Ruffhead relates, that Fenton and Broome had already begun the work, and liking better to have them confederates than rivals.

In the patent, inſtead of ſaying that he had *tranſlated* the *Odyſſey*, as he had ſaid of the *Iliad*, he ſays that he had *undertaken* a tranſlation: and in the propoſals the ſubſcription is ſaid to be not ſolely for his own uſe, but for that of *two of his friends who have aſſiſted him in this work*.

In 1723, while he was engaged in this new verſion, he appeared before the Lords at the memorable trial of Biſhop Atterbury, with whom he had lived in great familiarity, and frequent correſpondence. Atterbury had honeſtly recommended to him the ſtudy of the popiſh controverſy, in hope of his converſion; to which Pope anſwered in a manner that cannot much recom-

recommend his principles, or his judgement. In queſtions and projects of learning, they agreed better. He was called at the trial to give an account of Atterbury's domeſtick life, and private employment, that it might appear how little time he had left for plots. Pope had but few words to utter, and in thoſe few he made ſeveral blunders.

His Letters to Atterbury expreſs the utmoſt eſteem, tenderneſs, and gratitude: *perhaps*, ſays he, *it is not only in this world that I may have cauſe to remember the Biſhop of Rochester.* At their laſt interview in the Tower, Atterbury preſented him with a Bible.

Of the *Odyſſey* Pope tranſlated only twelve books; the reſt were the work of Broome and Fenton: the notes were written wholly by Broome, who was not over-liberally rewarded. The Publick was carefully kept ignorant of the ſeveral ſhares; and an account was ſubjoined at the concluſion, which is now known not to be true.

The firſt copy of Pope's books, with thoſe of Fenton, are to be ſeen in the Muſeum. The parts of Pope are leſs interlined than the *Iliad*; and the latter books of the *Iliad* leſs than the former. He grew dexterous by practice, and every ſheet enabled him to write the next with more facility. The books of Fenton have very few alterations by the hand of Pope. Thoſe of Broome have not been found; but Pope complained, as it is reported, that he had much trouble in correcting them.

His contract with Lintot was the ſame as for the *Iliad*, except that only one hundred pounds were to be paid him for each volume. The number of ſubſcribers was five hundred and ſeventy-four, and of copies eight

hundred and nineteen; ſo that his profit, when he had paid his aſſiſtants, was ſtill very conſiderable. The work was finiſhed in 1725; and from that time he reſolved to make no more tranſlations.

The ſale did not anſwer Lintot's expectation; and he then pretended to diſcover ſomething of fraud in Pope, and commenced or threatened a ſuit in Chancery.

On the Engliſh *Odyſſey* a criticiſm was publiſhed by Spence, at that time Prelector of Poetry at Oxford; a man whoſe learning was not very great, and whoſe mind was not very powerful. His criticiſm, however, was commonly juſt; what he thought, he thought rightly; and his remarks were recommended by his coolneſs and candour. In him Pope had the firſt experience of a critick without malevolence, who thought it as much his duty to diſplay beauties as expoſe faults; who cenſured with reſpect, and praiſed with alacrity.

With this criticiſm Pope was ſo little offended, that he ſought the acquaintance of the writer, who lived with him from that time in great familiarity, attended him in his laſt hours, and compiled memorials of his converſation. The regard of Pope recommended him to the great and powerful, and he obtained very valuable preferments in the Church.

Not long after, Pope was returning home from a viſit in a friend's coach, which, in paſſing a bridge, was overturned into the water; the windows were cloſed, and being unable to force them open, he was in danger of immediate death, when the poſtilion ſnatched him out by breaking the glaſs, of which the fragments cut two of his fingers in ſuch a manner, that he loſt their uſe.

Voltaire,

Voltaire, who was then in England, ſent him a Letter of Conſolation. He had been entertained by Pope at his table, where he talked with ſo much groſſneſs that Mrs. Pope was driven from the room. Pope diſcovered, by a trick, that he was a ſpy for the Court, and never conſidered him as a man worthy of confidence.

He ſoon afterwards (1727) joined with Swift, who was then in England, to publiſh three volumes of Miſcellanies, in which amongſt other things he inſerted the *Memoirs of a Pariſh Clerk*, in ridicule of Burnet's importance in his own Hiſtory, and a *Debate upon Black and White Horſes*, written in all the formalities of a legal proceſs by the aſſiſtance, as is ſaid, of Mr. Forteſcue, afterwards Maſter of the Rolls. Before theſe Miſcellanies is a preface ſigned by Swift and Pope, but apparently written by Pope; in which he makes a ridiculous and romantick complaint of the robberies committed upon authors by the clandeſtine ſeizure and ſale of their papers. He tells, in tragick ſtrains, how *the cabinets of the Sick and the cloſets of the Dead have been broke open and ranſacked*; as if thoſe violences were often committed for papers of uncertain and accidental value, which are rarely provoked by real treaſures; as if epigrams and eſſays were in danger where gold and diamonds are ſafe. A cat, hunted for his muſk, is, according to Pope's account, but the emblem of a wit winded by bookſellers.

His complaint, however, received ſome atteſtation; for the ſame year the Letters written by him to Mr. Cromwell, in his youth, were ſold by Mrs. Thomas to Curll, who printed them.

In theſe Miſcellanies was firſt publiſhed the *Art of Sinking in Poetry*, which, by ſuch a train of conſequences as uſually paſſes in literary quarrels, gave in a ſhort time, according to Pope's account, occaſion to the *Dunciad*.

In the following year (1728) he began to put Atterbury's advice in practice; and ſhewed his ſatirical powers by publiſhing the *Dunciad*, one of his greateſt and moſt elaborate performances, in which he endeavoured to ſink into contempt all the writers by whom he had been attacked, and ſome others whom he thought unable to defend themſelves.

At the head of the Dunces he placed poor Theobald, whom he accuſed of ingratitude; but whoſe real crime was ſuppoſed to be that of having reviſed *Shakeſpeare* more happily than himſelf. This ſatire had the effect which he intended, by blaſting the characters which it touched. Ralph, who, unneceſſarily interpoſing in the quarrel, got a place in a ſubſequent edition, complained that for a time he was in danger of ſtarving, as the booksellers had no longer any confidence in his capacity.

The prevalence of this poem was gradual and ſlow: the plan, if not wholly new, was little underſtood by common readers. Many of the alluſions required illuſtration; the names were often expreſſed only by the initial and final letters, and, if they had been printed at length, were ſuch as few had known or recollected. The ſubject itſelf had nothing generally intereſting, for whom did it concern to know that one or another ſcribbler was a dunce? If therefore it had been poſſible for thoſe who were attacked to conceal their pain and *their reſentment*, the *Dunciad* might have made its way *very ſlowly in the world*.

This,

This, however, was not to be expected: every man is of importance to himſelf, and therefore, in his own opinion, to others; and, ſuppoſing the world already acquainted with all his pleaſures and his pains, is perhaps the firſt to publiſh injuries or misfortunes, which had never been known unleſs related by himſelf, and at which thoſe that hear them will only laugh; for no man ſympathiſes with the ſorrows of vanity.

The hiſtory of the *Dunciad* is very minutely related by Pope himſelf, in a Dedication which he wrote to Lord Middleſex in the name of Savage.

"I will relate the war of the *Dunces* (for ſo it has "been commonly called), which began in the year "1727, and ended in 1730.

"When Dr. Swift and Mr. Pope thought it proper, "for reaſons ſpecified in the Preface to their Miſcel- "lanies, to publiſh ſuch little pieces of theirs as had "caſually got abroad, there was added to them the "*Treatiſe of the Bathos*, or the *Art of Sinking in Poetry*, "It happened that in one chapter of this piece the "ſeveral pieces of bad poets were ranged in claſſes, to "which were prefixed almoſt all the letters of the "alphabet (the greateſt part of them at random); but "ſuch was the number of poets eminent in that art, "that ſome one or other took every letter to himſelf: "all fell into ſo violent a fury, that, for half a year "or more, the common newſpapers (in moſt of which "they had ſome property, as being hired writers) were "filled with the moſt abuſive falſehoods and ſcurrili- "ties they could poſſibly deviſe; a liberty no way "to be wondered at in thoſe people, and in thoſe "papers, that for many years, during the uncon- "trouled licenſe of the preſs, had aſperſed almoſt all

" the great characters of the age; and this with im-
" punity, their own perſons and names being utterly
" ſecret and obſcure.

" This gave Mr. Pope the thought, that he had
" now ſome opportunity of doing good, by detecting
" and dragging into light theſe common enemies of
" mankind; ſince, to invalidate this univerſal ſlander,
" it ſufficed to ſhew what contemptible men were the
" authors of it. He was not without hopes, that, by
" manifeſting the dulneſs of thoſe who had only ma-
" lice to recommend them, either the bookſellers
" would not find their account in employing them,
" or the men themſelves, when diſcovered, want
" courage to proceed in ſo unlawful an occupation.
" This it was that gave birth to the *Dunciad*; and he
" thought it an happineſs, that, by the late flood of
" ſlander on himſelf, he had acquired ſuch a pecu-
" liar right over their names as was neceſſary to this
" deſign.

" On the 12th of March, 1729, at St. James's, that
" poem was preſented to the King and Queen (who
" had before been pleaſed to read it) by the right
" honourable Sir Robert Walpole; and ſome days after
" the whole impreſſion was taken and diſperſed by
" ſeveral noblemen and perſons of the firſt diſtinc-
" tion.

" It is certainly a true obſervation, that no people
" are ſo impatient of cenſure as thoſe who are the
" greateſt ſlanderers, which was wonderfully exempli-
" fied on this occaſion. On the day the book was
" firſt vended, a crowd of authors beſieged the ſhop;
" intreaties, advices, threats of law and battery, nay
" cries of treaſon, were all employed to hinder the

" com-

" coming-out of the *Dunciad:* on the other ſide, the " bookſellers and hawkers made as great efforts to " procure it. What could a few poor authors do " againſt ſo great a majority as the publick? There " was no ſtopping a torrent with a finger; ſo out it " came.

" Many ludicrous circumſtances attended it. The " *Dunces* (for by this name they were called) held " weekly clubs, to conſult of hoſtilities againſt the " author: one wrote a Letter to a great miniſter, aſ- " ſuring him Mr. Pope was the greateſt enemy the go- " vernment had; and another bought his image in " clay, to execute him in effigy; with which ſad ſort " of ſatisfaction the gentlemen were a little com- " forted.

" Some falſe editions of the book having an owl in " their frontiſpiece, the true one, to diſtinguiſh it, fixed " in its ſtead an aſs laden with authors. Then another " ſurreptitious one being printed with the ſame aſs, " the new edition in octavo returned for diſtinction to " the owl again. Hence aroſe a great conteſt of " bookſellers againſt bookſellers, and advertiſements " againſt advertiſements; ſome recommending the edi- " tion of the owl, and others the edition of the aſs; " by which names they came to be diſtinguiſhed, to " the great honour alſo of the gentlemen of the " *Dunciad.*"

Pope appears by this narrative to have contemplated his victory over the *Dunces* with great exultation; and ſuch was his delight in the tumult which he had raiſed, that for a while his natural ſenſibibity was ſuſpended, and he read reproaches and invectives without emo- tion, conſidering them only as the neceſſary effects of that pain which he rejoiced in having given.

It cannot however be concealed that, by his own confeſſion, he was the aggreſſor; for nobody believes that the letters in the *Bathos* were placed at random; and it may be diſcovered that, when he thinks himſelf concealed, he indulges the common vanity of common men, and triumphs in thoſe diſtinctions which he had affected to deſpiſe. He is proud that his book was preſented to the King and Queen by the right honourable Sir Robert Walpole; he is proud that they had read it before; he is proud that the edition was taken off by the nobility and perſons of the firſt diſtinction.

The edition of which he ſpeaks was, I believe, that which, by telling in the text the names and in the notes the characters of thoſe whom he had ſatiriſed, was made intelligible and diverting. The criticks had now declared their approbation of the plan, and the common reader began to like it without fear; thoſe who were ſtrangers to petty literature, and therefore unable to decypher initials, and blanks, had now names and perſons brought within their view; and delighted in the viſible effect of thoſe ſhafts of malice, which they had hitherto contemplated, as ſhot into the air.

Dennis, upon the freſh provocation now given him, renewed the enmity, which had for a time been appeaſed by mutual civilities; and publiſhed remarks, which he had till then ſuppreſſed, upon the *Rape of the Lock*. Many more grumbled in ſecret, or vented their reſentment in the newſpapers by epigrams or invectives.

Ducket, indeed, being mentioned as loving Burnet with *pious paſſion*, pretended that his moral character was injured, and for ſome time declared his reſolution

to

to take vengeance with a cudgel. But Pope appeaſed him, by changing *pious paſſion* to *cordial friendſhip*, and by a note, in which he vehemently diſclaims the malignity of meaning imputed to the firſt expreſſion.

Aaron Hill, who was repreſented as diving for the prize, expoſtulated with Pope in a manner ſo much ſuperior to all mean ſolicitation, that Pope was reduced to ſneak and ſhuffle, ſometimes to deny, and ſometimes to apologize; he firſt endeavours to wound, and is then afraid to own that he meant a blow.

The *Dunciad*, in the complete edition, is addreſſed to Dr. Swift: of the notes, part was written by Dr. Arbuthnot; and an apologetical Letter was prefixed, ſigned by Cleland, but ſuppoſed to have been written by Pope.

After this general war upon Dulneſs, he ſeems to have indulged himſelf awhile in tranquillity; but his ſubſequent productions prove that he was not idle. He publiſhed (1731) a poem on *Taſte*, in which he very particularly and ſeverely criticiſes the houſe, the furniture, the gardens, and the entertainments of *Timon*, a man of great wealth and little taſte. By *Timon* he was univerſally ſuppoſed, and by the Earl of Burlington, to whom the poem is addreſſed, was privately ſaid, to mean the Duke of Chandos; a man perhaps too much delighted with pomp and ſhow, but of a temper kind and beneficent, and who had conſequently the voice of the publick in his favour.

A violent outcry was therefore raiſed againſt the ingratitude and treachery of Pope, who was ſaid to have been indebted to the patronage of Chandos for a preſent of a thouſand pounds, and who gained the

opportunity of inſulting him by the kindneſs of his invitation.

The receipt of the thouſand pounds Pope publickly denied; but from the reproach which the attack on a character ſo amiable brought upon him, he tried all means of eſcaping. The name of Cleland was again employed in an apology, by which no man was ſatisfied; and he was at laſt reduced to ſhelter his temerity behind diſſimulation, and endeavour to make that diſbelieved which he never had confidence openly to deny. He wrote an exculpatory letter to the Duke, which was anſwered with great magnanimity, as by a man who accepted his excuſe without believing his profeſſions. He ſaid, that to have ridiculed his taſte, or his buildings, had been an indifferent action in another man; but that in Pope, after the reciprocal kindneſs that had been exchanged between them, it had been leſs eaſily excuſed.

Pope, in one of his Letters, complaining of the treatment which his poem had found, *owns that ſuch critics can intimidate him, nay almoſt perſuade him to write no more, which is a compliment this age deſerves.* The man who threatens the world is always ridiculous; for the world can eaſily go on without him, and in a ſhort time will ceaſe to miſs him. I have heard of an idiot, who uſed to revenge his vexations by lying all night upon the bridge. *There is nothing*, ſays Juvenal, *that a man will not believe in his own favour.* Pope had been flattered till he thought himſelf one of the moving powers in the ſyſtem of life. When he talked of laying down his pen, thoſe who ſat round him intreated and implored, and ſelf-love did not ſuffer him to ſuſpect that they went away and laughed.

The following year deprived him of Gay, a man whom he had known early, and whom he ſeemed to love with more tenderneſs than any other of his literary friends. Pope was now forty-four years old; an age at which the mind begins leſs eaſily to admit new confidence, and the will to grow leſs flexible, and when therefore the departure of an old friend is very acutely felt.

In the next year he loſt his mother, not by an unexpected death, for ſhe had laſted to the age of ninety-three; but ſhe did not die unlamented. The filial piety of Pope was in the higheſt degree amiable and exemplary; his parents had the happineſs of living till he was at the ſummit of poetical reputation, till he was at eaſe in his fortune, and without a rival in his fame, and found no diminution of his reſpect or tenderneſs. Whatever was his pride, to them he was obedient; and whatever was his irritability, to them he was gentle. Life has, among its ſoothing and quiet comforts, few things better to give than ſuch a ſon.

One of the paſſages of Pope's life, which ſeems to deſerve ſome enquiry, was a publication of Letters between him and many of his friends, which falling into the hands of *Curll*, a rapacious bookſeller of no good fame, were by him printed and ſold. This volume containing ſome Letters from noblemen, Pope incited a proſecution againſt him in the Houſe of Lords for breach of privilege, and attended himſelf to ſtimulate the reſentment of his friends. *Curll* appeared at the bar, and, knowing himſelf in no great danger, ſpoke of Pope with very little reverence. *He has*, ſaid Curll, *a knack at verſifying, but in proſe I think myſelf a match for him.* When the orders of the Houſe were examined, none of them appeared to have been infringed; Curll

went away triumphant, and Pope was left to ſeek ſome other remedy.

Curll's account was, that one evening a man in a clergyman's gown, but with a lawyer's hand, brought and offered to ſale a number of printed volumes, which he found to be Pope's epiſtolary correſpondence; that he aſked no name, and was told none, but gave the price demanded, and thought himſelf authoriſed to uſe his purchaſe to his own advantage.

That Curll gave a true account of the tranſaction, it is reaſonable to believe, becauſe no falſhood was ever detected; and when ſome years afterwards I mentioned it to Lintot, the ſon of Bernard, he declared his opinion to be, that Pope knew better than any body elſe how Curll obtained the copies, becauſe another parcel was at the ſame time ſent to himſelf, for which no price had ever been demanded, as he made known his reſolution not to pay a porter, and conſequently not to deal with a nameleſs agent.

Such care had been taken to make them publick, that they were ſent at once to two bookſellers; to Curll, who was likely to ſeize them as a prey; and to Lintot, who might be expected to give Pope information of the ſeeming injury. Lintot, I believe, did nothing; and Curll did what was expected. That to make them publick was the only purpoſe may be reaſonably ſuppoſed, becauſe the numbers offered to ſale by the private meſſengers ſhewed that hope of gain could not have been the motive of the impreſſion.

It ſeems that Pope, being deſirous of printing his Letters, and not knowing how to do, without imputation of vanity, what has in this country been done very rarely, contrived an appearance of compulſion; that

when

when he could complain that his Letters were ſurreptitiouſly publiſhed, he might decently and defenſively publiſh them himſelf.

Pope's private correſpondence, thus promulgated, filled the nation with praiſes of his candour, tenderneſs, and benevolence, the purity of his purpoſes, and the fidelity of his friendſhip. There were ſome Letters which a very good or a very wiſe man would wiſh ſuppreſſed; but, as they had been already expoſed, it was impracticable now to retract them.

From the peruſal of thoſe Letters, Mr. Allen firſt conceived the deſire of knowing him; and with ſo much zeal did he cultivate the friendſhip which he had newly formed, that when Pope told his purpoſe of vindicating his own property by a genuine edition, he offered to pay the coſt.

This however Pope did not accept; but in time ſolicited a ſubſcription for a Quarto volume, which appeared (1737) I believe, with ſufficient profit. In the Preface he tells, that his Letters were repoſited in a friend's library, ſaid to be the Earl of Oxford's, and that the copy thence ſtolen was ſent to the preſs. The ſtory was doubtleſs received with different degrees of credit. It may be ſuſpected that the Preface to the Miſcellanies was written to prepare the publick for ſuch an incident; and to ſtrengthen this opinion, James Worſdale, a painter, who was employed in clandeſtine negotiations, but whoſe veracity was very doubtful, declared that he was the meſſenger who carried, by Pope's direction, the books to Curll.

When they were thus publiſhed and avowed, as they had relation to recent facts, and perſons either then living or not yet forgotten, they may be ſuppoſed to have

found

found readers; but as the facts were minute, and the characters, being either private or literary, were little known, or little regarded, they awakened no popular kindneſs or reſentment: the book never became much the ſubject of converſation; ſome read it as contemporary hiſtory, and ſome perhaps as a model of epiſtolary language; but thoſe who read it did not talk of it. Not much therefore was added by it to fame or envy; nor do I remember that it produced either publick praiſe, or publick cenſure.

It had however, in ſome degree, the recommendation of novelty. Our language has few Letters, except thoſe of ſtateſmen. Howel indeed, about a century ago, publiſhed his Letters, which are commended by *Morhoff*, and which alone of his hundred volumes continue his memory. Loveday's Letters were printed only once; thoſe of Herbert and Suckling are hardly known. Mrs. Phillips's [*Orinda's*] are equally neglected; and thoſe of Walſh ſeem written as exerciſes, and were never ſent to any living miſtreſs or friend. Pope's epiſtolary excellence had an open field; he had no Engliſh rival, living or dead.

Pope is ſeen in this collection as connected with the other contemporary wits, and certainly ſuffers no diſgrace in the compariſon: but it muſt be remembered, that he had the power of favouring himſelf: he might have originally had publication in his mind, and have written with care, or have afterwards ſelected thoſe which he had moſt happily conceived, or moſt diligently laboured: and I know not whether there does not appear ſomething more ſtudied and artificial in his productions than the reſt, except one long Letter by Bolingbroke, compoſed with all the ſkill and induſtry of

a pro-

a profeſſed author. It is indeed not eaſy to diſtinguiſh affectation from habit; he that has once ſtudiouſly formed a ſtyle, rarely writes afterwards with complete eaſe. Pope may be ſaid to write always with his reputation in his head; Swift perhaps like a man who remembered that he was writing to Pope; but Arbuthnot like one who lets thoughts drop from his pen as they riſe into his mind.

Before theſe Letters appeared, he publiſhed the firſt part of what he perſuaded himſelf to think a ſyſtem of Ethicks, under the title of an *Eſſay on Man*; which, if his Letter to Swift (of Sept. 14, 1725) be rightly explained by the commentator, had been eight years under his conſideration, and of which he ſeems to have deſired the ſucceſs with great ſolicitude. He had now many open and doubtleſs many ſecret enemies. The *Dunces* were yet ſmarting with the war; and the ſuperiority which he publickly arrogated, diſpoſed the world to wiſh his humiliation.

All this he knew, and againſt all this he provided. His own name, and that of his friend to whom the work is inſcribed, were in the firſt editions carefully ſuppreſſed; and the poem, being of a new kind, was aſcribed to one or another, as favour determined, or conjecture wandered; it was given, ſays Warburton, to every man, except him only who could write it Thoſe who like only when they like the author, who are under the dominion of a name, condemned it and thoſe admired it who are willing to ſcatter prai at random, which while it is unappropriated excites envy. Thoſe friends of Pope, that were truſted w the ſecret, went about laviſhing honours on the h

born poet, and hinting that Pope was never ſo much in danger from any former rival.

To thoſe authors whom he had perſonally offended, and to thoſe whoſe opinion the world conſidered as deciſive, and whom he ſuſpected of envy or malevolence, he ſent his eſſay as a preſent before publication, that they might defeat their own enmity by praiſes, which they could not afterwards decently retract.

With theſe precautions, in 1733 was publiſhed the firſt part of the *Eſſay on Man*. There had been for ſome time a report that Pope was buſy upon a Syſtem of Morality; but this deſign was not diſcovered in the new poem, which had a form and a title with which its readers were unacquainted. Its reception was not uniform; ſome thought it a very imperfect piece, though not without good lines. While the author was unknown, ſome, as will always happen, favoured him as an adventurer, and ſome cenſured him as an intruder; but all thought him above neglect; the ſale increaſed, and editions were multiplied.

The ſubſequent editions of the firſt Epiſtle exhibited two memorable corrections. At firſt, the poet and his friend

> Expatiate freely o'er this ſcene of man;
> A mighty maze *of walks without a plan*.

For which he wrote afterwards,

> A mighty maze, *but not without a plan*:

for, if there were no plan, it was in vain to deſcribe or to trace the maze.

The other alteration was of theſe lines;

> And ſpite of pride, *and in thy reaſon's ſpite*,
> One truth is clear, whatever is, is right:

but

but having afterwards diſcovered, or been ſhewn, that the *truth* which ſubſiſted *in ſpite of reaſon* could not be very *clear*, he ſubſtituted

And ſpite of pride, *in erring reaſon's ſpite.*

To ſuch overſights will the moſt vigorous mind be liable, when it is employed at once upon argument and poetry.

The ſecond and third Epiſtles were publiſhed; and Pope was, I believe, more and more ſuſpected of writing them; at laſt, in 1734, he avowed the fourth, and claimed the honour of a moral poet.

In the concluſion it is ſufficiently acknowledged, that the doctrine of the *Eſſay on Man* was received from Bolingbroke, who is ſaid to have ridiculed Pope, among thoſe who enjoyed his confidence, as having adopted and advanced principles of which he did not perceive the conſequence, and as blindly propagating opinions contrary to his own. That thoſe communications had been conſolidated into a ſcheme regularly drawn, and delivered to Pope, from whom it returned only transformed from proſe to verſe, has been reported, but hardly can be true. The Eſſay plainly appears the fabrick of a poet: what Bolingbroke ſupplied could be only the firſt principles; the order, illuſtration, and embelliſhments, muſt all be Pope's.

Theſe principles it is not my buſineſs to clear from obſcurity, dogmatiſm, or falſehood; but they were not immediately examined; philoſophy and poetry have not often the ſame readers; and the Eſſay abounded in ſplendid amplifications and ſparkling ſentences, which were read and admired, with no great attention to their ultimate purpoſe; its flowers caught the eye,

which did not ſee what the gay foliage concealed, and for a time flouriſhed in the ſunſhine of univerſal approbation. So little was any evil tendency diſcovered, that, as innocence is unſuſpicious, many read it for a manual of piety.

Its reputation ſoon invited a tranſlator. It was firſt turned into French proſe, and afterwards by Reſnel into verſe. Both tranſlations fell into the hands of Crouſaz, who firſt, when he had the verſion in proſe, wrote a general cenſure, and afterwards reprinted Reſnel's verſion, with particular remarks upon every paragraph.

Crouſaz was a profeſſor of Switzerland, eminent for his treatiſe of Logick, and his *Examen de Pyrrhoniſme*, and, however little known or regarded here, was no mean antagoniſt. His mind was one of thoſe in which philoſophy and piety are happily united. He was accuſtomed to argument and diſquiſition, and perhaps was grown too deſirous of detecting faults; but his intentions were always right, his opinions were ſolid, and his religion pure.

His inceſſant vigilance for the promotion of piety diſpoſed him to look with diſtruſt upon all metaphyſical ſyſtems of Theology, and all ſchemes of virtue and happineſs purely rational; and therefore it was not long before he was perſuaded that the poſitions of Pope, as they terminated for the moſt part in natural religion, were intended to draw mankind away from revelation, and to repreſent the whole courſe of things as a neceſſary concatenation of indiſſoluble fatality; and it is undeniable, that in many paſſages a religious eye may eaſily diſcover expreſſions not very favourable to morals, or to liberty.

About

About this time Warburton began to make his appearance in the firſt ranks of learning. He was a man of vigorous faculties, a mind fervid and vehement, ſupplied by inceſſant and unlimited enquiry, with wonderful extent and variety of knowledge, which yet had not oppreſſed his imagination, nor clouded his perſpicacity. To every work he brought a memory full fraught, together with a fancy fertile of original combinations, and at once exerted the powers of the ſcholar, the reaſoner, and the wit. But his knowledge was too multifarious to be always exact, and his purſuits were too eager to be always cautious. His abilities gave him an haughty confidence, which he diſdained to conceal or mollify; and his impatience of oppoſition diſpoſed him to treat his adverſaries with ſuch contemptuous ſuperiority as made his readers commonly his enemies, and excited againſt the advocate the wiſhes of ſome who favoured the cauſe. He ſeems to have adopted the Roman Emperor's determination, *oderint dum metuant*; he uſed no allurements of gentle language, but wiſhed to compel rather than perſuade.

His ſtyle is copious without ſelection, and forcible without neatneſs; he took the words that preſented themſelves: his diction is coarſe and impure, and his ſentences are unmeaſured.

He had, in the early part of his life, pleaſed himſelf with the notice of inferior wits, and correſponded with the enemies of Pope. A Letter was produced, when he had perhaps himſelf forgotten it, in which he tells *Concanen*, "Dryden *I obſerve borrows for want* "*of leaſure, and* Pope *for want of genius*: Milton *out* "*of pride, and* Addiſon *out of modeſty*." And when

Theobald published *Shakeſpeare*, in oppoſition to Pope, the beſt notes were ſupplied by Warburton.

But the time was now come when Warburton was to change his opinion, and Pope was to find a defender in him who had contributed ſo much to the exaltation of his rival*.

The arrogance of Warburton excited againſt him every artifice of offence, and therefore it may be ſuppoſed that his union with Pope was cenſured as hypocritical inconſtancy; but ſurely to think differently, at different times, of poetical merit, may be eaſily allowed. Such opinions are often admitted, and diſmiſſed, without nice examination. Who is there that has not found reaſon for changing his mind about queſtions of greater importance?

Warburton, whatever was his motive, undertook, without ſolicitation, to reſcue Pope from the talons of Crouſaz, by freeing him from the imputation of favouring fatality, or rejecting revelation; and from month to month continued a vindication of the *Eſſay on Man*, in the literary journal of that time called *The Republick of Letters*.

Pope, who probably began to doubt the tendency of his own work, was glad that the poſitions, of which he perceived himſelf not to know the full meaning, could by any mode of interpretation be made to mean well. How much he was pleaſed with his gratuitous defender, the following Letter evidently ſhews:

* The commencement of the acquaintance between Pope and Warburton was accidental: it began at the bookſeller's ſhop at the corner of the Inner Temple-lane, which they happened to enter at the ſame inſtant.

"SIR,

"SIR, March 24, 1743.

"I have juſt received from Mr. R. two more of "your Letters. It is in the greateſt hurry imaginable "that I write this; but I cannot help thanking you in "particular for your third Letter, which is ſo ex-"tremely clear, ſhort, and full, that I think Mr. "Crouſaz ought never to have another anſwer, and "deſerved not ſo good an one. I can only ſay, you "do him too much honour, and me too much right, "ſo odd as the expreſſion ſeems; for you have made "my ſyſtem as clear as I ought to have done, and "could not. It is indeed the ſame ſyſtem as mine, "but illuſtrated with a ray of your own, as they ſay "our natural body is the ſame ſtill when it is glorified. "I am ſure I like it better than I did before, and ſo "will every man elſe. I know I meant juſt what you "explain; but I did not explain my own meaning ſo "well as you. You underſtand me as well as I do my-"ſelf; but you expreſs me better than I could expreſs "myſelf. Pray accept the ſincereſt acknowledge-"ments. I cannot but wiſh theſe Letters were put "together in one Book, and intend (with your leave) "to procure a tranſlation of part, at leaſt, of all of "them into French; but I ſhall not proceed a ſtep "without your conſent and opinion, &c."

By this fond and eager acceptance of an exculpatory comment, Pope teſtified that, whatever might be the ſeeming or real import of the principles which he had received from Bolingbroke, he had not intentionally attacked religion; and Bolingbroke, if he meant to make him without his own conſent an inſtrument of miſchief, found him now engaged with his eyes open *on the ſide of truth.*

It is known that Bolingbroke concealed from Pope his real opinions. He once diſcovered them to Mr. Hooke, who related them again to Pope, and was told by him that he muſt have miſtaken the meaning of what he heard; and Bolingbroke, when Pope's uneaſineſs incited him to deſire an explanation, declared that Hooke had miſunderſtood him.

Bolingbroke hated Warburton, who had drawn his pupil from him; and a little before Pope's death they had a diſpute, from which they parted with mutual averſion.

From this time Pope lived in the cloſeſt intimacy with his commentator, and amply rewarded his kindneſs and his zeal; for he introduced him to Mr. Murray, by whoſe intereſt he became preacher at Lincoln's Inn, and to Mr. Allen, who gave him his niece and his eſtate, and by conſequence a biſhoprick. When he died, he left him the property of his works; a legacy which may be reaſonably eſtimated at four thouſand pounds.

Pope's fondneſs for the *Eſſay on Man* appeared by his deſire of its propagation. Dobſon, who had gained reputation by his verſion of Prior's *Solomon*, was employed by him to tranſlate it into Latin verſe, and was for that purpoſe ſome time at Twickenham; but he left his work, whatever was the reaſon, unfiniſhed; and, by Benſon's invitation, undertook the longer taſk of *Paradiſe Loſt*. Pope then deſired his friend to find a ſcholar who ſhould turn his Eſſay into Latin proſe; but no ſuch performance has ever appeared.

Pope lived at this time *among the Great*, with that reception and reſpect to which his works entitled him, *and which he* had not impaired by any private miſcon-

duct,

duct or factious partiality. Though Bolingbroke was his friend, Walpole was not his enemy; but treated him with ſo much conſideration as, at his requeſt, to ſolicit and obtain from the French Miniſter an abbey for Mr. Southcot, whom he conſidered himſelf as obliged to reward, by this exertion of his intereſt, for the benefit which he had received from his attendance in a long illneſs.

It was ſaid, that, when the Court was at Richmond, Queen Caroline had declared her intention to viſit him. This may have been only a careleſs effuſion, thought on no more: the report of ſuch notice, however, was ſoon in many mouths; and, if I do not forget or miſapprehend Savage's account, Pope, pretending to decline what was not yet offered, left his houſe for a time, not, I ſuppoſe, for any other reaſon than leſt he ſhould be thought to ſtay at home in expectation of an honour which would not be conferred. He was therefore angry at Swift, who repreſents him as *refuſing the viſits of a Queen*, becauſe he knew that what had never been offered had never been refuſed.

Beſide the general ſyſtem of morality, ſuppoſed to be contained in the *Eſſay on Man*, it was his intention to write diſtinct poems upon the different duties or conditions of life; one of which is the Epiſtle to Lord Bathurſt (1733) on the *Uſe of Riches*, a piece on which he declared great labour to have been beſtowed *.

Into this poem ſome incidents are hiſtorically thrown, and ſome known characters are introduced, with others of which it is difficult to ſay how far they are real or fictitious; but the praiſe of *Kyrl*, the *Man of Roſs*, deſerves particular examination, who, after a long and pompous enumeration of his publick works and privat

* Spence.

charities, is ſaid to have diffuſed all thoſe bleſſings from *five hundred a year*. Wonders are willingly told, and willingly heard. The truth is, that *Kyrl* was a man of known integrity, and active benevolence, by whoſe ſolicitation the wealthy were perſuaded to pay contributions to his charitable ſchemes; this influence he obtained by an example of liberality exerted to the utmoſt extent of his power, and was thus enabled to give more than he had. This account Mr. *Victor* received from the miniſter of the place, and I have preſerved it, that the praiſe of a good man, being made more credible, may be more ſolid. Narrations of romantick and impracticable virtue will be read with wonder, but that which is unattainable is recommended in vain; that good may be endeavoured, it muſt be ſhewn to be poſſible.

This is the only piece in which the author has given a hint of his religion, by ridiculing the ceremony of burning the pope, and by mentioning with ſome indignation the inſcription on the Monument.

When this poem was firſt publiſhed, the dialogue, having no letters of direction, was perplexed and obſcure. Pope ſeems to have written with no very diſtinct idea; for he calls that an *Epiſtle to Bathurſt*, in which Bathurſt is introduced as ſpeaking.

He afterwards (1734) inſcribed to Lord Cobham his *Characters of Men*, written with cloſe attention to the operations of the mind and modifications of life. In this poem he has endeavoured to eſtabliſh and exemplify his favourite theory of the *Ruling Paſſion*, by which he means an original direction of deſire to ſome particular object, an innate affection which gives all action a determinate and invariable tendency, and operates *upon the whole ſyſtem* of life, either openly, or more

ſecretly

ſecretly by the intervention of ſome accidental or ſubordinate propenſion.

Of any paſſion, thus innate and irreſiſtible, the exiſtence may reaſonably be doubted. Human characters are by no means conſtant; men change by change of place, of fortune, of acquaintance; he who is at one time a lover of pleaſure, is at another a lover of money. Thoſe indeed who attain any excellence commonly ſpend life in one purſuit; for excellence is not often gained upon eaſier terms. But to the particular ſpecies of excellence men are directed, not by an aſcendant planet or predominating humour, but by the firſt book which they read, ſome early converſation which they heard, or ſome accident which excited ardour and emulation.

It muſt be at leaſt allowed that this *ruling Paſſion*, antecedent to reaſon and obſervation, muſt have an object independent on human contrivance; for there can be no natural deſire of artificial good. No man therefore can be born, in the ſtrict acceptation, a lover of money; for he may be born where money does not exiſt: nor can he be born, in a moral ſenſe, a lover of his country; for ſociety, politically regulated, is a ſtate contradiſtinguiſhed from a ſtate of nature; and any attention to that coalition of intereſts which makes the happineſs of a country is poſſible only to thoſe whom enquiry and reflection have enabled to comprehend it.

This doctrine is in itſelf pernicious as well as falſe: its tendency is to produce the belief of a kind of moral predeſtination, or over-ruling principle which cannot be reſiſted; he that admits it is prepared to comply with every deſire that caprice or opportunity ſhall excite, and to flatter himſelf that he ſubmits only to the lawful dominion of Nature, in obeying the reſiſtleſs authority of *his ruling Paſſion*.

Pope

Pope has formed his theory with ſo little ſkill, that, in the examples by which he illuſtrates and confirms it, he has confounded paſſions, appetites, and habits.

To the *Characters of Men* he added ſoon after, in an Epiſtle ſuppoſed to have been addreſſed to Martha Blount, but which the laſt edition has taken from her, the *Characters of Women*. This poem, which was laboured with great diligence, and in the author's opinion with great ſucceſs, was neglected at its firſt publication, as the commentator ſuppoſes, becauſe the publick was informed, by an advertiſment, that it contained *no Character drawn from the Life*; an aſſertion which Pope probably did not expect or wiſh to have been believed, and which he ſoon gave his readers ſufficient reaſon to diſtruſt, by telling them, in a note, that the work was imperfect, becauſe part of his ſubject was *Vice too high* to be yet expoſed.

The time however ſoon came, in which it was ſafe to diſplay the Dutcheſs of Marlborough under the name of *Atoſſa*; and her character was inſerted with no great honour to the writer's gratitude.

He publiſhed from time to time (between 1730 and 1740) Imitations of different poems of Horace, generally with his name, and once as was ſuſpected without it. What he was upon moral principles aſhamed to own, he ought to have ſuppreſſed. Of theſe pieces it is uſeleſs to ſettle the dates, as they had ſeldom much relation to the times, and perhaps had been long in his hands.

This mode of imitation, in which the ancients are familiariſed, by adapting their ſentiments to modern topicks, by making Horace ſay of Shakeſpeare what he originally

originally ſaid of Ennius, and accommodating his ſatires on Pantolabus and Nomentanus to the flatterers and prodigals of our own time, was firſt practiſed in the reign of Charles the Second by Oldham and Rocheſter, at leaſt I remember no inſtances more ancient. It is a kind of middle compoſition between tranſlation and original deſign, which pleaſes when the thoughts are unexpectedly applicable, and the parallels lucky. It ſeems to have been Pope's favourite amuſement; for he has carried it further than any former poet.

He publiſhed likewiſe a revival, in ſmoother numbers, of Dr. Donne's Satires, which was recommended to him by the Duke of Shrewſbury and the Earl of Oxford. They made no great impreſſion on the publick. Pope ſeems to have known their imbecillity *, and therefore ſuppreſſed them while he was yet contending to riſe in reputation, but ventured them when he thought their deficiences more likely to be imputed to Donne than to himſelf.

The Epiſtle to Dr. Arbuthnot, which ſeems to be derived in its firſt deſign from Boileau's Addreſs *à ſon Eſprit*, was publiſhed in January 1735, about a month before the death of him to whom it is inſcribed. It is to be regretted, that either honour or pleaſure ſhould have been miſſed by Arbuthnot; a man eſtimable for his learning, amiable for his life, and venerable for his piety.

Arbuthnot was a man of great comprehenſion, ſkil
in his profeſſion, verſed in the ſciences, acquainted w
ancient literature, and able to animate his maſs
knowledge by a bright and active imagination;
ſcholar with great brilliance of wit; a wit, who,

the crowd of life, retained and diſcovered a noble ardour of religious zeal.

In this poem Pope ſeems to reckon with the publick. He vindicates himſelf from cenſures; and with dignity, rather than arrogance, enforces his own claims to kindneſs and reſpect.

Into this poem are interwoven ſeveral paragraphs which had been before printed as a fragment, and among them the ſatirical lines upon Addiſon, of which the laſt couplet has been twice corrected. It was at firſt,

Who would not ſmile if ſuch a man there be?
Who would not laugh if Addiſon were he?

Then,

Who would not grieve if ſuch a man there be?
Who would not laugh if Addiſon were he?

At laſt it is,

Who but muſt laugh if ſuch a man there be?
Who would not weep if Atticus were he?

He was at this time at open war with Lord Hervey, who had diſtinguiſhed himſelf as a ſteady adherent to the Miniſtry; and, being offended with a contemptuous anſwer to one of his pamphlets, had ſummoned Pulteney to a duel. Whether he or Pope made the firſt attack, perhaps cannot now be eaſily known: he had written an invective againſt Pope, whom he calls *Hard as thy heart, and as thy birth obſcure*; and hints that his father was a *batter*. To this Pope wrote a reply in verſe and proſe: the verſes are in this poem; and the proſe, though it was never ſent, is printed

among

among his Letters, but to a cool reader of the preſent time exhibits nothing but tedious malignity.

His laſt Satires, of the general kind, were two Dialogues, named, from the year in which they were publiſhed, *Seventeen Hundred and Thirty-eight*. In theſe poems many are praiſed and many are reproached. Pope was then entangled in the oppoſition; a follower of the Prince of Wales, who dined at his houſe, and the friend of many who obſtructed and cenſured the conduct of the Miniſters. His political partiality was too plainly ſhewn: he forgot the prudence with which he paſſed, in his earlier years, uninjured and unoffending through much more violent conflicts of faction.

In the firſt Dialogue, having an opportunity of praiſing Allen of Bath, he aſked his leave to mention him as a man not illuſtrious by any merit of his anceſtors, and called him in his verſes *low-born Allen*. Men are ſeldom ſatisfied with praiſe introduced or followed by any mention of defect. Allen ſeems not to have taken any pleaſure in his epithet, which was afterwards ſoftened into *humble Allen*.

In the ſecond Dialogue he took ſome liberty with one of the *Foxes*, among others; which *Fox*, in a reply to Lyttelton, took an opportunity of repaying, by reproaching him with the friendſhip of a lampooner, who ſcattered his ink without fear or decency, and againſt whom he hoped the reſentment of the Legiſlature would quickly be diſcharged.

About this time Paul Whitehead, a ſmall poet, was ſummoned before the Lords for a poem called *Manners*, together with Dodſley his publiſher. Whitehead, who hung looſe upon ſociety, ſculked and eſcaped; but

Dodſley's ſhop and family made his appearance neceſſary. He was, however, ſoon diſmiſſed; and the whole proceſs was probably intended rather to intimidate Pope, than to puniſh Whitehead.

Pope never afterwards attempted to join the patriot with the poet, nor drew his pen upon ſtateſmen. That he deſiſted from his attempts of reformation is imputed, by his commentator, to his deſpair of prevailing over the corruption of the time. He was not likely to have been ever of opinion, that the dread of his ſatire would countervail the love of power or of money; he pleaſed himſelf with being important and formidable, and gratified ſometimes his pride, and ſometimes his reſentment; till at laſt he began to think he ſhould be more ſafe if he were leſs buſy.

The *Memoirs of Scriblerus*, publiſhed about this time, extend only to the firſt book of a work projected in concert by Pope, Swift, and Arbuthnot, who uſed to meet in the time of Queen Anne, and denominated themſelves the *Scriblerus Club*. Their purpoſe was to cenſure the abuſes of learning by a fictitious Life of an infatuated Scholar. They were diſperſed; the deſign was never completed; and Warburton laments its miſcarriage, as an event very diſaſtrous to polite letters.

If the whole may be eſtimated by this ſpecimen, which ſeems to be the production of Arbuthnot, with a few touches perhaps by Pope, the want of more will not be much lamented; for the follies which the writer ridicules are ſo little practiſed, that they are not known; nor can the ſatire be underſtood but by the learned: he raiſes phantoms of abſurdity, and then drives them away. He cures diſeaſes that were *never felt.*

For

For this reaſon this joint production of three great writers has never obtained any notice from mankind; it has been little read, or when read has been forgotten, as no man could be wiſer, better, or merrier, by remembering it.

The deſign cannot boaſt of much originality; for, beſides its general reſemblance to *Don Quixote*, there will be found in it particular imitations of the Hiſtory of Mr. *Ouffle*.

Swift carried ſo much of it into Ireland as ſupplied him with hints for his *Travels*; and with thoſe the world might have been contented, though the reſt had been ſuppreſſed.

Pope had ſought for images and ſentiments in a religion not known to have been explored by many other of the Engliſh writers; he had conſulted the modern writers of Latin poetry, a claſs of authors whom Boileau endeavoured to bring into contempt, and who are too generally neglected. Pope, however, was not aſhamed of their acquaintance, nor ungrateful for the advantages which he might have derived from it. A ſmall ſelection from the Italians, who wrote in Latin, had been publiſhed at London, about the latter end of the laſt century, by a man who concealed his name, but whom his Preface ſhews to have been well qualified for his undertaking. This collection Pope amplified by more than half, and (1740) publiſhed it in two volumes, but injuriouſly omitted his predeceſſor's preface. To theſe books, which had nothing but the mere text, no regard was paid, the authors were ſtill neglected, and the editor was neither praiſed nor cenſured.

He did not ſink into idleneſs; he had planned a work, *which he conſidered* as ſubſequent to his Eſſay

on

on *Man*, of which he has given this account to Dr. Swift.

"March 25, 1736.

"If ever I write any more Epiſtles in verſe, one of "them ſhall be addreſſed to you. I have long con- "cerned it, and begun it; but I would make what "bears your name as finiſhed as my laſt work ought "to be, that is to ſay, more finiſhed than any of the "reſt. The ſubject is large, and will divide into four "Epiſtles, which naturally follow the *Eſſay on Man*; "viz. 1. Of the Extent and Limits of Human Reaſon "and Science. 2. A View of the uſeful and there- "fore attainable, and of the unuſeful and therefore "unattainable, Arts. 3. Of the Nature, Ends, Ap- "plication, and Uſe of different Capacities. 4. Of "the Uſe of *Learning*, of the *Science*, of the *World*, "and of *Wit*. It will conclude with a ſatire againſt "the Miſapplication of all theſe, exemplified by Pic- "tures, Characters, and Examples."

This work in its full extent, being now afflicted with an aſthma, and finding the powers of life gradually declining, he had no longer courage to undertake; but, from the materials which he had provided, he added, at Warburton's requeſt, another book to the *Dunciad*, of which the deſign is to ridicule ſuch ſtudies as are either hopeleſs or uſeleſs, as either purſue what is unattainable, or what, if it be attained, is of no uſe.

When this book was printed (1742) the laurel had been for ſome time upon the head of Cibber; a man whom it cannot be ſuppoſed that Pope could regard with much kindneſs or eſteem, though in one of the Imitations of *Horace* he has liberally enough praiſed the *Careleſs Huſband*. In the *Dunciad*, among other worthleſs

worthleſs ſcribblers, he had mentioned Cibber; who, in his *Apology*, complains of the great poet's unkindneſs as more injurious, *becauſe*, ſays he, *I never have offended him.*

It might have been expected that Pope ſhould have been, in ſome degree, mollified by this ſubmiſſive gentleneſs; but no ſuch conſequence appeared. Though he condeſcended to commend Cibber once, he mentioned him afterwards contemptuouſly in one of his Satires, and again in his Epiſtle to Arbuthnot; and in the fourth book of the *Dunciad* attacked him with acrimony, to which the provocation is not eaſily diſcoverable. Perhaps he imagined that, in ridiculing the Laureat, he ſatiriſed thoſe by whom the laurel had been given, and gratified that ambitious petulance with which he affected to inſult the great.

The ſeverity of this ſatire left Cibber no longer any patience. He had confidence enough in his own powers to believe that he could diſturb the quiet of his adverſary, and doubtleſs did not want inſtigators, who, without any care about the victory, deſired to amuſe themſelves by looking on the conteſt. He therefore gave the town a pamphlet, in which he declares his reſolution from that time never to bear another blow without returning it, and to tire out his adverſary by perſeverance, if he cannot conquer him by ſtrength.

The inceſſant and unappeaſable malignity of Pope he imputes to a very diſtant cauſe. After the *Three Hours after Marriage* had been driven off the ſtage, by the offence which the mummy and crocodile gave the audience, while the exploded ſcene was yet freſh in memory, it happened that Cibber played *Bayes* in the *Rehearſal*; and, as it had been uſual to enliven the part

by the mention of any recent theatrical tranſactions, he ſaid, that he once thought to have introduced his lovers diſguiſed in a Mummy and a Crocodile. "This," ſays he, "was received with loud claps, which indi-"cated contempt of the play." Pope, who was behind the ſcenes, meeting him as he left the ſtage, attacked him, as he ſays, with all the virulence of a *Wit out of his ſenſes*; to which he replied, "that he would take no "other notice of what was ſaid by ſo particular a man "than to declare, that, as often as he played that part, "he would repeat the ſame provocation."

He ſhews his opinion to be, that Pope was one of the authors of the play which he ſo zealouſly defended; and adds an idle ſtory of Pope's behaviour at a tavern.

The pamphlet was written with little power of thought or language, and, if ſuffered to remain without notice, would have been very ſoon forgotten. Pope had now been enough acquainted with human life to know, if his paſſion had not been too powerful for his underſtanding, that, from a contention like his with Cibber, the world ſeeks nothing but diverſion, which is given at the expence of the higher character. When Cibber lampooned Pope, curioſity was excited; what Pope would ſay of Cibber nobody enquired, but in hope that Pope's aſperity might betray his pain and leſſen his dignity.

He ſhould therefore have ſuffered the pamphlet to flatter and die, without confeſſing that it ſtung him. The diſhonour of being ſhewn as Cibber's antagoniſt could never be compenſated by the victory. Cibber had nothing to loſe; when Pope had exhauſted all his malignity upon him, he would riſe in the eſteem both his friends and his enemies. Silence only could have made

made him deſpicable; the blow which did not appear to be felt, would have been ſtruck in vain.

But Pope's iraſcibility prevailed, and he reſolved to tell the whole Engliſh world that he was at war with Cibber; and to ſhew that he thought him no common adverſary, he prepared no common vengeance; he publiſhed a new edition of the *Dunciad*, in which he degraded *Theobald* from his painful pre-eminence, and enthroned *Cibber* in his ſtead. Unhappily the two heroes were of oppoſite characters, and Pope was unwilling to loſe what he had already written; he has therefore depraved his poem by giving to Cibber the old books, the cold pedantry, and ſluggiſh pertinacity of Theobald.

Pope was ignorant enough of his own intereſt, to make another change, and introduced Oſborne contending for the prize among the bookſellers. Oſborne was a man intirely deſtitute of ſhame, without ſenſe of any diſgrace but that of poverty. He told me, when he was doing that which raiſed Pope's reſentment, that he ſhould be put into the *Dunciad*; but he had the fate of *Caſſandra*; I gave no credit to his prediction, till in time I ſaw it accompliſhed. The ſhafts of ſatire were directed equally in vain againſt Cibber and Oſborne; being repelled by the impenetrable impudence of one, and deadened by the impaſſive dulneſs of the other. Pope confeſſed his own pain by his anger; but he gave no pain to thoſe who had provoked him. He was able to hurt none but himſelf; by transferring the ſame ridicule from one to another, he deſtroyed its efficacy; for, by ſhewing that what he had ſaid of one he was ready to ſay of another, he reduced himſelf to the inſignificance of his own magpye, who from his cage calls cuckold at a venture.

Cibber, according to his engagement, repaid the *Dunciad* with another pamphlet, which, Pope ſaid, *would be as good as a doſe of hartſhorn to him*; but his tongue and his heart were at variance. I have heard Mr. Richardſon relate, that he attended his father the painter on a viſit, when one of Cibber's pamphlets came into the hands of Pope, who ſaid, *Theſe things are my diverſion*. They ſat by him while he peruſed it, and ſaw his features writhen with anguiſh; and young Richardſon ſaid to his father, when they returned, that he hoped to be preſerved from ſuch diverſion as had been that day the lot of Pope *.

From this time, finding his diſeaſes more oppreſſive, and his vital powers gradually declining, he no longer ſtrained his faculties with any original compoſition, nor propoſed any other employment for his remaining life than the reviſal and correction of his former works; in which he received advice and aſſiſtance from Warburton, whom he appears to have truſted and honoured in the higheſt degree.

He laid aſide his Epick Poem, perhaps without much loſs to mankind; for his hero was *Brutus* the Trojan, who, according to a ridiculous fiction, eſtabliſhed a colony in Britain. The ſubject therefore was of the fabulous age; the actors were a race upon whom imagination has been exhauſted, and attention wearied, and to whom the mind will not eaſily be recalled, when it is invited in blank verſe, which Pope had adopted with great imprudence, and I think without due conſideration of the nature of our language. The ſketch is, at leaſt in part, preſerved by Ruffhead; by which it appears, that Pope was thoughtleſs enough to model the

* *This I alſo have heard* the younger Richardſon relate.

names

names of his heroes with terminations not conſiſtent with the time or country in which he places them.

He lingered through the next year; but perceived himſelf, as he expreſſes it, *going down the hill.* He had for at leaſt five years been afflicted with an aſthma, and other diſorders, which his phyſicians were unable to relieve. Towards the end of his life he conſulted Dr. Thomſon, a man who had, by large promiſes, and free cenſures of the common practice of phyſick, forced himſelf up into ſudden reputation. Thomſon declared his diſtemper to be a dropſy, and evacuated part of the water by tincture of jalap; but confeſſed that his belly did not ſubſide. Thomſon had many enemies, and Pope was perſuaded to diſmiſs him.

While he was yet capable of amuſement and converſation, as he was one day ſitting in the air with Lord Bolingbroke and Lord Marchmont, he ſaw his favourite Martha Blount at the bottom of the terrace, and aſked Lord Bolingbroke to go and hand her up. Bolingbroke, not liking his errand, croſſed his legs, and ſat ſtill; but Lord Marchmont, who was younger and leſs captious, waited on the Lady; who, when he came to her, aſked, *What, is he not dead yet?* She is ſaid to have neglected him, with ſhameful unkindneſs, in the latter time of his decay; yet, of the little which he had to leave, ſhe had a very great part. Their acquaintance began early; the life of each was pictured on the other's mind; their converſation therefore was endearing, for when they met, there was an immediate coalition of congenial notions. Perhaps he conſidered her unwillingneſs to approach the chamber of ſickneſs as female weakneſs, or human frailty; perhaps he was conſcious to *himſelf of peeviſhneſs* and impatience, or, though

he was offended by her inattention, might yet conſider her merit as overbalancing her fault; and, if he had ſuffered his heart to be alienated from her, he could have found nothing that might fill her place; he could have only ſhrunk within himſelf; it was too late to transfer his confidence or fondneſs.

In May 1744, his death was approaching *; on the ſixth, he was all day delirious, which he mentioned four days afterwards as a ſufficient humiliation of the vanity of man; he afterwards complained of ſeeing things as through a curtain, and in falſe colours; and one day, in the preſence of Dodſley, aſked what arm it was that came out from the wall. He ſaid that his greateſt inconvenience was inability to think.

Bolingbroke ſometimes wept over him in this ſtate of helpleſs decay; and being told by Spence, that Pope, at the intermiſſion of his deliriouſneſs, was always ſaying ſomething kind either of his preſent or abſent friends, and that his humanity ſeemed to have ſurvived his underſtanding, anſwered, *It has ſo.* And added, *I never in my life knew a man that had ſo tender a heart for his particular friends, or more general friendſhip for mankind.* At another time he ſaid, *I have known Pope theſe thirty years, and value myſelf more in his friendſhip than*—his grief then ſuppreſſed his voice.

Pope expreſſed undoubting confidence of a future ſtate. Being aſked by his friend Mr. Hooke, a papiſt, whether he would not die like his father and mother, and whether a prieſt ſhould not be called, he anſwered, *I do not think it eſſential, but it will be very right; and I thank you for putting me in mind of it.*

In the morning, after the prieſt had given him the laſt ſacraments, he ſaid, "There is nothing that is me-

* Spence.

"ritorious

"ritorious but virtue and friendſhip, and indeed "friendſhip itſelf is only a part of virtue."

He died in the evening of the thirtieth day of May, 1744, ſo placidly, that the attendants did not diſcern the exact time of his expiration. He was buried at Twickenham, near his father and mother, where a monument has been erected to him by his commentator, the Biſhop of Glouceſter.

He left the care of his papers to his executors, firſt to Lord Bolingbroke, and if he ſhould not be living to the Earl of Marchmont, undoubtedly expecting them to be proud of the truſt, and eager to extend his fame. But let no man dream of influence beyond his life. After a decent time Dodſley the bookſeller went to ſolicit preference as the publiſher, and was told that the parcel had not been yet inſpected; and whatever was the reaſon, the world has been diſappointed of what was *reſerved for the next age*.

He loſt, indeed, the favour of Bolingbroke by a kind of poſthumous offence. The political pamphlet called *The Patriot King* had been put into his hands that he might procure the impreſſion of a very few copies, to be diſtributed according to the author's direction among his friends, and Pope aſſured him that no more had been printed than were allowed; but, ſoon after his death, the printer brought and reſigned a complete edition of fifteen hundred copies, which Pope had ordered him to print, and to retain in ſecret. He kept, as was obſerved, his engagement to Pope better than Pope had kept it to his friend; and nothing was known of the tranſaction, till, upon the death of his employer, he thought himſelf obliged to deliver the books to the right owner, who, with great indig-

nation, made a fire in his yard, and delivered the whole impreſſion to the flames.

Hitherto nothing had been done which was not naturally dictated by reſentment of violated faith; reſentment more acrimonious, as the violator had been more loved or more truſted. But here the anger might have ſtopped; the injury was private, and there was little danger from the example.

Bolingbroke, however, was not yet ſatisfied; his thirſt of vengeance excited him to blaſt the memory of the man over whom he had wept in his laſt ſtruggles; and he employed Mallet, another friend of Pope, to tell the tale to the publick, with all its aggravations. Warburton, whoſe heart was warm with his legacy, and tender by the recent ſeparation, thought it proper for him to interpoſe; and undertook, not indeed to vindicate the action, for breach of truſt has always ſomething criminal, but to extenuate it by an apology. Having advanced what cannot be denied, that moral obliquity is made more or leſs excuſable by the motives that produce it, he enquires what evil purpoſe could have induced Pope to break his promiſe. He could not delight his vanity by uſurping the work, which, though not ſold in ſhops, had been ſhewn to a number more than ſufficient to preſerve the author's claim; he could not gratify his avarice, for he could not ſell his plunder till Bolingbroke was dead; and even then, if the copy was left to another, his fraud would be defeated, and, if left to himſelf, would be uſeleſs.

Warburton therefore ſuppoſes, with great appearance of reaſon, that the irregularity of his conduct proceeded wholly from his zeal for Bolingbroke, who might perhaps have deſtroyed the pamphlet, which

Pope

Pope thought it his duty to preſerve, even without its author's approbation. To this apology an anſwer was written in a *Letter to the moſt impudent man living.*

He brought ſome reproach upon his own memory by the petulant and contemptuous mention made in his will of Mr. Allen, and an affected repayment of his benefactions. Mrs. Blount, as the known friend and favourite of Pope, had been invited to the houſe of Allen, where ſhe comported herſelf with ſuch indecent arrogance, that ſhe parted from Mrs. Allen in a ſtate of irreconcileable diſlike, and the door was for ever barred againſt her. This excluſion ſhe reſented with ſo much bitterneſs as to refuſe any legacy from Pope, unleſs he left the world with a diſavowal of obligation to Allen. Having been long under her dominion, now tottering in the decline of life, and unable to reſiſt the violence of her temper, or, perhaps with the prejudice of a lover, perſuaded that ſhe had ſuffered improper treatment, he complied with her demand, and polluted his will with female reſentment. Allen accepted the legacy, which he gave to the Hoſpital at Bath; obſerving that Pope was always a bad accomptant, and that, if to 150 *l.* he had put a cypher more, he had come nearer to the truth *.

THE

* This account of the difference between Pope and Mr. Allen is not ſo circumſtantial as it was in Johnſon's power to have made it. The particulars communicated to him concerning it he was too indolent to commit to writing: the buſineſs of this note is to ſupply his omiſſions.

Upon an invitation in which Mrs. Blount was included, Mr. Pope made a viſit to Mr. Allen at Prior-park, and having occaſion to go to Briſtol for a few days, left Mrs. Blount behind him. In his abſence Mrs. Blount, who was of the Romiſh perſuaſion, ſignified an inclination to go to the Popiſh chapel at Bath, and deſired of Mr. Allen *the uſe of his chariot* for the purpoſe; but he being at that

THE perſon of Pope is well-known not to have been formed by the niceſt model. He has, in his account of the *Little Club*, compared himſelf to a ſpider, and by another is deſcribed as protuberant behind and before. He is ſaid to have been beautiful in his infancy; but he was of a conſtitution originally feeble and weak; and as bodies of a tender frame are eaſily diſtorted, his deformity was probably in part the effect of his application. His ſtature was ſo low, that, to bring him to a level with common tables, it was neceſſary to raiſe his ſeat. But his face was not diſpleaſing, and his eyes were animated and vivid.

By natural deformity, or accidental diſtortion, his vital functions were ſo much diſordered, that his life was a *long diſeaſe*. His moſt frequent aſſailant was the headach, which he uſed to relieve by inhaling the ſteam of coffee, which he very frequently required.

Moſt of what can be told concerning his petty peculiarities was communicated by a female domeſtick of the Earl of Oxford, who knew him perhaps after the middle of life. He was then ſo weak as to ſtand in perpetual need of female attendance; extremely ſenſible of cold, ſo that he wore a kind of fur doublet, under a ſhirt of a very coarſe warm linen with fine

time mayor of the city, ſuggeſted the impropriety of having his carriage ſeen at the door of a place of worſhip, to which as a magiſtrate he was at leaſt reſtrained from giving a ſanction, and might be required to ſuppreſs, and therefore deſired to be excuſed. Mrs. Blount reſented this refuſal, and told Pope of it at his return, and ſo infected him with her rage that they both left the houſe abruptly.

An inſtance of the like negligence may be noted in his relation of Pope's love of painting, which differs much from the information I gave him on that head. A picture of Betterton, certainly copied from Kneller by Pope, Lord Mansfield once ſhewed me at Kenwood-houſe, adding that it was the only one he ever finiſhed, for that the weakneſs of his eyes was an obſtruction to his uſe of the pencil.

Reeves.

ſleeves. When he roſe, he was inveſted in boddice made of ſtiff canvaſs, being ſcarce able to hold himſelf erect till they were laced, and he then put on a flannel waiſtcoat. One ſide was contracted. His legs were ſo ſlender, that he enlarged their bulk with three pair of ſtockings, which were drawn on and off by the maid; for he was not able to dreſs or undreſs himſelf, and neither went to bed nor roſe without help. His weakneſs made it very difficult for him to be clean.

His hair had fallen almoſt all away; and he uſed to dine ſometimes with Lord Oxford, privately, in a velvet cap. His dreſs of ceremony was black with a tye-wig, and a little ſword.

The indulgence and accommodation which his ſickneſs required, had taught him all the unpleaſing and unſocial qualities of a valetudinary man. He expected that every thing ſhould give way to his eaſe or humour, as a child, whoſe parents will not hear her cry, has an unreſiſted dominion in the nurſery.

C'eſt que l'enfant toûjours eſt homme,
C'eſt que l'homme eſt toûjours enfant.

When he wanted to ſleep he *nodded in company*; and once ſlumbered at his own table while the Prince of Wales was talking of poetry.

The reputation which his friendſhip gave procured him many invitations; but he was a very troubleſome inmate. He brought no ſervant, and had ſo many wants, that a numerous attendance was ſcarcely able to ſupply them. Wherever he was, he left no room for another, becauſe he exacted the attention, and employed the activity of the whole family. His errands were ſo frequent and frivolous, that the footmen in time

time avoided and neglected him; and the Earl of Oxford diſcharged ſome of the ſervants for their reſolute refuſal of his meſſages. The maids, when they had neglected their buſineſs, alledged that they had been employed by Mr. Pope. One of his conſtant demands was of coffee in the night, and to the woman that waited on him in his chamber he was very burthenſome; but he was careful to recompenſe her want of ſleep; and Lord Oxford's ſervant declared, that in a houſe where her buſineſs was to anſwer his call, ſhe would not aſk for wages.

He had another fault, eaſily incident to thoſe who, ſuffering much pain, think themſelves entitled to whatever pleaſures they can ſnatch. He was too indulgent to his appetite; he loved meat highly ſeaſoned and of ſtrong taſte; and, at the intervals of the table, amuſed himſelf with biſcuits and dry conſerves. If he ſat down to a variety of diſhes, he would oppreſs his ſtomach with repletion, and though he ſeemed angry when a dram was offered him, did not forbear to drink it. His friends, who knew the avenues to his heart, pampered him with preſents of luxury, which he did not ſuffer to ſtand neglected. The death of great men is not always proportioned to the luſtre of their lives. Hannibal, ſays Juvenal, did not periſh by a javelin or a ſword; the ſlaughters of Cannæ were revenged by a ring. The death of Pope was imputed by ſome of his friends to a ſilver ſaucepan, in which it was his delight to heat potted lampreys.

That he lived too well to eat, is certain; but that his ſenſuality ſhortened his life will not be haſtily concluded, when it is remembered that a conformation ſo irregular laſted ſix and fifty years, notwithſtanding ſuch *pertinacious diligence* of ſtudy and meditation.

In

In all his intercourſe with mankind, he had great delight in artifice, and endeavoured to attain all his purpoſes by indirect and unſuſpected methods. *He hardly drank tea without a ſtratagem.* If, at the houſe of his friends, he wanted any accommodation, he was not willing to aſk for it in plain terms, but would mention it remotely as ſomething convenient; though, when it was procured, he ſoon made it appear for whoſe ſake it had been recommended. Thus he teized Lord Orrery till he obtained a ſcreen. He practiſed his arts on ſuch ſmall occaſions, that Lady Bolingbroke uſed to ſay, in a French phraſe, that *he plaid the politician about cabbages and turnips.* His unjuſtifiable impreſſion of the *Patriot King*, as it can be imputed to no particular motive, muſt have proceeded from his general habit of ſecrecy and cunning; he caught an opportunity of a ſly trick, and pleaſed himſelf with the thought of outwitting Bolingbroke.

In familiar or convivial converſation, it does not appear that he excelled. He may be ſaid to have reſembled Dryden, as being not one that was diſtinguiſhed by vivacity in company. It is remarkable, that, ſo near his time, ſo much ſhould be known of what he has written, and ſo little of what he has ſaid: traditional memory retains no ſallies of raillery, nor ſentences of obſervation; nothing either pointed or ſolid, either wiſe or merry. One apophthegm only ſtands upon record. When an objection raiſed againſt his inſcription for Shakeſpeare was defended by the authority of *Patrick*, he replied—*horreſco referens*—that *he would allow the publiſher of a Dictionary to know the meaning of a ſingle word, but not of two words put together.*

He was fretful, and eaſily diſpleaſed, and allowed himſelf to be capriciouſly reſentful. He would ſometimes leave Lord Oxford ſilently, no one could tell why, and was to be courted back by more letters and meſſages than the footmen were willing to carry. The table was indeed infeſted by Lady Mary Wortley, who was the friend of Lady Oxford, and who, knowing his peeviſhneſs, could by no intreaties be reſtrained from contradicting him, till their diſputes were ſharpened to ſuch aſperity, that one or the other quitted the houſe.

He ſometimes condeſcended to be jocular with ſervants or inferiors; but by no merriment, either of others or his own, was he ever ſeen excited to laughter.

Of his domeſtick character, frugality was a part eminently remarkable. Having determined not to be dependent, he determined not to be in want, and therefore wiſely and magnanimouſly rejected all temptations to expence unſuitable to his fortune. This general care muſt be univerſally approved; but it ſometimes appeared in petty artifices of parſimony, ſuch as the practice of writing his compoſitions on the back of letters, as may be ſeen in the remaining copy of the *Iliad*, by which perhaps in five years five ſhilling were ſaved; or in a niggardly reception of his friends, and ſcantineſs of entertainment, as, when he had two gueſts in his houſe, he would ſet at ſupper a ſingle pint upon the table; and having himſelf taken two ſmall glaſſes would retire and ſay, *Gentlemen, I leave you to your wine.* Yet he tells his friends, that *he has a heart for all, a houſe for all, and, whatever they may think, a fortune for all.*

He

He ſometimes, however, made a ſplendid dinner, and is ſaid to have wanted no part of the ſkill or elegance which ſuch performances require. That this magnificence ſhould be often diſplayed, that obſtinate prudence with which he conducted his affairs would not permit; for his revenue, certain and caſual, amounted only to about eight hundred pounds a year, of which however he declares himſelf able to aſſign one hundred to charity *.

Of this fortune, which as it aroſe from publick approbation was very honourably obtained, his imagination ſeems to have been too full: it would be hard to find a man, ſo well entitled to notice by his wit, that ever delighted ſo much in talking of his money. In his Letters, and in his Poems, his garden and his grotto, his quincunx and his vines, or ſome hints of his opulence, are always to be found. The great topick of his ridicule is poverty; the crimes with which he reproaches his antagoniſts are their debts, their habitation in the Mint, and their want of a dinner. He ſeems to be of an opinion not very uncommon in the world, that to want money is to want every thing.

Next to the pleaſure of contemplating his poſſeſſions, ſeems to be that of enumerating the men of high rank with whom he was acquainted, and whoſe notice he loudly proclaims not to have been obtained by any practices of meanneſs or ſervility; a boaſt which was never denied to be true, and to which very few poets have ever aſpired. Pope never ſet genius to ſale; he

* Part of it aroſe from an annuity of two hundred pounds a year, which he had purchaſed either of the laſt Duke of Buckinghamſhire, or the Ducheſs his mother, and which was charged on ſome eſtate of that family. The deed by which it was granted was ſome *years in my cuſtody.*

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never flattered thoſe whom he did not love, or praiſed thoſe whom he did not eſteem. Savage however remarked, that he began a little to relax his dignity when he wrote a diſtich for *his Highneſs's dog*.

His admiration of the Great ſeems to have increaſed in the advance of life. He paſſed over peers and ſtateſmen to inſcribe his *Iliad* to Congreve, with a magnanimity of which the praiſe had been compleat had his friend's virtue been equal to his wit. Why he was choſen for ſo great an honour, it is not now poſſible to know; there is no trace in literary hiſtory of any particular intimacy between them. The name of Congreve appears in the Letters among thoſe of his other friends, but without any obſervable diſtinction or conſequence.

To his latter works, however, he took care to annex names digified with titles, but was not very happy in his choice; for, except Lord Bathurſt, none of his noble friends were ſuch as that a good man would wiſh to have his intimacy with them known to poſterity: he can derive little honour from the notice of Cobham, Burlington, or Bolingbroke.

Of his ſocial qualities, if an eſtimate be made from his Letters, an opinion too favourable cannot eaſily be formed; they exhibit a perpetual and unclouded effulgence of general benevolence, and particular fondneſs. There is nothing but liberality, gratitude, conſtancy, and tenderneſs. It has been ſo long ſaid as to be commonly believed, that the true characters of men may be found in their Letters, and that he who writes to his friend lays his heart open before him. But the truth is, that ſuch were ſimple friendſhips of the *Golden Age*, and are now the friendſhips only of *children*. Very few can boaſt of hearts which they dare

dare lay open to themſelves, and of which, by whatever accident expoſed, they do not ſhun a diſtinct and continued view; and, certainly, what we hide from ourſelves we do not ſhew to our friends. There is, indeed, no tranſaction which offers ſtronger temptations to fallacy and ſophiſtication than epiſtolary intercourſe. In the eagerneſs of converſation the firſt emotions of the mind often burſt out, before they are conſidered; in the tumult of buſineſs, intereſt and paſſion have their genuine effect; but a friendly Letter is a calm and deliberate performance, in the cool of leiſure, in the ſtillneſs of ſolitude, and ſurely no man ſits down to depreciate by deſign his own character.

Friendſhip has no tendency to ſecure veracity; for by whom can a man ſo much wiſh to be thought better than he his, as by him whoſe kindneſs he deſires to gain or keep? Even in writing to the world there is leſs conſtraint; the author is not confronted with his reader, and takes his chance of approbation among the different diſpoſitions of mankind; but a Letter is addreſſed to a ſingle mind, of which the prejudices and partialities are known; and muſt therefore pleaſe, if not by favouring them, by forbearing to oppoſe them.

To charge thoſe favourable repreſentations, which men give of their own minds, with the guilt of hypocritical falſehood, would ſhew more ſeverity than knowledge. The writer commonly believes himſelf. Almoſt every man's thoughts, while they are general, are right; and moſt hearts are pure, while temptation is away. It is eaſy to awaken generous ſentiments in privacy; to deſpiſe death when there is no danger; to glow with benevolence when there is nothing to be

given. While ſuch ideas are formed they are felt, and ſelf-love does not ſuſpect the gleam of virtue to be the meteor of fancy.

If the Letters of Pope are conſidered merely as compoſitions, they ſeem to be premeditated and artificial. It is one thing to write, becauſe there is ſomething which the mind wiſhes to diſcharge; and another, to ſolicit the imagination, becauſe ceremony or vanity requires ſomething to be written. Pope confeſſes his early Letters to be vitiated with *affectation and ambition:* to know whether he diſentangled himſelf from theſe perverters of epiſtolary integrity, his book and his life muſt be ſet in compariſon.

One of his favourite topicks is contempt of his own poetry. For this, if it had been real, he would deſerve no commendation; and in this he was certainly not ſincere, for his high value of himſelf was ſufficiently obſerved; and of what could he be proud but of his poetry? He writes, he ſays, when *he has juſt nothing elſe to do*; yet Swift complains that he was never at leiſure for converſation, becauſe he *had always ſome poetical ſcheme in his head.* It was punctually required that his writing-box ſhould be ſet upon his bed before he roſe; and Lord Oxford's domeſtick related, that, in the dreadful winter of Forty, ſhe was called from her bed by him four times in one night, to ſupply him with paper, leſt he ſhould loſe a thought.

He pretends inſenſibility to cenſure and criticiſm, though it was obſerved by all who knew him that every pamphlet diſturbed his quiet, and that his extreme irritability laid him open to perpetual vexation; but he wiſhed to deſpiſe his critiicks, and therefore hoped that he did deſpiſe them.

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As he happened to live in two reigns when the Court paid little attention to poetry, he nurſed in his mind a fooliſh diſeſteem of Kings, and proclaims that *he never ſees Courts.* Yet a little regard ſhewn him by the Prince of Wales melted his obduracy; and he had not much to ſay when he was aſked by his Royal Highneſs, *how he could love a Prince while he diſliked Kings?*

He very frequently profeſſes contempt of the world, and repreſents himſelf as looking on mankind, ſometimes with gay indifference, as on emmets of a hillock, below his ſerious attention; and ſometimes with gloomy indignation, as on monſters more worthy of hatred than of pity. Theſe were diſpoſitions apparently counterfeited. How could he deſpiſe thoſe whom he lived by pleaſing, and on whoſe approbation his eſteem of himſelf was ſuperſtructed? Why ſhould he hate thoſe to whoſe favour he owed his honour and his eaſe? Of things that terminate in human life, the world is the proper judge; to deſpiſe its ſentence, if it were poſſible, is not juſt; and if it were juſt, is not poſſible. Pope was far enough from this unreaſonable temper; he was ſufficiently *a fool to Fame*, and his fault was, that he pretended to neglect it. His levity and his ſullenneſs were only in his Letters; he paſſed through common life, ſometimes vexed, and ſometimes pleaſed, with the natural emotions of common men.

His ſcorn of the great is repeated too often to be real; no man thinks much of that which he deſpiſes; and as falſehood is always in danger of inconſiſtency, he makes it his boaſt at another time that he lives among them.

It is evident that his own importance ſwells often in his mind. He is afraid of writing, leſt the clerks of the Poſt-office ſhould know his ſecrets; he has many enemies; he conſiders himſelf as ſurrounded by univerſal jealouſy; *after many deaths, and many diſperſions, two or three of us*, ſays he, *may ſtill be brought together, not to plot, but to divert ourſelves, and the world too, if it pleaſes*; and they can live together, and *ſhew what friends wits may be, in ſpite of all the fools in the world.* All this while it was likely that the clerks did not know his hand; he certainly had no more enemies than a publick character like his inevitably excites; and with what degree of friendſhip the wits might live, very few were ſo much fools as ever to enquire.

Some part of this pretended diſcontent he learned from Swift, and expreſſes it, I think, moſt frequently in his correſpondence with him. Swift's reſentment was unreaſonable, but it was ſincere; Pope's was the mere mimickry of his friend, a fictitious part which he began to play before it became him. When he was only twenty-five years old, he related that *a glut of ſtudy and retirement had thrown him on the world*, and that there was danger leſt *a glut of the world ſhould throw him back upon ſtudy and retirement.* To this Swift anſwered with great propriety, that Pope had not yet either acted or ſuffered enough in the world to have become weary of it. And, indeed, it muſt be ſome very powerful reaſon that can drive back to ſolitude him who has once enjoyed the pleaſures of ſociety.

In the Letters both of Swift and Pope there appears ſuch narrowneſs of mind, as makes them inſenſible of any excellence that has not ſome affinity with their own,

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and confines their eſteem and approbation to ſo ſmall a number, that whoever ſhould form his opinion of the age from their repreſentation, would ſuppoſe them to have lived amidſt ignorance and barbarity, unable to find among their contemporaries either virtue or intelligence, and perſecuted by thoſe that could not underſtand them.

When Pope murmurs at the world, when he profeſſes contempt of fame, when he ſpeaks of riches and poverty, of ſucceſs and diſappointment, with negligent indifference, he certainly does not expreſs his habitual and ſettled ſentiments, but either wilfully diſguiſes his own character, or, what is more likely, inveſts himſelf with temporary qualities, and ſallies out in the colours of the preſent moment. His hopes and fears, his joys and ſorrows, acted ſtrongly upon his mind; and if he differed from others, it was not by careleſſneſs; he was irritable and reſentful; his malignity to Philips, whom he had firſt made ridiculous, and then hated for being angry, continued too long. Of his vain deſire to make Bentley contemptible, I never heard any adequate reaſon. He was ſometimes wanton in his attacks; and, before Chandos, Lady Wortley, and Hill, was mean in his retreat.

The virtues which ſeem to have had moſt of his affection were liberality and fidelity of friendſhip, in which it does not appear that he was other than he deſcribes himſelf. His fortune did not ſuffer his charity to be ſplendid and conſpicuous; but he aſſiſted Dodſley with a hundred pounds, that he might open a ſhop; and of the ſubſcription of forty pounds a year, that he raiſed for Savage, twenty were paid by himſelf. He

was accuſed of loving money, but his love was eagerneſs to gain, not ſolicitude to keep it.

In the duties of friendſhip he was zealous and conſtant: his early maturity of mind commonly united him with men older than himſelf; and therefore, without attaining any conſiderable length of life, he ſaw many companions of his youth ſink into the grave; but it does not appear that he loſt a ſingle friend by coldneſs or by injury; thoſe who loved him once, continued their kindneſs. His ungrateful mention of Allen, in his will, was the effect of his adherence to one whom he had known much longer, and whom he naturally loved with greater fondneſs. His violation of the truſt repoſed in him by Bolingbroke could have no motive inconſiſtent with the warmeſt affection; he either thought the action ſo near to indifferent that he forgot it, or ſo laudable that he expected his friend to approve it.

It was reported, with ſuch confidence as almoſt to enforce belief, that in the papers intruſted to his executors was found a defamatory Life of Swift, which he had prepared as an inſtrument of vengeance, to be uſed if any provocation ſhould be ever given. About this I enquired of the Earl of Marchmont, who aſſured me that no ſuch piece was among his remains.

The religion in which he lived and died was that of the Church of Rome, to which in his correſpondence with Racine he profeſſes himſelf a ſincere adherent. That he was not ſcrupulouſly pious in ſome part of his life, is known by many idle and indecent applications of ſentences taken from the Scriptures; a mode of merriment which a good man dreads for its profaneneſs, and a witty man diſdains for its eaſineſs and vulga-

vulgarity. But to whatever levities he has been betrayed, it does not appear that his principles were ever corrupted, or that he ever loſt his belief of Revelation. The poſitions which he tranſmitted from Bolingbroke he ſeems not to have underſtood, and was pleaſed with an interpretation that made them orthodox.

A man of ſuch exalted ſuperiority, and ſo little moderation, would naturally have all his delinquences obſerved and aggravated: thoſe who could not deny that he was excellent, would rejoice to find that he was not perfect.

Perhaps it may be imputed to the unwillingneſs with which the ſame man is allowed to poſſeſs many advantages, that his learning has been depreciated. He certainly was in his early life a man of great literary curioſity; and when he wrote his *Eſſay on Criticiſm* had, for his age, a very wide acquaintance with books. When he entered into the living world, it ſeems to have happened to him as to many others, that he was leſs attentive to dead maſters; he ſtudied in the academy of Paracelſus, and made the univerſe his favourite volume. He gathered his notions freſh from reality, not from the copies of authors, but the originals of Nature. Yet there is no reaſon to believe that literature ever loſt his eſteem; he always profeſſed to love reading; and Dobſon, who ſpent ſome time at his houſe tranſlating his *Eſſay on Man*, when I aſked him what learning he found him to poſſeſs, anſwered, *More than I expected.* His frequent references to hiſtory, his alluſions to various kinds of knowledge, and his images ſelected from art and nature, with his obſervations on the operations of the mind and the modes of life, ſhew an intelligence perpetually on the wing, excur-

ſive, vigorous, and diligent, eager to purſue knowledge, and attentive to retain it.

From this curioſity aroſe the deſire of travelling, to which he alludes in his verſes to Jervas, and which, though he never found an opportunity to gratify it, did not leave him till his life declined.

Of his intellectual character, the conſtituent and fundamental principle was Good Senſe, a prompt and intuitive perception of conſonance and propriety. He ſaw immediately, of his own conceptions, what was to be choſen, and what to be rejected; and, in the works of others, what was to be ſhunned, and what was to be copied.

But good ſenſe alone is a ſedate and quieſcent quality, which manages its poſſeſſions well, but does not increaſe them; it collects few materials for its own operations, and preſerves ſafety, but never gains ſupremacy. Pope had likewiſe genius; a mind active, ambitious, and adventurous, always inveſtigating, always aſpiring; in its wideſt ſearches ſtill longing to go forward, in its higheſt flights ſtill wiſhing to be higher; always imagining ſomething greater than it knows, always endeavouring more than it can do.

To aſſiſt theſe powers, he is ſaid to have had great ſtrength and exactneſs of memory. That which he had heard or read was not eaſily loſt; and he had before him not only what his own meditations ſuggeſted, but what he had found in other writers, that might be accommodated to his preſent purpoſe.

Theſe benefits of nature he improved by inceſſant and unwearied diligence; he had recourſe to every ſource of intelligence, and loſt no opportunity of information; he conſulted the living as well as the dead: he read his

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compoſitions to his friends, and was never content with mediocrity when excellence could be attained. He conſidered poetry as the buſineſs of his life; and, however he might ſeem to lament his occupation, he followed it with conſtancy; to make verſes was his firſt labour, and to mend them was his laſt.

From his attention to poetry he was never diverted. If converſation offered any thing that could be improved, he committed it to paper; if a thought, or perhaps an expreſſion more happy than was common, roſe to his mind, he was careful to write it; an independent diſtich was preſerved for an opportunity of inſertion; and ſome little fragments have been found containing lines, or parts of lines, to be wrought upon at ſome other time.

He was one of thoſe few whoſe labour is their pleaſure: he was never elevated to negligence, nor wearied to impatience; he never paſſed a fault unamended by indifference, nor quitted it by deſpair. He laboured his works firſt to gain reputation, and afterwards to keep it.

Of compoſition there are different methods. Some employ at once memory and invention, and, with little intermediate uſe of the pen, form and poliſh large maſſes by continued meditation, and write their productions only when, in their own opinion, they have completed them. It is related of Virgil, that his cuſtom was to pour out a great number of verſes in the morning, and paſs the day in retrenching exuberances and correcting inaccuracies. The method of Pope, as may be collected from his tranſlation, was to write his firſt thoughts in his firſt words, and gradually to amplify, decorate, rectify, and refine them.

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With ſuch faculties, and ſuch diſpoſitions, he excelled every other writer in *poetical prudence*; he wrote in ſuch a manner as might expoſe him to few hazards. He uſed almoſt always the ſame fabric of verſe; and, indeed, by thoſe few eſſays which he made of any other, he did not enlarge his reputation. Of this uniformity the certain conſequence was readineſs and dexterity. By perpetual practice, language had in his mind a ſyſtematical arrangement; having always the ſame uſe for words, he had words ſo ſelected and combined as to be ready at his call. This increaſe of facility he confeſſed himſelf to have perceived in the progreſs of his tranſlation.

But what was yet of more importance, his effuſions were always voluntary, and his ſubjects choſen by himſelf. His independence ſecured him from drudging at a taſk, and labouring upon a barren topick: he never exchanged praiſe for money, nor opened a ſhop of condolence or congratulation. His poems, therefore, were ſcarce ever temporary. He ſuffered coronations and royal marriages to paſs without a ſong, and derived no opportunities from recent events, nor any popularity from the accidental diſpoſition of his readers. He was never reduced to the neceſſity of ſoliciting the ſun to ſhine upon a birth-day, of calling the Graces and Virtues to a wedding, or of ſaying what multitudes have ſaid before him. When he could produce nothing new, he was at liberty to be ſilent.

His publications were for the ſame reaſon never haſty. He is ſaid to have ſent nothing to the preſs till it had lain two years under his inſpection: it is at leaſt certain, that he ventured nothing without nice examination. He ſuffered the tumult of imagination

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to ſubſide, and the novelties of invention to grow familiar. He knew that the mind is always enamoured of its own productions, and did not truſt his firſt fondneſs. He conſulted his friends, and liſtened with great willingneſs to criticiſm; and, what was of more importance, he conſulted himſelf, and let nothing paſs againſt his own judgement.

He profeſſed to have learned his poetry from Dryden, whom, whenever an opportunity was preſented, he praiſed through his whole life with unvaried liberality; and perhaps his character may receive ſome illuſtration, if he be compared with his maſter.

Integrity of underſtanding and nicety of diſcernment were not allotted in a leſs proportion to Dryden than to Pope. The rectitude of Dryden's mind was ſufficiently ſhewn by the diſmiſſion of his poetical prejudices, and the rejection of unnatural thoughts and rugged numbers. But Dryden never deſired to apply all the judgement that he had. He wrote, and profeſſed to write, merely for the people; and when he pleaſed others, he contented himſelf. He ſpent no time in ſtruggles to rouſe latent powers; he never attempted to make that better which was already good, nor often to mend what he muſt have known to be faulty. He wrote, as he tells us, with very little conſideration; when occaſion or neceſſity called upon him, he poured out what the preſent moment happened to ſupply, and, when once it had paſſed the preſs, ejected it from his mind; for when he had no pecuniary intereſt, he had no further ſolicitude.

Pope was not content to ſatisfy; he deſired to excel, and therefore always endeavoured to do his beſt: he did not court the candour, but dared the judgemen

ment of his reader, and, expecting no indulgence from others, he ſhewed none to himſelf. He examined lines and words with minute and punctilious obſervation, and retouched every part with indefatigable diligence till he had left nothing to be forgiven.

For this reaſon he kept his pieces very long in his hands, while he conſidered and reconſidered them. The only poems which can be ſuppoſed to have been written with ſuch regard to the times as might haſten their publication, were the two ſatires of *Thirty-eight*; of which Dodſley told me, that they were brought to him by the author, that they might be fairly copied. "Almoſt every line," he ſaid, "was then "written twice over; I gave him a clean tranſcript, "which he ſent ſome time afterwards to me for the "preſs, with almoſt every line written twice over a "ſecond time."

His declaration, that his care for his works ceaſed at their publication, was not ſtrictly true. His parental attention never abandoned them; what he found amiſs in the firſt edition, he ſilently corrected in thoſe that followed. He appears to have reviſed the *Iliad*, and freed it from ſome of its imperfections; and the *Eſſay on Criticiſm* received many improvements after its firſt appearance. It will ſeldom be found that he altered without adding clearneſs, elegance, or vigour. Pope had perhaps the judgement of Dryden; but Dryden certainly wanted the diligence of Pope.

In acquired knowledge, the ſuperiority muſt be allowed to Dryden, whoſe education was more ſcholaſtick, and who before he became an author had been allowed more time for ſtudy, with better means of information. His mind has a larger range, and he collects his images

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and illuſtrations from a more extenſive circumference of ſcience. Dryden knew more of man in his general nature, and Pope in his local manners. The notions of Dryden were formed by comprehenſive ſpeculation; and thoſe of Pope by minute attention. There is more dignity in the knowledge of Dryden, and more certainty in that of Pope.

Poetry was not the ſole praiſe of either; for both excelled likewiſe in proſe; but Pope did not borrow his proſe from his predeceſſor. The ſtyle of Dryden is capricious and varied; that of Pope is cautious and uniform; Dryden obeys the motions of his own mind; Pope conſtrains his mind to his own rules of compoſition. Dryden is ſometimes vehement and rapid; Pope is always ſmooth, uniform, and gentle. Dryden's page is a natural field, riſing into inequalities, and diverſified by the varied exuberance of abundant vegetation; Pope's is a velvet lawn, ſhaven by the ſcythe, and levelled by the roller.

Of genius, that power which conſtitutes a poet; that quality without which judgement is cold, and knowledge is inert; that energy which collects, combines, amplifies, and animates; the ſuperiority muſt, with ſome heſitation, be allowed to Dryden. It is not to be inferred that of this poetical vigour Pope had only a little, becauſe Dryden had more; for every other writer ſince Milton muſt give place to Pope; and even of Dryden it muſt be ſaid, that, if he has brighter paragraphs, he has not better poems. Dryden's performances were always haſty, either excited by ſome external occaſion, or extorted by domeſtick neceſſity; he compoſed without conſideration, and publiſhed without correction. What his mind could ſupply

ſupply at call, or gather in one excurſion, was all that he ſought, and all that he gave. The dilatory caution of Pope enabled him to condenſe his ſentiments, to multiply his images, and to accumulate all that ſtudy might produce, or chance might ſupply. If the flights of Dryden therefore are higher, Pope continues longer on the wing. If of Dryden's fire the blaze is brighter, of Pope's the heat is more regular and conſtant. Dryden often ſurpaſſes expectation, and Pope never falls below it. Dryden is read with frequent aſtoniſhment, and Pope with perpetual delight.

This parallel will, I hope, when it is well conſidered, be found juſt; and if the reader ſhould ſuſpect me, as I ſuſpect myſelf, of ſome partial fondneſs for the memory of Dryden, let him not too haſtily condemn me; for meditation and enquiry may, perhaps, ſhew him the reaſonableneſs of my determination.

THE Works of Pope are now to be diſtinctly examined, not ſo much with attention to ſlight faults or petty beauties, as to the general character and effect of each performance.

It ſeems natural for a young poet to initiate himſelf by Paſtorals, which, not profeſſing to imitate real life, require no experience, and, exhibiting only the ſimple operation of unmingled paſſions, admit no ſubtle reaſoning or deep enquiry. Pope's paſtorals are not however compoſed but with cloſe thought; they have refere : to the times of the day, the ſeaſons of the year, the periods of human life. The laſt, that h turns the attention upon age and death, t a or's favourite. To tell of diſappointment y, to thicken the darkneſs of futurity, and perplex

erplex the labyrinth of uncertainty, has been always delicious employment of the poets. His preference vas probably juſt. I wiſh, however, that his fondneſs had not overlooked a line in which the *Zephyrs* re made *to lament in ſilence.*

To charge theſe paſtorals with want of invention, is o require what never was intended. The imitations are o ambitiouſly frequent, that the writer evidently means ather to ſhew his literature than his wit. It is ſurely ufficient for an author of ſixteen not only to be able to opy the poems of antiquity with judicious ſelection, ut to have obtained ſufficient power of language, and kill in metre, to exhibit a ſeries of verſification, which ad in Engliſh poetry no precedent, nor has ſince had n imitation.

The deſign of *Windſor Foreſt* is evidently derived rom *Cooper's Hill*, with ſome attention to Waller's oem on *The Park*; but Pope cannot be denied to excel is maſters in variety and elegance, and the art of interchanging deſcription, narrative, and morality. The bjection made by Dennis is the want of plan, of a regular ſubordination of parts terminating in the principal and original deſign. There is this want in moſt deſcriptive poems, becauſe as the ſcenes, which they muſt exhibit ſucceſſively, are all ſubſiſting at the ſame ime, the order in which they are ſhewn muſt by neceſſity be arbitrary, and more is not to be expected from he laſt part than from the firſt. The attention, therefore, which cannot be detained by ſuſpenſe, muſt be excited by diverſity, ſuch as his poem offers to its eader.

But the deſire of diverſity may be too much indulged; he parts of *Windſor Foreſt* which deſerve leaſt praiſe

are

are thoſe which were added to enliven [illegible] of the ſcene, the appearance of Father Thames, and the transformation of *Lodona*. Addiſon had in his *Campaign* derided the *Rivers* that *riſe from their oozy beds* to tell ſtories of heroes, and it is therefore ſtrange that Pope ſhould adopt a fiction not only unnatural but lately cenſured. The ſtory of *Lodona* is told with ſweetneſs; but a new metamorphoſis is a ready and puerile expedient; nothing is eaſier than to tell how a flower was once a blooming virgin, or a rock an obdurate tyrant.

The *Temple of Fame* has, as Steele warmly declared, *a thouſand beauties*. Every part is ſplendid; there is great luxuriance of ornaments; the original viſion of Chaucer was never denied to be much improved; the allegory is very ſkillfully continued, the imagery is properly ſelected, and learnedly diſplayed: yet, with all this comprehenſion of excellence, as its ſcene is laid in remote ages, and its ſentiments, if the concluding paragraph be excepted, have little relation to general manners or common life, it never obtained much notice, but is turned ſilently over, and ſeldom quoted or mentioned with either praiſe or blame.

That the *Meſſiah* excels the *Pollio* is no great praiſe, if it be conſidered from what original the improvements are derived.

The *Verſes on the unfortunate Lady* have drawn much attention by the illaudable ſingularity of treating ſuicide with reſpect; and they muſt be allowed to be written in ſome parts with vigorous animation, and in others with gentle tenderneſs; nor has Pope produced any poem in which the ſenſe predominates more over the diction. But the tale is not ſkillfully told; it is

not eaſy to diſcover the character of either the Lady or her Guardian. Hiſtory relates that ſhe was about to diſparage herſelf by a marriage with an inferior; Pope praiſes her for the dignity of ambition, and yet condemns the unkle to deteſtation for his pride; the ambitious love of a niece may be oppoſed by the intereſt, malice, or envy of an unkle, but never by his pride. On ſuch an occaſion a poet may be allowed to be obſcure, but inconſiſtency never can be right *.

The *Ode for St. Cecilia's Day* was undertaken at the deſire of Steele: in this the author is generally confeſſed to have miſcarried, yet he has miſcarried only as compared with Dryden; for he has far outgone other competitors †. Dryden's plan is better choſen; hiſtory

* The account hereinbefore given of this lady and her cataſtrophe, cited by Johnſon from Ruffhead with a kind of acquieſcence in the truth thereof, ſeems no other than might have been extracted from the verſes themſelves. I have in my poſſeſſion a letter to Dr. Johnſon, containing the name of the lady, and a reference to a gentleman well known in the literary world for her hiſtory. Him I have ſeen; and, from a memorandum of ſome particulars to the purpoſe communicated to him by a lady of quality, he informs me, that the unfortunate lady's name was Withinbury, corruptly pronounced Winbury; that ſhe was in love with Pope, and would have married him; that her guardian, though ſhe was deformed in her perſon, looking upon ſuch a match as beneath her, ſent her to a convent, and that a nooſe and not a ſword put an end to her life.

† This ode was ſet to muſic by Mr. Maurice Green, organiſt of St. Paul's, as an exerciſe for his doctor's degree, which he took at Cambridge in 1730. Mr. Pope, to anſwer Greene's purpoſe, condeſcended to make conſiderable alterations in it, and at his requeſt to add to it an entire new ſtanza, viz. the third. The Ode, with the muſic, may be ſeen in my Hiſtory of Muſic; and I here give the words as a literary curioſity.

hiſtory will always take ſtronger hold of the attention than fable: the paſſions excited by Dryden are the pleaſures

ODE for St. CECILIA'S DAY:

As altered by Mr. POPE for Dr. GREENE.

I.

Deſcend ye Nine! deſcend and ſing;
The breathing inſtruments inſpire;
Wake into voice each ſilent ſtring,
And ſweep the ſounding lyre!
In a ſadly-pleaſing ſtrain
Let the warbling lute complain:
In more lengthen'd notes and ſlow,
The deep, majeſtic, ſolemn organs blow.
Hark! the numbers ſoft and clear,
Gently ſteal upon the ear:
Now louder they ſound,
'Till the roofs all around
The ſhrill echoes rebound:
'Till, by degrees, remote and ſmall,
The ſtrains decay,
And melt away,
In a dying, dying fall.

II.

By muſic minds an equal temper know,
Nor ſwell too high, nor ſink too low.
If in the breaſt tumultuous joys ariſe,
Muſic her ſoft, aſſuaſive voice applies;
Or when the ſoul is ſunk in cares,
Exalts her with enlivening airs.
Warriors ſhe fires by ſprightly ſounds;
Pours balm into the lover's wounds:
Paſſions no more the ſoul engage,
Ev'n factions hear away their rage.

III.

Amphion thus bade wild diſſenſion ceaſe,
And ſoften'd mortals learn'd the arts of peace.
Amphion taught contending kings,

From

pleaſures and pains of real life, the ſcene of Pope is laid in imaginary exiſtence; Pope is read with calm acqui-

From various diſcords to create
The muſic of a well-tun'd ſtate;
Nor ſlack nor ſtrain the tender ſtrings,
Thoſe uſeful touches to impart,
That ſtrike the ſubject's anſwering heart,
And the ſoft ſilent harmony that ſprings
From ſacred union and conſent of things.

IV.

But when our country's cauſe provokes to arms,
How martial muſic every boſom warms!
When the firſt veſſel dar'd the ſeas,
The Thracian rais'd his ſtrain,
And Argo ſaw her kindred trees
Deſcend from Pelion to the main.
Tranſported demi-goods ſtood round,
And men grew heroes at the ſound,
Inflam'd with glory's charms!
Each chief his ſev'nfold ſhield diſplay'd,
And half unſheath'd the ſhining blade:
And ſeas, and rocks, and ſkies rebound,
To arms, to arms, to arms!

V.

But when thro' all th' infernal bounds,
Which flaming Phlegeton ſurrounds,
Sad Orpheus ſought his conſort loſt:
The adamantine gates were barr'd,
And nought was ſeen and nought was heard
Around the dreary coaſt;
But dreadful gleams,
Diſmal ſcreams,
Fires that glow,
Shrieks of woe,
Sullen moans,
Hollow groans,
And cries of tortur'd ghoſts!

acquieſcence, Dryden with turbulent delight; Pope hangs upon the ear, and Dryden finds the paſſes of the mind.

Both the odes want the eſſential conſtituent of metrical compoſitions, the ſtated recurrence of ſettled numbers. It may be alleged, that Pindar is ſaid by Horace to have written *numeris lege ſolutis*: but as no

But hark! he ſtrikes the golden lyre;
And ſee! the tortur'd ghoſts reſpire,
See, ſhady forms advance!
And the pale ſpectres dance!
The Furies ſink upon their iron beds,
And ſnakes uncurl'd hang liſt'ning round their heads.

VI.

By the ſtreams that ever flow,
By the fragrant winds that blow
O'er th' Elyſian flowers;
By thoſe happy ſouls that dwell
In yellow meads of Aſphodel,
Or Amaranthine bowers,
By the heroes' armed ſhades,
Glittering thro' the gloomy glades
By the youths that dy'd for love,
Wandering in the myrtle grove,
Reſtore, reſtore Eurydice to life,
Oh take the huſband, or return the wife!

VII.

He ſung, and hell conſented
To hear the poet's prayer;
Stern Proſerpine relented,
And gave him back the fair.
Thus ſong could prevail
O'er death and o'er hell,
A conqueſt how hard and how glorious!
Tho' Fate had faſt bound her
With Styx nine times round her,
Yet Muſic and Love were victorious.

ſuch

ſuch lax performances have been tranſmitted to us, the meaning of that expreſſion cannot be fixed; and perhaps the like return might properly be made to a modern Pindariſt, as Mr. Cobb received from Bentley, who, when he found his criticiſms upon a Greek Exercife, which Cobb had preſented, refuted one after another by Pindar's authority, cried out at laſt, *Pindar was a bold fellow, but thou art an impudent one.*

If Pope's ode be particularly inſpected, it will be found that the firſt ſtanza conſiſts of ſounds well choſen indeed, but only ſounds.

The ſecond conſiſts of hyperbolical common-places, eaſily to be found, and perhaps without much difficulty to be as well expreſſed.

In the third, however, there are numbers, images, harmony, and vigour, not unworthy the antagoniſt of Dryden. Had all been like this—but every part cannot be the beſt.

The next ſtanzas place and detain us in the dark and diſmal regions of mythology, where neither hope nor fear, neither joy nor ſorrow, can be found: the poet however faithfully attends us; we have all that can be performed by elegance of diction, or ſweetneſs of verſification; but what can form avail without better matter?

The laſt ſtanza recurs again to common-places. The concluſion is too evidently modelled by that of Dryden; and it may be remarked that both end with the ſame fault, the compariſon of each is literal on one ſide, and metaphorical on the other.

Poets do not always expreſs their own thoughts; Pope, with all this labour in the praiſe of Muſick, was ignorant of its principles, and inſenſible of its effects.

One of his greateſt though of his earlieſt works is the *Eſſay on Criticiſm*, which, if he had written nothing elſe, would have placed him among the firſt criticks and the firſt poets, as it exhibits every mode of excellence that can embelliſh or dignify didactick compoſition, ſelection of matter, novelty of arrangement, juſtneſs of precept, ſplendour of illuſtration, and propriety of digreſſion. I know not whether it be pleaſing to conſider that he produced this piece at twenty, and never afterwards excelled it: he that delights himſelf with obſerving that ſuch powers may be ſoon attained, cannot but grieve to think that life was ever after at a ſtand.

To mention the particular beauties of the Eſſay would be unprofitably tedious: but I cannot forbear to obſerve, that the compariſon of a ſtudent's progreſs in the ſciences with the journey of a traveller in the Alps, is perhaps the beſt that Engliſh poetry can ſhew. A ſimile, to be perfect, muſt both illuſtrate and ennoble the ſubject; muſt ſhew it to the underſtanding in a clearer view, and diſplay it to the fancy with greater dignity; but either of theſe qualities may be ſufficient to recommend it. In didactick poetry, of which the great purpoſe is inſtruction, a ſimile may be praiſed which illuſtrates, though it does not ennoble; in heroicks, that may be admitted which ennobles, though it does not illuſtrate. That it may be complete, it is required to exhibit, independently of its references, a pleaſing image; for a ſimile is ſaid to be a ſhort epiſode. To this antiquity was ſo attentive, that circumſtances were ſometimes added, which, having no parallels, ſerved only to fill the imagination, and produced what Perrault ludicrouſly called *compariſons with a long tail*.

In

In their ſimilies the greateſt writers have ſometimes failed; the ſhip-race, compared with the chariot-race, is neither illuſtrated nor aggrandiſed; land and water make all the difference: when Apollo, running after Daphne, is likened to a greyhound chaſing a hare, there is nothing gained; the ideas of purſuit and flight are too plain to be made plainer; and a god and the daughter of a god are not repreſented much to their advantage by a hare and dog. The ſimile of the Alps has no uſeleſs parts, yet affords a ſtriking picture by itſelf; it makes the foregoing poſition better underſtood, and enables it to take faſter hold on the attention; it aſſiſts the apprehenſion, and elevates the fancy.

Let me likewiſe dwell a little on the celebrated paragraph, in which it is directed that *the ſound ſhould ſeem an echo to the ſenſe*; a precept which Pope is allowed to have obſerved beyond any other Engliſh poet.

This notion of repreſentative metre, and the deſire of diſcovering frequent adaptations of the ſound to the ſenſe, have produced, in my opinion, many wild conceits and imaginary beauties. All that can furniſh this repreſentation are the ſounds of the words conſidered ſingly, and the time in which they are pronounced. Every language has ſome words framed to exhibit the noiſes which they expreſs, as *thump*, *rattle*, *growl*, *hiſs*. Theſe however are but few, and the poet cannot make them more, nor can they be of any uſe but when ſound is to be mentioned. The time of pronunciation was in the dactylick meaſures of the learned languages capable of conſiderable variety; but that variety could be accommodated only to motion or duration, and different degrees of motion were perhaps expreſſed by verſes

rapid or ſlow, without much attention of the writer, when the image had full poſſeſſion of his fancy; but our language having little flexibility, our verſes can differ very little in their cadence. The fancied reſemblances, I fear, ariſe ſometimes merely from the ambiguity of words; there is ſuppoſed to be ſome relation between a *ſoft* line and a *ſoft* couch, or between *hard* ſyllables and *hard* fortune.

Motion, however, may be in ſome ſort exemplified; and yet it may be ſuſpected that even in ſuch reſemblances the mind often governs the ear, and the ſounds are eſtimated by their meaning. One of the moſt ſucceſsful attempts has been to deſcribe the labour of Siſyphus:

> With many a weary ſtep, and many a groan,
> Up a high hill he heaves a huge round ſtone;
> The huge round ſtone, reſulting with a bound,
> Thunders impetuous down, and ſmoaks along the ground.

Who does not perceive the ſtone to move ſlowly upward, and roll violently back? But ſet the ſame numbers to another ſenſe;

> While many a merry tale, and many a ſong,
> Chear'd the rough road, we wiſh'd the rough road long.
> The rough road then, returning in a round,
> Mock'd our impatient ſteps, for all was fairy ground.

We have now ſurely loſt much of the delay, and much of the rapidity.

But, to ſhew how little the greateſt maſter of numbers can fix the principles of repreſentative harmony, it will be ſufficient to remark that the poet, who tells us, that

When

When Ajax ſtrives—the words move ſlow.
Not ſo when ſwift Camilla ſcours the plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and ſkims along the main;

when he had enjoyed for about thirty years the praiſe of Camilla's lightneſs of foot, tried another experiment upon *ſound* and *time*, and produced this memorable triplet;

Waller was ſmooth; but Dryden taught to join
The varying verſe, the full reſounding line,
The long majeſtick march, and energy divine.

Here are the ſwiftneſs of the rapid race, and the march of ſlow-paced majeſty, exhibited by the ſame poet in the ſame ſequence of ſyllables, except that the exact proſodiſt will find the line of *ſwiftneſs* by one time longer than that of *tardineſs*.

Beauties of this kind are commonly fancied; and when real are technical and nugatory, not to be rejected, and not to be ſolicited.

To the praiſes which have been accumulated on *The Rape of the Lock* by readers of every claſs, from the critick to the waiting-maid, it is difficult to make any addition. Of that which is univerſally allowed to be the moſt attractive of all ludicrous compoſitions, let it rather be now enquired from what ſources the power of pleaſing is derived.

Dr. Warburton, who excelled in critical perſpicacity, has remarked that the preternatural agents are very happily adapted to the purpoſes of the poem. The heathen deities can no longer gain attention: we ſhould have turned away from a conteſt between Venus and Diana. The employment of allegorical perſons always

ways excites conviction of its own abſurdity; they may produce effects, but cannot conduct actions; when the phantom is put in motion, it diſſolves: thus *Diſcord* may raiſe a mutiny; but *Diſcord* cannot conduct a march, nor beſiege a town. Pope brought into view a new race of Beings, with powers and paſſions proportionate to their operation. The Sylphs and Gnomes act at the toilet and the tea-table; what more terrifick and more powerful phantoms perform on the ſtormy ocean, or the field of battle, they give their proper help, and do their proper miſchief.

Pope is ſaid, by an objector, not to have been the inventer of this petty nation; a charge which might with more juſtice have been brought againſt the author of the *Iliad*, who doubtleſs adopted the religious ſyſtem of his country; for what is there but the names of his agents which Pope has not invented? Has he not aſſigned them characters and operations never heard of before? Has he not, at leaſt, given them their firſt poetical exiſtence? If this is not ſufficient to denominate his work original, nothing original ever can be written.

In this work are exhibited, in a very high degree, the two moſt engaging powers of an author. New things are made familiar, and familiar things are made new. A race of aerial people, never heard of before, is preſented to us in a manner ſo clear and eaſy, hat the reader ſeeks for no further information, but immediately mingles with his new acquaintance, adopts their intereſts, and attends their purſuits, loves a Sylph, and deteſts a Gnome.

That familiar things are made new, every paragraph will prove. The ſubject of the poem is an event below the common incidents of common life;

nothing real is introduced that is not ſeen ſo often as to be no longer regarded; yet the whole detail of a female-day is here brought before us inveſted with ſo much art of decoration, that, though nothing is diſguiſed, every thing is ſtriking, and we feel all the appetite of curioſity for that from which we have a thouſand times turned faſtidiouſly away.

The purpoſe of the poet is, as he tells us, to laugh at *the litile unguarded follies of the female ſex.* It is therefore without juſtice that Dennis charges the *Rape of the Lock* with the want of a moral, and for that reaſon ſets it below the *Lutrin*, which expoſes the pride and diſcord of the clergy. Perhaps neither Pope nor Boileau has made the world much better than he found it; but, if they had both ſucceeded, it were eaſy to tell who would have deſerved moſt from publick gratitude. The freaks, and humours, and ſpleen, and vanity of women, as they embroil families in diſcord, and fill houſes with diſquiet, do more to obſtruct the happineſs of life in a year than the ambition of the clergy in many centuries. It has been well obſerved, that the miſery of man proceeds not from any ſingle cruſh of overwhelming evil, but from ſmall vexations continually repeated.

It is remarked by Dennis likewiſe, that the machinery is ſuperfluous; that, by all the buſtle of preternatural operation, the main event is neither haſtened nor retarded. To this charge an efficacious anſwer is not eaſily made. The Sylphs cannot be ſaid to help or to oppoſe; and it muſt be allowed to imply ſome want of art, that their power has not been ſufficiently intermingled with the action. Other parts may likewiſe be charged with want of connection; the game at *ombre* might be ſpared, but if the Lady had

loſt

loſt her hair while ſhe was intent upon cards, it might have been inferred that thoſe who are too fond of play will be in danger of neglecting more important intereſts. Thoſe perhaps are faults; but what are ſuch faults to ſo much excellence!

The Epiſtle of *Eloiſe to Abelard* is one of the moſt happy productions of human wit: the ſubject is ſo judiciouſly choſen, that it would be difficult, in turning over the annals of the world, to find another which ſo many circumſtances concur to recommend. We regularly intereſt ourſelves moſt in the fortune of thoſe who moſt deſerve our notice. Abelard and Eloiſe were conſpicuous in their days for eminence of merit. The heart naturally loves truth. The adventures and misfortunes of this illuſtrious pair are known from undiſputed hiſtory. Their fate does not leave the mind in hopeleſs dejection; for they both found quiet and conſolation in retirement and piety. So new and ſo affecting is their ſtory, that it ſuperſedes invention, and imagination ranges at full liberty without ſtraggling into ſcenes of fable.

The ſtory, thus ſkilfully adopted, has been diligently improved. Pope has left nothing behind him, which ſeems more the effect of ſtudious perſeverance and laborious reviſal. Here is particularly obſervable the *curioſa felicitas*, a fruitful ſoil, and careful cultivation. Here is no crudeneſs of ſenſe, nor aſperity of language.

The ſources from which ſentiments, which have ſo much vigour and efficacy, have been drawn, are ſhewn to be the myſtick writers by the learned author of the *Eſſay on the Life and Writings of Pope*; a book which teaches how the brow of Criticiſm may be ſmoothed,

ſmoothed, and how ſhe may be enabled, with all her ſeverity, to attract and to delight.

The train of my diſquiſition has now conducted me to that poetical wonder, the tranſlation of the *Iliad*; a performance which no age or nation can pretend to equal. To the Greeks tranſlation was almoſt unknown; it was totally unknown to the inhabitants of Greece. They had no recourſe to the Barbarians for poetical beauties, but ſought for every thing in Homer, where, indeed, there is but little which they might not find.

The Italians have been very diligent tranſlators; but I can hear of no verſion, unleſs perhaps Anguillara's Ovid may be excepted, which is read with eagerneſs. The *Iliad* of Salvini every reader may diſcover to be punctiliouſly exact; but it ſeems to be the work of a linguiſt ſkilfully pedantick; and his countrymen, the proper judges of its power to pleaſe, reject it with diſguſt.

Their predeceſſors the Romans have left ſome ſpecimens of tranſlation behind them, and that employment muſt have had ſome credit in which Tully and Germanicus engaged; but unleſs we ſuppoſe, what is perhaps true, that the plays of Terence were verſions of Menander, nothing tranſlated ſeems ever to have riſen to high reputation. The French, in the meridian hour of their learning, were very laudably induſtrious to enrich their own language with the wiſdom of the ancients; but found themſelves reduced, by whatever neceſſity, to turn the Greek and Roman poetry into proſe. Whoever could read an author, could tranſlate him. From ſuch rivals little can be feared.

The chief help of Pope in this arduous undertaking was drawn from the verſions of Dryden. Virgil had borrowed much of his imagery from Homer; and part of the debt was now paid by his tranſlator. Pope ſearched the pages of Dryden for happy combinations of heroic diction; but it will not be denied that he added much to what he found. He cultivated our language with ſo much diligence and art, that he has left in his *Homer* a treaſure of poetical elegances to poſterity. His verſion may be ſaid to have tuned the Engliſh tongue; for ſince its appearance no writer, however deficient in other powers, has wanted melody. Such a ſeries of lines ſo elaborately corrected, and ſo ſweetly modulated, took poſſeſſion of the publick ear; the vulgar was enamoured of the poem, and the learned wondered at the tranſlation.

But in the moſt general applauſe diſcordant voices will always be heard. It has been objected by ſome, who wiſh to be numbered among the ſons of learning, that Pope's verſion of Homer is not Homerical; that it exhibits no reſemblance of the original and characteriſtick manner of the Father of Poetry, as it wants his awful ſimplicity, his artleſs grandeur, his unaffected majeſty *. This cannot be totally denied; but it muſt be remembered that *neceſſitas quod cogit defendit*;

* Bentley was one of theſe. He and Pope, ſoon after the publication of Homer, met at Dr. Mead's at dinner; when Pope, deſirous of his opinion of the tranſlation, addreſſed him thus: "Dr. Bentley, I ordered my bookſeller to ſend you your books; I hope you "received them." Bentley, who had purpoſely avoided ſaying any thing about Homer, pretended not to underſtand him, and aſked, 'Books! books! what books?' 'My Homer,' replied Pope, 'which 'you did me the honour to ſubſcribe for.'—'Oh,' ſaid Bentley, 'ay, 'now I recollect—your tranſlation:—it is a pretty poem, Mr. Pope; 'but you muſt not call it Homer.'

that

that may be lawfully done which cannot be forborn. Time and place will always enforce regard. In eſtimating this tranſlation, conſideration muſt be had of the nature of our language, the form of our metre, and, above all, of the change which two thouſand years have made in the modes of life and the habits of thought. Virgil wrote in a language of the ſame general fabrick with that of Homer, in verſes of the ſame meaſure, and in an age nearer to Homer's time by eighteen hundred years; yet he found, even then, the ſtate of the world ſo much altered, and the demand for elegance ſo much increaſed, that mere nature would be endured no longer; and perhaps, in the multitude of borrowed paſſages, very few can be ſhewn which he has not embelliſhed.

There is a time when nations emerging from barbarity, and falling into regular ſubordination, gain leiſure to grow wiſe, and feel the ſhame of ignorance and the craving pain of unſatisfied curioſity. To this hunger of the mind plain ſenſe is grateful; that which fills the void removes uneaſineſs, and to be free from pain for a while is pleaſure; but repletion generates faſtidiouſneſs; a ſaturated intellect ſoon becomes luxurious, and knowledge finds no willing reception till it is recommended by artificial diction. Thus it will be found, in the progreſs of learning, that in all nations the firſt writers are ſimple, and that every age improves in elegance. One refinement always makes way for another, and what was expedient to Virgil was neceſſary to Pope.

I ſuppoſe many readers of the Engliſh *Iliad*, when they have been touched with ſome unexpected beauty of the lighter kind, have tried to enjoy it in the original,

nal, where, alas! it was not to be found. Homer doubtleſs owes to his tranſlator many *Ovidian* graces not exactly ſuitable to his character; but to have added can be no great crime, if nothing be taken away. Elegance is ſurely to be deſired, if it be not gained at the expence of dignity. A hero would wiſh to be loved, as well as to be reverenced.

To a thouſand cavils one anſwer is ſufficient; the purpoſe of a writer is to be read, and the criticiſm which would deſtroy the power of pleaſing muſt be blown aſide. Pope wrote for his own age and his own nation: he knew that it was neceſſary to colour the images and point the ſentiments of his author; he therefore made him graceful, but loſt him ſome of his ſublimity.

The copious notes with which the verſion is accompanied, and by which it is recommended to many readers, though they were undoubtedly written to ſwell the volumes, ought not to paſs without praiſe: commentaries which attract the reader by the pleaſure of peruſal have not often appeared; the notes of others are read to clear difficulties, thoſe of Pope to vary entertainment.

It has however been objected, with ſufficient reaſon, that there is in the commentary too much of unſeaſonable levity and affected gaiety; that too many appeals are made to the Ladies, and the eaſe which is ſo carefully preſerved is ſometimes the eaſe of a trifler. Every art has its terms, and every kind of inſtruction its proper ſtyle; the gravity of common criticks may be tedious, but is leſs deſpicable than childiſh merriment.

Of

Of the *Odyſſey* nothing remains to be obſerved: the ſame general praiſe may be given to both tranſlations, and a particular examination of either would require a large volume. The notes were written by Broome, who endeavoured not unſucceſsfully to imitate his maſter.

Of the *Dunciad* the hint is confeſſedly taken from Dryden's *Mac Flecknoe*; but the plan is ſo enlarged and diverſified as juſtly to claim the praiſe of an original, and affords perhaps the beſt ſpecimen that has yet appeared of perſonal ſatire ludicrouſly pompous.

That the deſign was moral, whatever the author might tell either his readers or himſelf, I am not convinced. The firſt motive was the deſire of revenging the contempt with which Theobald had treated his *Shakeſpeare*, and regaining the honour which he had loſt, by cruſhing his opponent. Theobald was not of bulk enough to fill a poem, and therefore it was neceſſary to find other enemies with other names, at whoſe expence he might divert the publick.

In this deſign there was petulance and malignity enough; but I cannot think it very criminal. An author places himſelf uncalled before the tribunal of Criticiſm, and ſolicits fame at the hazard of diſgrace. Dulneſs or deformity are not culpable in themſelves, but may be very juſtly reproached when they pretend to the honour of wit or the influence of beauty. If bad writers were to paſs without reprehenſion, what ſhould reſtrain them? *impune diem conſumpſerit ingens Telephus*; and upon bad writers only will cenſure have much effect. The ſatire which brought Theobald and Moore into contempt, dropped impotent from Bentley, like the javelin of Priam.

All truth is valuable, and ſatirical criticiſm may be conſidered as uſeful when it rectifies error and improves judgement; he that refines the publick taſte is a publick benefactor.

The beauties of this poem are well known; its chief fault is the groſſneſs of its images. Pope and Swift had an unnatural delight in ideas phyſically impure, ſuch as every other tongue utters with unwillingneſs, and of which every ear ſhrinks from the mention.

But even this fault, offenſive as it is, may be forgiven for the excellence of other paſſages; ſuch as the formation and diſſolution of Moore, the account of the Traveller, the misfortune of the Floriſt, and the crouded thoughts and ſtately numbers which dignify the concluding paragraph.

The alterations which have been made in the *Dunciad*, not always for the better, require that it ſhould be publiſhed, as in the laſt collection, with all its variations.

The *Eſſay on Man* was a work of great labour and long conſideration, but certainly not the happieſt of Pope's performances. The ſubject is perhaps not very proper for poetry, and the poet was not ſufficiently maſter of his ſubject; metaphyſical morality was to him a new ſtudy, he was proud of his acquiſitions, and, ſuppoſing himſelf maſter of great ſecrets, was in haſte to teach what he had not learned. Thus he tells us, in the firſt Epiſtle, that from the nature of the Supreme Being may be deduced an order of beings ſuch as mankind, becauſe Infinite Excellence can do only what is beſt. He finds out that theſe beings muſt be *ſomewhere*, and that *all the queſtion is whether man be in a wrong place*. Surely if, according to the poet's Leibnitian

nitian reaſoning, we may infer that man ought to be, only becauſe he is, we may allow that his place is the right place, becauſe he has it. Supreme Wiſdom is not leſs infallible in diſpoſing than in creating. But what is meant by *ſomewhere* and *place*, and *wrong place*, it had been vain to aſk Pope, who probably had never aſked himſelf.

Having exalted himſelf into the chair of wiſdom, he tells us much that every man knows, and much that he does not know himſelf; that we ſee but little, and that the order of the univerſe is beyond our comprehenſion; an opinion not very uncommon; and that there is a chain of ſubordinate beings *from infinite to nothing*, of which himſelf and his readers are equally ignorant. But he gives us one comfort, which, without his help, he ſuppoſes unattainable, in the poſition *that though we are fools, yet God is wiſe.*

This Eſſay affords an egregious inſtance of the predominance of genius, the dazzling ſplendour of imagery, and the ſeductive powers of eloquence. Never were penury of knowledge and vulgarity of ſentiment ſo happily diſguiſed. The reader feels his mind full, though he learns nothing; and when he meets it in its new array, no longer knows the talk of his mother and his nurſe. When theſe wonder-working ſounds ſink into ſenſe, and the doctrine of the Eſſay, diſrobed of its ornaments, is left to the powers of its naked excellence, what ſhall we diſcover? That we are, in compariſon with our Creator, very weak and ignorant; that we do not uphold the chain of exiſtence, and that we could not make one another with more ſkill than we are made. We may learn yet more; that the arts

of human life were copied from the inſtinctive operations of other animals; that if the world be made for man, it may be ſaid that man was made for geeſe. To theſe profound principles of natural knowledge are added ſome moral inſtructions equally new; that ſelf-intereſt, well underſtood, will produce ſocial concord; that men are mutual gainers by mutual benefits; that evil is ſometimes balanced by good; that human advantages are unſtable and fallacious, of uncertain duration, and doubtful effect; that our true honour is, not to have a great part, but to act it well; that virtue only is our own; and that happineſs is always in our power.

Surely a man of no very comprehenſive ſearch may venture to ſay that he has heard all this before; but it was never till now recommended by ſuch a blaze of embelliſhment, or ſuch ſweetneſs of melody. The vigorous contraction of ſome thoughts, the luxuriant amplification of others, the incidental illuſtrations, and ſometimes the dignity, ſometimes the ſoftneſs of the verſes, enchain philoſophy, ſuſpend criticiſm, and oppreſs judgement by overpowering pleaſure.

This is true of many paragraphs; yet if I had undertaken to exemplify Pope's felicity of compoſition before a rigid critick, I ſhould not ſelect the *Eſſay on Man*; for it contains more lines unſucceſsfully laboured, more harſhneſs of diction, more thoughts imperfectly expreſſed, more levity without elegance, and more heavineſs without ſtrength, than will eaſily be found in all his other works.

The *Characters of Men and Women* are the product of diligent ſpeculation upon human life; much labour has been beſtowed upon them, and Pope very ſeldom laboured

boured in vain. That his excellence may be properly eſtimated, I recommend a compariſon of his *Characters of Women* with Boileau's Satire; it will then be ſeen with how much more perſpicacity female nature is inveſtigated, and female excellence ſelected; and he ſurely is no mean writer to whom Boileau ſhall be found inferior. The *Characters of Men*, however, are written with more, if not with deeper, thought, and exhibit many paſſages exquiſitely beautiful. The *Gem and the Flower* will not eaſily be equalled. In the women's part are ſome defects; the character of *Atoſſa* is not ſo neatly finiſhed as that of *Cloë*; and ſome of the female characters may be found perhaps more frequently among men; what is ſaid of *Philomede* was true of *Prior*.

In the Epiſtles to Lord Bathurſt and Lord Burlington, Dr. Warburton has endeavoured to find a train of thought which was never in the writer's head, and, to ſupport his hypotheſis, has printed that firſt which was publiſhed laſt. In one, the moſt valuable paſſage is perhaps the Elogy on *Good Senſe*, and the other the *End of the Duke of Buckingham*.

The Epiſtle to Arbuthnot, now arbitrarily called the *Prologue to the Satires*, is a performance conſiſting, as it ſeems, of many fragments wrought into one deſign, which by this union of ſcattered beauties contains more ſtriking paragraphs than could probably have been brought together into an occaſional work. As there is no ſtronger motive to exertion than ſelf-defence, no part has more elegance, ſpirit, or dignity, than the poet's vindication of his own character. The meaneſt paſſage is the ſatire upon *Sporus*.

Of the two poems which derived their names from the year, and which are called the *Epilogue to the Satires*, it was very juſtly remarked by Savage, that the ſecond was in the whole more ſtrongly conceived, and more equally ſupported, but that it had no ſingle paſſages equal to the contention in the firſt for the dignity of Vice, and the celebration of the triumph of Corruption.

The Imitations of Horace ſeem to have been written as relaxations of his genius. This employment became his favourite by its facility; the plan was ready to his hand, and nothing was required but to accommodate as he could the ſentiments of an old author to recent facts or familiar images; but what is eaſy is ſeldom excellent; ſuch imitations cannot give pleaſure to common readers; the man of learning may be ſometimes ſurpriſed and delighted by an unexpected parallel; but the compariſon requires knowledge of the original, which will likewiſe often detect ſtrained applications. Between Roman images and Engliſh manners there will be an irreconcileable diſſimilitude, and the works will be generally uncouth and party-coloured; neither original nor tranſlated, neither ancient nor modern *.

Pope

* In one of theſe poems is a couplet, to which belongs a ſtory that I once heard the reverend Dr. Ridley relate.

'Slander or poiſon dread from Delia's rage;
Hard words, or hanging if your judge be ****.'

Sir Francis Page, a judge well known in his time, conceiving that his name was meant to fill up the blank, ſent his clerk to Mr. Pope, to complain of the inſult. Pope told the young man, that the blank might be ſupplied by many monoſyllables, other than the judge's name:—but, ſir, ſaid the clerk, the judge ſays that no other word will

Pope had, in proportions very nicely adjuſted to each other, all the qualities that conſtitute genius. He had *Invention*, by which new trains of events are formed, and new ſcenes of imagery diſplayed, as in the *Rape of the Lock*; and by which extrinſick and adventitious embelliſhments and illuſtrations are connected with a known ſubject, as in the *Eſſay on Criticiſm*. He had *Imagination*, which ſtrongly impreſſes on the writer's mind, and enables him to convey to the reader, the various forms of nature, incidents of life and energies of paſſion, as in his *Eloiſa*, *Windſor Foreſt*, and the *Ethick Epiſtles*. He had *Judgement*, which ſelects from life or nature what the preſent purpoſe requires, and, by ſeparating the eſſence of things from its concomitants, often makes the repreſentation more powerful than the reality: and he had colours of language always before him, ready to decorate his matter with every grace of elegant expreſſion, as when he accommodates his diction to the wonderful multiplicity of Homer's ſentiments and deſcriptions.

Poetical expreſſion includes ſound as well as meaning; *Muſick*, ſays Dryden, *is inarticulate poetry*; among the excellences of Pope, therefore, muſt be mentioned the melody of his metre. By peruſing the works of Dryden, he diſcovered the moſt perfect fabrick of Engliſh verſe, and habituated himſelf to that only which he found the beſt; in conſequence of which reſtraint, his poetry has been cenſured as too uniformly muſical, and

will make ſenſe of the paſſage.'——'So then it ſeems,' ſays Pope, 'your maſter is not only a judge, but a poet: as that is the caſe, the 'odds are againſt me. Give my reſpects to the judge, and tell him, I 'will not contend with one that has the advantage of me, and he may 'fill up the blank as he pleaſes.'

as glutting the ear with unvaried ſweetneſs. I ſuſpect this objection to be the cant of thoſe who judge by principles rather than perception; and who would even themſelves have leſs pleaſure in his works, if he had tried to relieve attention by ſtudied diſcords, or affected to break his lines and vary his pauſes.

But though he was thus careful of his verſification, he did not oppreſs his powers with ſuperfluous rigour. He ſeems to have thought with Boileau, that the practice of writing might be refined till the difficulty ſhould overbalance the advantage. The conſtruction of his language is not always ſtrictly grammatical; with thoſe rhymes which preſcription had conjoined he contented himſelf, without regard to Swift's remonſtrances, though there was no ſtriking conſonance; nor was he very careful to vary his terminations, or to refuſe admiſſion at a ſmall diſtance to the ſame rhymes.

To Swift's edict for the excluſion of Alexandrines and Triplets he paid little regard; he admitted them, but, in the opinion of Fenton, too rarely; he uſes them more liberally in his tranſlation than his poems.

He has a few double rhymes; and always, I think, unſucceſsfully, except once in the *Rape of the Lock*.

Expletives he very early ejected from his verſes; but he now and then admits an epithet rather commodious than important. Each of the ſix firſt lines of the *Iliad* might loſe two ſyllables with very little diminution of the meaning; and ſometimes, after all his art and labour, one verſe ſeems to be made for the ſake of another. In his latter productions the diction is ſometimes vitiated by French idioms, with which Bolingbroke had perhaps infected him.

I have

I have been told that the couplet by which he declared his own ear to be moſt gratified was this:

Lo, where Mœotis ſleeps, and hardly flows
The freezing Tanais through a waſte of ſnows.

But the reaſon of this preference I cannot diſcover.

It is remarked by Watts, that there is ſcarcely a happy combination of words, or a phraſe poetically elegant in the Engliſh language, which Pope has not inſerted into his verſion of Homer. How he obtained poſſeſſion of ſo many beauties of ſpeech, it were deſirable to know. That he gleaned from authors, obſcure as well as eminent, what he thought brilliant or uſeful, and preſerved it all in a regular collection, is not unlikely. When, in his laſt years, Hall's Satires were ſhewn him, he wiſhed that he had ſeen them ſooner.

New ſentiments and new images others may produce; but to attempt any further improvement of verſification will be dangerous. Art and diligence have now done their beſt, and what ſhall be added will be the effort of tedious toil and needleſs curioſity.

After all this, it is ſurely ſuperfluous to anſwer the queſtion that has once been aſked, Whether Pope was a poet; otherwiſe than by aſking in return, If Pope be not a poet, where is poetry to be found? To circumſcribe poetry by a definition will only ſhew the narrowneſs of the definer, though a definition which ſhall exclude Pope will not eaſily be made. Let us look round upon the preſent time, and back upon the paſt; let us enquire to whom the voice of mankind has decreed the wreath of poetry; let their productions be examined, and their claims ſtated, and the pretenſions of Pope will be no more diſputed. Had he given the world

world only his verſion, the name of poet muſt have been allowed him: if the writer of the *Iliad* were to claſs his ſucceſſors, he would aſſign a very high place to his tranſlator, without requiring any other evidence of Genius.

The following Letter, of which the original is in the hands of Lord Hardwicke, was communicated to me by the kindneſs of Mr. Jodrell.

" To Mr. BRIDGES, at the Biſhop of London's at Fulham.

" SIR,

" The favour of your Letter, with your Remarks, can never be enough acknowledged; and the ſpeed, with which you diſcharged ſo troubleſome a taſk, doubles the obligation.

" I muſt own, you have pleaſed me very much by the commendations ſo ill beſtowed upon me; but, I aſſure you, much more by the frankneſs of your cenſure, which I ought to take the more kindly of the two, as it is more advantageous to a ſcribbler to be improved in his judgment than to be ſoothed in his vanity. The greater part of thoſe deviations from the Greek, which you have obſerved, I was led into by Chapman and Hobbes; who are (it ſeems) as much celebrated for their knowledge of the original, as they are decryed for the badneſs of their tranſlations. Chapman pretends to have reſtored the genuine ſenſe of the author, from the miſtakes of all former explainers, in ſeveral hundred places: and the Cambridge editors of the large Homer, in Greek and Latin, attributed ſo much to Hobbes, that they confeſs they have corrected the old Latin interpretation

very

very often by his verſion. For my part, I generally took the author's meaning to be as you have explained it; yet their authority, joined to the knowledge of my own imperfectneſs in the language, over-ruled me. However, Sir, you may be confident I think you in the right, becauſe you happen to be of my opinion: (for men (let them ſay what they will) never approve any other's ſenſe, but as it ſquares with their own.) But you have made me much more proud of, and poſitive in my judgement, ſince it is ſtrengthened by yours. I think your criticiſms, which regard the expreſſion, very juſt, and ſhall make my profit of them; to give you ſome proof that I am in earneſt, I will alter three verſes on your bare objection, though I have Mr. Dryden's example for each of them. And this, I hope, you will account no ſmall piece of obedience, from one, who values the authority of one true poet above that of twenty criticks or commentators. But though I ſpeak thus of commentators, I will continue to read carefully all I can procure, to make up, that way, for my own want of critical underſtanding in the original beauties of Homer. Though the greateſt of them are certainly thoſe of the Invention and Deſign, which are not at all confined to the language: for the diſtinguiſhing excellences of Homer are (by the conſent of the beſt criticks of all nations) firſt in the manners, (which include all the ſpeeches, as being no other than the repreſentations of each perſon's manners by his words): and then in that rapture and fire, which carries you away with him, with that wonderful force, that no man who has a true poetical ſpirit is maſter of himſelf, while he reads him. Homer makes you intereſted and concerned before you are aware, all at once; whereas Virgil does it by ſoft degrees. This, I believe,

lieve, is what a tranſlator of Homer ought principally to imitate; and it is very hard for any tranſlator to come up to it, becauſe the chief reaſon why all tranſlations fall ſhort of their originals is, that the very conſtraint they are obliged to renders them heavy and diſpirited.

"The great beauty of Homer's language, as I take it, conſiſts in that noble ſimplicity which runs through all his works; (and yet his diction, contrary to what one would imagine conſiſtent with ſimplicity, is at the ſame time very copious). I don't know how I have run into this pedantry in a Letter, but I find I have ſaid too much, as well as ſpoken too inconſiderately; what farther thoughts I have upon this ſubject, I ſhall be glad to communicate to you (for my own improvement) when we meet; which is a happineſs I very earneſtly deſire, as I do likewiſe ſome opportunity of proving how much I think myſelf obliged to your friendſhip, and how truly I am, Sir,

Your moſt faithful, humble ſervant,

A. POPE."

The Criticiſm upon Pope's Epitaphs, which was printed in *The Viſitor*, is placed here, being too minute and particular to be inſerted in the Life.

EVERY Art is beſt taught by example. Nothing contributes more to the cultivation of propriety than remarks on the works of thoſe who have moſt excelled. I ſhall therefore endeavour, at this *viſit*, to entertain the young ſtudents in poetry with an examination of Pope's Epitaphs.

To define an epitaph is uſeleſs; every one knows that it is an inſcription on a tomb. An epitaph, therefore, implies no particular character of writing, but may be compoſed in verſe or proſe. It is indeed commonly panegyrical; becauſe we are ſeldom diſtinguiſhed with a ſtone but by our friends; but it has no rule to reſtrain or mollify it, except this, that it ought not to be longer than common beholders may be expected to have leiſure and patience to peruſe.

I.

On CHARLES *Earl of* DORSET, *in the Church of Wythyham in Suſſex.*

Dorſet, the grace of courts, the Muſe's pride,
Patron of arts, and judge of nature, dy'd.
The ſcourge of pride, though ſanctify'd or great,
Of fops in learning, and of knaves in ſtate;
Yet ſoft in nature, though ſevere his lay,
His anger moral, and his wiſdom gay.
Bleſt ſatyriſt! who touch'd the mean ſo true,
As ſhow'd, Vice had his hate and pity too.
Bleſt courtier! who could king and country pleaſe,
Yet ſacred kept his friendſhip, and his eaſe.
Bleſt peer! his great forefather's every grace
Reflecting, and reflected on his race;
Where other Buckhurſts, other Dorſets ſhine,
And patriots ſtill, or poets, deck the line.

The firſt diſtich of this epitaph contains a kind of information which few would want, that the man, for whom the tomb was erected, *died*. There are indeed ſome qualities worthy of praiſe aſcribed to the dead, but none that were likely to exempt him from the lot of man, or incline us much to wonder that he ſhould die. What is meant by *judge of nature*, is not eaſy to ſay.

An honeſt courtier, yet a patriot too,
Juſt to his prince, and to his country true.
Fill'd with the ſenſe of age, the fire of youth,
A ſcorn of wrangling, yet a zeal for truth;
A generous faith, from ſuperſtition free;
A love to peace, and hate of tyranny;
Such this man was; who now, from earth remov'd
At length enjoys that liberty he lov'd.

In this epitaph, as in many others, there appears, at the firſt view, a fault which I think ſcarcely any beauty can compenſate. The name is omitted. The end of an epitaph is to convey ſome account of the dead; and to what purpoſe is any thing told of him whoſe name is concealed? An epitaph, and a hiſtory of a nameleſs hero, are equally abſurd, ſince the virtues and qualities ſo recounted in either are ſcattered at the mercy of fortune to be appropriated by gueſs. The name, it is true, may be read upon the ſtone; but what obligation has it to the poet, whoſe verſes wander over the earth, and leave their ſubject behind them, and who is forced, like an unſkilful painter, to make his purpoſe known by adventitious help?

This epitaph is wholly without elevation, and contains nothing ſtriking or particular; but the poet is not to be blamed for the defects of his ſubject. He ſaid perhaps the beſt that could be ſaid. There are however, ſome defects which were not made neceſſary by the character in which he was employed. There is no oppoſition between an *honeſt courtier* and a *patriot*; for an *honeſt courtier* cannot but be a *patriot*.

It was unſuitable to the nicety required in ſhort compoſitions, to cloſe his verſe with the word *too*; every rhyme ſhould be a word of emphaſis, nor can this

this rule be ſafely neglected, except where the length of the poem makes ſlight inaccuracies excuſable, or allows room for beauties ſufficient to overpower the effects of petty faults.

At the beginning of the ſeventh line the word *filled* is weak and proſaic, having no particular adaptation to any of the words that follow it.

The thought in the laſt line is impertinent, having no connexion with the foregoing character, nor with the condition of the man deſcribed. Had the epitaph been written on the poor conſpirator * who died lately in

* Bernardi. *Orig. Edit.*

The ſhort note above is a proof of Johnſon's unwillingneſs to furniſh information from books not within his reach. The "Biographia Britannica" contains an account of Major Bernardi to the following effect:

John Bernardi, the ſon of Count Francis Bernardi, was a ſteady adherent to James II, at a time when the power of the prince of Orange was daily increaſing in this kingdom; afterwards when Capt. Rookwood was ſeized as one of the conſpirators in the Plot to kill king William, Bernardi, who was an old acquaintance of Rookwood's, happening to be in his company, was apprehended with him, and notwithſtanding his moſt ſolemn proteſtations of his total ignorance of the plot, they were both carried to the Counter, and afterwards to Newgate. Rookwood was tried, and convicted of high treaſon; but Bernardi, though, as it is ſaid, he petitioned for it, was never put upon his trial. Some years afterwards the earl of Burlington obtained a promiſe from the king, that Bernardi ſhould, with others who had been committed on the ſame account, be diſcharged; but the king dying before their enlargement, the earl applied to queen Anne for the ſame purpoſe: ſhe too died before any order was made, and an act having paſſed in the reign of George I, and another in the reign of George II, for confining them during the royal pleaſure, Bernardi died in Newgate, 20th Sept. 1736, after an impriſonment of nearly forty years.

in priſon, after a confinement of more than forty years, without any crime proved againſt him, the ſentiment had been juſt and pathetical; but why ſhould Trumbal be congratulated upon his liberty, who had never known reſtraint?

III.

On the Hon. SIMON HARCOURT, *only Son of the Lord Chancellor* HARCOURT, *at the Church of Stanton-Harcourt in Oxfordſhire,* 1720.

To this ſad ſhrine, whoe'er thou art, draw near,
Here lies the friend moſt lov'd, the ſon moſt dear:
Who ne'er knew joy, but friendſhip might divide,
Or gave his father grief but when he dy'd.

How vain is reaſon, eloquence how weak!
If Pope muſt tell what Harcourt cannot ſpeak.
Oh, let thy once-lov'd friend inſcribe thy ſtone,
And with a father's ſorrows mix his own!

This epitaph is principally remarkable for the artful introduction of the name, which is inſerted with a peculiar felicity, to which chance muſt concur with genius, which no man can hope to attain twice, and which cannot be copied but with ſervile imitation.

I cannot but wiſh that, of this inſcription, the two laſt lines had been omitted, as they take away from the energy what they do not add to the ſenſe.

I ſhall not diſmiſs this note without remarking, that the unjuſt and cruel treatment of this gentleman would fix a ſtigma on the character of the beſt prince, and the beſt adminiſtration that ever ruled a country.

IV.

IV.

On JAMES CRAGGS, *Eſq*; *in Weſtminſter-Abbey.*

JACOBUS CRAGGS,
REGI MAGNAE BRITANNIAE A SECRETIS
ET CONSILIIS SANCTIORIBVS
PRINCIPIS PARITER AC POPULI AMOR ET DELICIAE:
VIXIT TITULIS ET INVIDIA MAJOR,
ANNOS HEV PAVCOS, XXXV.
OB. FEB. XVI. MDCCXX.

Stateſman, yet friend to truth! of ſoul ſincere,
In action faithful, and in honour clear!
Who broke no promiſe, ſerv'd no private end,
Who gain'd no title, and who loſt no friend;
Ennobled by himſelf, by all approv'd,
Prais'd, wept, and honour'd, by the Muſe he lov'd.

The lines on Craggs were not originally intended for an epitaph; and therefore ſome faults are to be imputed to the violence with which they are torn from the poem that firſt contained them. We may, however, obſerve ſome defects. There is a redundancy of words in the firſt couplet: it is ſuperfluous to tell of him, who was *ſincere*, *true*, and *faithful*, that he was *in honour clear*.

There ſeems to be an oppoſition intended in the fourth line, which is not very obvious: where is the relation between the two poſitions, that he *gained no title* and *loſt no friend?*

It may be proper here to remark the abſurdity of joining, in the ſame inſcription, Latin and Engliſh,

liſh, or verſe and proſe. If either language be preferable to the other, let that only be uſed; for no reaſon can be given why part of the information ſhould be given in one tongue, and part in another, on a tomb, more than in any other place, on any other occaſion; and to tell all that can be conveniently told in verſe, and then to call in the help of proſe, has always the appearance of a very artleſs expedient, or of an attempt unaccompliſhed. Such an epitaph reſembles the converſation of a foreigner, who tells part of his meaning by words, and conveys part by ſigns.

V.

Intended for Mr. ROWE.

In Weſtminſter-Abbey.

Thy reliques, Rowe, to this fair urn we truſt,
And, ſacred, place by Dryden's awful duſt:
Beneath a rude and nameleſs ſtone he lies,
To which thy tomb ſhall guide inquiring eyes.
Peace to thy gentle ſhade, and endleſs reſt!
Bleſt in thy genius, in thy love too bleſt!
One grateful woman to thy fame ſupplies
What a whole thankleſs land to his denies.

Of this inſcription the chief fault is, that it belongs leſs to Rowe, for whom it was written, than to Dryden, who was buried near him; and indeed gives very little information concerning either.

To with, *Peace to thy ſhade*, is too mythological to be admitted into a chriſtian temple: the ancient worſhip has infected almoſt all our other compoſitions, and might therefore be contented to ſpare our epitaphs.

Let

Let fiction, at leaſt, ceaſe with life, and let us be ſerious over the grave.

VI.

On Mrs. CORBET, *who died of a Cancer in her Breaſt* *.

Here reſts a woman, good without pretence,
Bleſt with plain reaſon, and with ſober ſenſe:
No conqueſt ſhe, but o'er herſelf deſir'd;
No arts eſſay'd, but not to be admir'd.
Paſſion and pride were to her ſoul unknown,
Convinc'd that Virtue only is our own.
So unaffected, ſo compos'd a mind,
So firm, yet ſoft, ſo ſtrong, yet ſo refin'd,
Heaven, as its pureſt gold, by tortures try'd;
The ſaint ſuſtain'd it, but the woman dy'd.

I have always conſidered this as the moſt valuable of all Pope's epitaphs; the ſubject of it is a character not diſcriminated by any ſhining or eminent peculiarities; yet that which really makes, though not the ſplendor, the felicity of life, and that which every wiſe man will chooſe for his final and laſting companion in the languor of age, in the quiet of privacy, when he departs weary and diſguſted from the oſtentatious, the volatile, and the vain. Of ſuch a character, which the dull overlook, and the gay deſpiſe, it was fit that the value ſhould be made known, and the dignity eſtabliſhed. Domeſtick virtue, as it is exerted without great occaſions, or conſpicuous conſequences, in an even unnoted tenor, required the genius of Pope to diſplay it in ſuch a manner as might attract regard, and enforce re-

* In the north aile of the pariſh church of St. Margaret Weſtminſter.

verence. Who can forbear to lament that this amiable woman has no name in the verſes?

If the particular lines of this inſcription be examined, it will appear leſs faulty than the reſt. There is ſcarce one line taken from common places, unleſs it be that in which *only Virtue* is ſaid to be *our own*. I once heard a Lady of great beauty and excellence object to the fourth line, that it contained an unnatural and incredible panegyrick. Of this let the Ladies judge.

VII.

On the Monument of the Hon. ROBERT DIGBY, *and of his Siſter* MARY, *erected by their Father the Lord* DIGBY, *in the Church of Sherborne in Dorſetſhire*, 1727.

Go! fair example of untainted youth,
Of modeſt wiſdom, and pacific truth:
Compos'd in ſufferings, and in joy ſedate,
Good without noiſe, without pretenſion great.
Juſt of thy word, in every thought ſincere,
Who knew no wiſh but what the world might hear:
Of ſofteſt manners, unaffected mind,
Lover of peace, and friend of human kind:
Go, live! for heaven's eternal year is thine,
Go, and exalt thy mortal to divine.

And thou, bleſt maid! attendant on his doom,
Penſive haſt follow'd to the ſilent tomb,
Steer'd the ſame courſe to the ſame quiet ſhore,
Not parted long, and now to part no more!
Go, then, where only bliſs ſincere is known!
Go, where to love and to enjoy are one!

Yet take theſe tears, Mortality's relief,
And till we ſhare your joys, forgive our grief:
Theſe little rites, a ſtone, a verſe receive,
'Tis all a father, all a friend can give!

This

This epitaph contains of the brother only a general indiſcriminate character, and of the ſiſter tells nothing but that ſhe died. The difficulty in writing epitaphs is to give a particular and appropriate praiſe. This, however, is not always to be performed, whatever be the diligence or ability of the writer; for the greater part of mankind *have no character at all*, have little that diſtinguiſhes them from others equally good or bad, and therefore nothing can be ſaid of them which may not be applied with equal propriety to a thouſand more. It is indeed no great panegyrick, that there is incloſed in this tomb one who was born in one year, and died in another; yet many uſeful and amiable lives have been ſpent, which yet leave little materials for any other memorial. Theſe are however not the proper ſubjects of poetry; and whenever friendſhip, or any other motive, obliges a poet to write on ſuch ſubjects, he muſt be forgiven if he ſometimes wanders in generalities, and utters the ſame praiſes over different tombs.

The ſcantineſs of human praiſes can ſcarcely be made more apparent, than by remarking how often Pope has, in the few epitaphs which he compoſed, found it neceſſary to borrow from himſelf. The fourteen epitaphs, which he has written, compriſe about an hundred and forty lines, in which there are more repetitions than will eaſily be found in all the reſt of his works. In the eight lines which make the character of Digby, there is ſcarce any thought, or word, which may not be found in the other epitaphs.

The ninth line, which is far the ſtrongeſt and moſt elegant, is borrowed from Dryden. The concluſion is

the ſame with that on Harcourt, but is here more elegant and better connected.

VIII.

On Sir GODFREY KNELLER.
In Weſtminſter-Abbey, 1723.

Kneller, by heaven, and not a maſter taught,
Whoſe art was nature, and whoſe pictures thought;
Now for two ages, having ſnatch'd from fate
Whate'er was beauteous, or whate'er was great,
Lies crown'd with Princes honours, Poets lays,
Due to his merit, and brave thirſt of praiſe.

Living, great Nature fear'd he might outvie
Her works; and dying, fears herſelf may die.

Of this epitaph the firſt couplet is good, the ſecond not bad, the third is deformed with a broken metaphor, the word *crowned* not being applicable to the *honours* or the *lays*, and the fourth is not only borrowed from the epitaph on Raphael, but of very harſh conſtruction.

IX.

On General HENRY WITHERS.
In Weſtminſter Abbey, 1729.

Here, Withers, reſt! thou braveſt, gentleſt mind,
Thy country's friend, but more of human kind,
O! born to arms! O! worth in youth approv'd!
O! ſoft humanity in age belov'd!
For thee the hardy veteran drops a tear,
And the gay courtier feels the ſigh ſincere.

Withers, adieu! yet not with thee remove
Thy martial ſpirit, or thy ſocial love!

Amidſt

Amidſt corruption, luxury, and rage,
Still leave ſome ancient virtues to our age:
Nor let us ſay (thoſe Engliſh glories gone)
The laſt true Briton lies beneath this ſtone.

The epitaph on Withers affords another inſtance of common places, though ſomewhat diverſified, by mingled qualities, and the peculiarity of a profeſſion.

The ſecond couplet is abrupt, general, and unpleaſing; exclamation ſeldom ſucceeds in our language; and, I think, it may be obſerved that the particle O! uſed at the beginning of a ſentence, always offends.

The third couplet is more happy; the value expreſſed for him, by different ſorts of men, raiſes him to eſteem; there is yet ſomething of the common cant of ſuperficial ſatiriſts, who ſuppoſe that the inſincerity of a courtier deſtroys all his ſenſations, and that he is equally a diſſembler to the living and the dead.

At the third couplet I ſhould wiſh the epitaph to cloſe, but that I ſhould be unwilling to loſe the two next lines, which yet are dearly bought if they cannot be retained without the four that follow them.

X.

On Mr. ELIJAH FENTON.
At Eaſthamſtead in Berkſhire, 1730.

This modeſt ſtone, what few vain marbles can,
May truly ſay, Here lies an honeſt man:
A poet, bleſt beyond the poet's fate,
Whom Heaven kept ſacred from the Proud and Great:

Foe

Foe to loud praiſe, and friend to learned eaſe,
Content with ſcience in the vale of peace.
Calmly he look'd on either life; and here
Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;
From Nature's temperate feaſt roſe ſatisfy'd,
Thank'd heaven that he had liv'd, and that he dy'd.

The firſt couplet of this epitaph is borrowed from *Craſhaw*. The four next lines contain a ſpecies of praiſe peculiar, original, and juſt. Here, therefore, the inſcription ſhould have ended, the latter part containing nothing but what is common to every man who is wiſe and good. The character of Fenton was ſo aimable, that I cannot forbear to wiſh for ſome poet or biographer to diſplay it more fully for the advantage of poſterity. If he did not ſtand in the firſt rank of genius, he may claim a place in the ſecond; and, whatever criticiſm may object to his writings, cenſure could find very little to blame in his life.

XI.

On Mr. GAY.
In Weſtminſter-Abbey, 1732.

Of manners gentle, of affections mild;
In wit, a man; ſimplicity, a child:
With native humour tempering virtuous rage,
Form'd to delight at once and laſh the age:
Above temptation, in a low eſtate,
And uncorrupted, ev'n among the Great:
A ſafe companion, and an eaſy friend,
Unblam'd through life, lamented in thy end.
Theſe are thy honours! not that here thy buſt
Is mix'd with heroes, or with kings thy duſt;
But that the Worthy and the Good ſhall ſay,
Striking their penſive boſoms—Here lies GAY.

As

As Gay was the favourite of our author, this epitaph was probably written with an uncommon degree of attention; yet it is not more ſucceſsfully executed than the reſt, for it will not always happen that the ſucceſs of a poet is proportionate to his labour. The ſame obſervation may be extended to all works of imagination, which are often influenced by cauſes wholly out of the performer's power, by hints of which he perceives not the origin, by ſudden elevations of mind which he cannot produce in himſelf, and which ſometimes riſe when he expects them leaſt.

The two parts of the firſt line are only echoes of each other; *gentle manners* and *mild affections*, if they mean any thing, muſt mean the ſame.

That Gay was a *man in wit* is a very frigid commendation; to have the wit of a man is not much for a poet. The *wit of man*, and the *ſimplicity of a child*, make a poor and vulgar contraſt, and raiſe no ideas of excellence, either intellectual or moral.

In the next couplet *rage* is leſs properly introduced after the mention of *mildneſs* and *gentleneſs*, which are made the conſtituents of his character; for a man ſo *mild* and *gentle* to *temper* his *rage*, was not difficult.

The next line is unharmonious in its ſound, and mean in its conception; the oppoſition is obvious, and the word *laſh* uſed abſolutely, and without any modification, is groſs and improper.

To be *above temptation* in poverty and *free from corruption among the Great*, is indeed ſuch a peculiarity as deſerved notice. But to be a *ſafe companion* is praiſe merely negative, ariſing not from the poſſeſſion of virtue, but the abſence of vice, and that one of the moſt odious.

As

As little can be added to his character, by aſſerting that he was *lamented in his end.* Every man that dies is, at leaſt by the writer of his epitaph, ſuppoſed to be lamented, and therefore this general lamentation does no honour to Gay.

The firſt eight lines have no grammar; the adjectives are without any ſubſtantive, and the epithets without a ſubject.

The thought in the laſt line, that Gay is buried in the boſoms of the *worthy* and the *good*, who are diſtinguiſhed only to lengthen the line, is ſo dark that few underſtand it; and ſo harſh, when it is explained, that ſtill fewer approve.

XII.

Intended for Sir ISAAC NEWTON.
In Weſtminſter-Abbey.

ISAACUS NEWTONIUS:
Quem Immortalem
Teſtantur, *Tempus*, *Natura*, *Cælum*:
Mortalem
Hoc marmor fatetur.

Nature, and Nature's laws, lay hid in night:
God ſaid, *Let Newton be!* And all was light.

Of this epitaph, ſhort as it is, the faults ſeem not to be very few. Why part ſhould be Latin and part Engliſh, it is not eaſy to diſcover. In the Latin, the oppoſition of *Immortalis* and *Mortalis*, is a mere ſound, or a mere quibble; he is not *immortal* in any ſenſe contrary to that in which he is *mortal*.

In the verſes the thought is obvious, and the words *night* and *light* are too nearly allied.

XIII.

XIII.

On EDMUND *Duke of* BUCKINGHAM, *who died in the 19th Year of his Age*, 1735.

If modeſt youth, with cool reflection crown'd,
And every opening virtue blooming round,
Could ſave a parent's juſteſt pride from fate,
Or add one patriot to a ſinking ſtate;
This weeping marble had not aſk'd thy tear,
Or ſadly told, how many hopes lie here!
The living virtue now had ſhone approv'd,
The ſenate heard him, and his country lov'd.
Yet ſofter honours, and leſs noiſy fame
Attend the ſhade of gentle Buckingham:
In whom a race, for courage fam'd and art,
Ends in the milder merit of the heart;
And, chiefs or ſages long to Britain given,
Pays the laſt tribute of a ſaint to heaven.

This epitaph Mr. Warburton prefers to the reſt, but I know not for what reaſon. To *crown* with *reflection* is ſurely a mode of ſpeech approaching to nonſenſe. *Opening virtues blooming round*, is ſomething like tautology; the ſix following lines are poor and proſaick. *Art* is in another couplet uſed for *arts*, that a rhyme may be had to *heart*. The ſix laſt lines are the beſt, but not excellent.

The reſt of his ſepulchral performances hardly deſerve the notice of criticiſm. The contemptible *Dialogue* between HE and SHE ſhould have been ſuppreſſed for the author's ſake.

In his laſt epitaph on himſelf, in which he attempts to be jocular upon one of the few things that make wiſe men ſerious, he confounds the living man with the dead:

Under

Under this ſtone, or under this fill,
Or under this turf, &c.

When a man is once buried, the queſtion, under what he is buried, is eaſily decided. He forgot that though he wrote the epitaph in a ſtate of uncertainty, yet it could not be laid over him till his grave was made. Such is the folly of wit when it is ill employed.

The world has but little new; even this wretchedneſs ſeems to have been borrowed from the following tuneleſs lines:

Ludovici Areoſti humantur oſſa
Sub hoc marmore, vel ſub hac humo, ſeu
Sub quicquid voluit benignus hæres
Sive hærede benignior comes, ſeu
Opportunius incidens Viator;
Nam ſcire haud potuit futura, ſed nec
Tanti erat vacuum ſibi cadaver
Ut utnam cuperet parare vivens,
Vivens iſta tamen ſibi paravit.
Quæ inſcribi voluit ſuo ſepulchro
Olim ſiquod haberetis ſepulchrum.

Surely Arioſto did not venture to expect that his trifle would have ever had ſuch an illuſtrious imitator.

P I T T.

CHRISTOPHER PITT, of whom whatever I ſhall relate more than has been already publiſhed, I owe to the kind communication of Dr. Warton, was born in 1699 at Blandford, the ſon of a phyſician much eſteemed.

He was, in 1714, received as a ſcholar into Wincheſter College, where he was diſtinguiſhed by exerciſes of uncommon elegance; and, at his removal to New College in 1719, preſented to the electors, as the product of his private and voluntary ſtudies, a compleat verſion of Lucan's poem, which he did not then know to have been tranſlated by Rowe.

This is an inſtance of early diligence which well deſerves to be recorded. The ſuppreſſion of ſuch a work, recommended by ſuch uncommon circumſtances, is to be regretted. It is indeed culpable, to load libraries with ſuperfluous books; but incitements to early excellence are never ſuperfluous, and from this example the danger is not great of many imitations.

When

When he had reſided at his College three years, he was preſented to the rectory of Pinpern in Dorſetſhire (1722), by his relation, Mr. Pitt of Stratfieldſea in Hampſhire; and, reſigning his fellowſhip, continued at Oxford two years longer, till he became Maſter of Arts (1724).

He probably about this time tranſlated *Vida's Art of Poetry*, which Triſtram's ſplendid edition had then made popular. In this tranſlation he diſtinguiſhed himſelf, both by its general elegance, and by the ſkilful adaptation of his numbers, to the images expreſſed; a beauty which Vida has with great ardour enforced and exemplified.

He then retired to his living, a place very pleaſing by its ſituation, and therefore likely to excite the imagination of a poet; where he paſſed the reſt of his life, reverenced for his virtue, and beloved for the ſoftneſs of his temper and the eaſineſs of his manners. Before ſtrangers he had ſomething of the ſcholar's timidity or diſtruſt; but when he became familiar he was in a very high degree chearful and entertaining. His general benevolence procured general reſpect; and he paſſed a life placid and honourable, neither too great for the kindneſs of the low, nor too low for the notice of the great.

At what time he compoſed his miſcellany, publiſhed in 1727, it is not eaſy nor neceſſary to know: thoſe which have dates appear to have been very early productions, and I have not obſerved that any riſe above mediocrity.

The ſucceſs of his *Vida* animated him to a higher undertaking; and in his thirtieth year he publiſhed a

in 1748, and lies buried under a ſtone at Blandford, on which is this inſcription:

In memory of
CHR. PITT, clerk, M. A.
Very eminent
for his talents in poetry;
and yet more
for the univerſal candour of
his mind, and the primitive
ſimplicity of his manners.
He lived innocent,
and died beloved,
Apr. 13, 1748,
aged 48.

THOMSON.

JAMES THOMSON, the ſon of a miniſter well eſteemed for his piety and diligence, was born September 7, 1700, at Ednam, in the ſhire of Roxburgh, of which his father was paſtor. His mother, whoſe name was Hume, inherited as co-heireſs a portion of a ſmall eſtate. The revenue of a pariſh in Scotland is ſeldom large; and it was probably in commiſeration of the difficulty with which Mr. Thomſon ſupported his family, having nine children, that Mr. Riccarton, a neighbouring miniſter, diſcovering in James uncommon promiſes of future excellence, undertook to ſuperintend his education, and provide him books.

He was taught the common rudiments of learning at the ſchool of Jedburg, a place which he delights to recollect in his poem of *Autumn*; but was not conſidered by his maſter as ſuperior to common boys, though in thoſe early days he amuſed his patron and his friends with poetical compoſitions; with which

however he ſo little pleaſed himſelf, that on every new-year's day he threw into the fire all the productions of the foregoing year.

From the ſchool he was removed to Edinburgh, where he had not reſided two years when his father died, and left all his children to the care of their mother, who raiſed upon her little eſtate what money a mortgage could afford, and, removing with her family to Edinburgh, lived to ſee her ſon riſing into eminence.

The deſign of Thomſon's friends was to breed him a miniſter. He lived at Edinburgh, as at ſchool, without diſtinction or expectation, till, at the uſual time, he performed a probationary exerciſe by explaining a pſalm. His diction was ſo poetically ſplendid, that Mr. Hamilton, the profeſſor of Divinity, reproved him for ſpeaking language unintelligible to a popular audience; and he cenſured one of his expreſſions as indecent, if not profane.

This rebuke is reported to have repreſſed his thoughts of an eccleſiaſtical character, and he probably cultivated with new diligence his bloſſoms of poetry, which however were in ſome danger of a blaſt; for ſubmitting his productions to ſome who thought themſelves qualified to criticiſe, he heard of nothing but faults; but, finding other judges more favourable, he did not ſuffer himſelf to ſink into deſpondence.

He eaſily deſcovered that the only ſtage on which a poet could appear, with any hope of advantage, was London; a place too wide for the operation of petty competition and private malignity, where merit might ſoon become conſpicuous, and would find friends as ſoon as it became reputable to befriend it. A lady, who was acquainted with his mother, adviſed him to

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the journey, and promiſed ſome countenance or aſſiſtance, which at laſt he never received; however, he juſtified his adventure by her encouragement, and came to ſeek in London patronage and fame.

At his arrival he found his way to Mr. Mallet, then tutor to the ſons of the duke of Montroſe. He had recommendations to ſeveral perſons of conſequence, which he had tied up carefully in his handkerchief; but as he paſſed along the ſtreet, with the gaping curioſity of a new-comer, his attention was upon every thing rather than his pocket, and his magazine of credentials was ſtolen from him.

His firſt want was of a pair of ſhoes. For the ſupply of all his neceſſities, his whole fund was his *Winter*, which for a time could find no purchaſer; till, at laſt, Mr. Millan was perſuaded to buy it at a low price; and this low price he had for ſome time reaſon to regret; but, by accident, Mr. Whatley, a man not wholly unknown among authors, happening to turn his eye upon it, was ſo delighted that he ran from place to place celebrating its excellence. Thomſon obtained likewiſe the notice of Aaron Hill, whom, being friendleſs and indigent, and glad of kindneſs, he courted with every expreſſion of ſervile adulation.

Winter was dedicated to Sir Spencer Compton, but attracted no regard from him to the author; till Aaron Hill awakened his attention by ſome verſes addreſſed to Thomſon, and publiſhed in one of the newſpapers, which cenſured the great for their neglect of ingenious men. Thomſon then received a preſent of twenty guineas, of which he gives this account to Mr. Hill:

" I hinted to you in my laſt, that on Saturday morn-
" ing I was with Sir Spencer Compton. A certain
" gentleman, without my deſire, ſpoke to him con-
" cerning me: his anſwer was, that I had never come
" near him. Then the gentleman put the queſtion,
" If he deſired that I ſhould wait on him? he re-
" turned, he did. On this, the gentleman gave me
" an introductory Letter to him. He received me in
" what they commonly call a civil manner; aſked me
" ſome common-place queſtions; and made me a pre-
" ſent of twenty guineas. I am very ready to own
" that the preſent was larger than my performance
" deſerved; and ſhall aſcribe it to his generoſity,
" or any other cauſe, rather than the merit of the
" addreſs."

The poem, which, being of a new kind, few would venture at firſt to like, by degrees gained upon the publick; and one edition was very ſpeedily ſucceeded by another.

Thomſon's credit was now high, and every day brought him new friends; among others Dr. Rundle, a man afterwards unfortunately famous, ſought his acquaintance, and found his qualities ſuch, that he recommended him to the lord chancellor Talbot.

Winter was accompanied, in many editions, not only with a preface and a dedication, but with poetical praiſes by Mr. Hill, Mr. Mallet (then *Malloch*), and *Mira*, the fictitious name of a lady once too well known. Why the dedications are, to *Winter* and the other Seaſons, contrarily to cuſtom, left out in the collected works, the reader may enquire.

The next year (1727) he diſtinguiſhed himſelf by three publications; of *Summer*, in purſuance of his plan;

It was obſerved, however, that nobody was much affected, and that the company roſe as from a moral lecture.

It had upon the ſtage no unuſual degree of ſucceſs. Slight accidents will operate upon the taſte of pleaſure. There was a feeble line in the play;

O Sophoniſba, Sophoniſba, O!

This gave occaſion to a waggiſh parody;

O, Jemmy Thomſon, Jemmy Thomſon, O!

which for a while was echoed through the town.

I have been told by Savage, that of the Prologue to *Sophoniſba* the firſt part was written by Pope, who could not be perſuaded to finiſh it; and that the concluding lines were added by Mallet.

Thomſon was not long afterwards, by the influence of Dr. Rundle, ſent to travel with Mr. Charles Talbot, the eldeſt ſon of the Chancellor. He was yet young enough to receive new impreſſions, to have his opinions rectified, and his views enlarged; nor can he be ſuppoſed to have wanted that curioſity which is inſeparable from an active and comprehenſive mind. He may therefore now be ſuppoſed to have revelled in all the joys of intellectual luxury; he was every day feaſted with inſtructive novelties; he lived ſplendidly without expence; and might expect when he returned home a certain eſtabliſhment.

At this time a long courſe of oppoſition to Sir Robert Walpole had filled the nation with clamours for liberty, of which no man felt the want, and with care for liberty, which was not in danger. Thomſon, in his travels on the continent, found or fancied ſo many evils ariſing from the tyranny of other governments,

ments, that he reſolved to write a very long poem, in five parts, upon Liberty.

While he was buſy on the firſt book, Mr. Talbot died; and Thomſon, who had been rewarded for his attendance by the place of ſecretary of the Briefs, pays in the initial lines a decent tribute to his memory.

Upon this great poem two years were ſpent, and the author congratulated himſelf upon it as his nobleſt work; but an author and his reader are not always of a mind. *Liberty* called in vain upon her votaries to read her praiſes, and reward her encomiaſt: her praiſes were condemned to harbour ſpiders, and to gather duſt; none of Thomſon's performances were ſo little regarded.

The judgement of the publick was not erroneous; the recurrence of the ſame images muſt tire in time; an enumeration of examples to prove a poſition which nobody denied, as it was from the beginning ſuperfluous, muſt quickly grow diſguſting.

The poem of *Liberty* does not now appear in its original ſtate; but, when the author's works were collected after his death, was ſhortened by Sir George Lyttelton, with a liberty which, as it has a manifeſt tendency to leſſen the confidence of ſociety, and to confound the characters of authors, by making one man write by the judgement of another, cannot be juſtified by any ſuppoſed propriety of the alteration, or kindneſs of the friend.—I wiſh to ſee it exhibited as its author left it.

Thomſon now lived in eaſe and plenty, and ſeems for a while to have ſuſpended his poetry; but he was ſoon called back to labour by the death of the Chan-

cellor,

cellor, for his place then became vacant; and though the lord Hardwicke delayed for ſome time to give it away, Thomſon's baſhfulneſs, or pride, or ſome other motive perhaps not more laudable, withheld him from ſoliciting; and the new Chancellor would not give him what he would not aſk.

He now relapſed to his former indigence; but the prince of Wales was at that time ſtruggling for popularity, and by the influence of Mr. Lyttelton profeſſed himſelf the patron of wit; to him Thomſon was introduced, and being gaily interrogated about the ſtate of his affairs, ſaid *that they were in a more poetical poſture than formerly*; and had a penſion allowed him of one hundred pounds a year.

Being now obliged to write, he produced (1738) the tragedy of *Agamemnon*, which was much ſhortened in the repreſentation. It had the fate which moſt commonly attends mythological ſtories, and was only endured, but not favoured. It ſtruggled with ſuch difficulty through the firſt night, that Thomſon, coming late to his friends with whom he was to ſup, excuſed his delay by telling them how the ſweat of his diſtreſs had ſo diſordered his wig, that he could not come till he had been reſitted by a barber.

He ſo intereſted himſelf in his own drama, that, if I remember right, as he ſat in the upper gallery, he accompanied the players by audible recitation, till a friendly hint frighted him to ſilence. Pope countenanced *Agamemnon*, by coming to it the firſt night, and was welcomed to the theatre by a general clap; he had much regard for Thomſon, and once expreſſed it in a poetical Epiſtle ſent to Italy, of which however

his abated the value, by tranſplanting ſome of the lines into his Epiſtle to *Arbuthnot*.

About this time the Act was paſſed for licenſing plays, of which the firſt operation was the prohibition of *Guſtavus Vaſa*, a tragedy of Mr. Brooke, whom the publick recompenſed by a very liberal ſubſcription; the next was the refuſal of *Edward and Eleonora*, offered by Thomſon. It is hard to diſcover why either play ſhould have been obſtructed. Thomſon likewiſe endeavoured to repair his loſs by a ſubſcription, of which I cannot now tell the ſucceſs.

When the publick murmured at the unkind treatment of Thomſon, one of the miniſterial writers remarked, that *he had taken a* Liberty *which was not agreeable to* Britannia *in any* Seaſon.

He was ſoon after employed, in conjunction with Mr. Mallet, to write the maſque of *Alfred*, which was acted before the Prince at Cliefden-houſe.

His next work (1745) was *Tancred and Sigiſmunda*, the moſt ſucceſsful of all his tragedies; for it ſtill keeps its turn upon the ſtage. It may be doubted whether he was, either by the bent of nature or habits of ſtudy, much qualified for tragedy. It does not appear that he had much ſenſe of the pathetick; and his diffuſive and deſcriptive ſtyle produced declamation rather than dialogue.

His friend Mr. Lyttelton was now in power, and conferred upon him the office of ſurveyor-general of the Leeward Iſlands; from which, when his deputy was paid, he received about three hundred pounds a year.

The laſt piece that he lived to publiſh was the *Caſtle of Indolence*, which was many years under his hand, but

was

was at laſt finiſhed with great accuracy. The firſt canto opens a ſcene of lazy luxury, that fills the imagination.

He was now at eaſe, but was not long to enjoy it; for, by taking cold on the water between London and Kew, he caught a diſorder, which, with ſome careleſs exaſperation, ended in a fever that put an end to his life, Auguſt 27, 1748. He was buried in the church of Richmond, without an inſcription; but a monument has been erected to his memory in Weſtminſter-abbey.

Thomſon was of ſtature above the middle ſize, and *more fat than bard beſeems*, of a dull countenance, and a groſs, unanimated, uninviting appearance; ſilent in mingled company, but chearful among ſelect friends, and by his friends very tenderly and warmly beloved.

He left behind him the tragedy of *Coriolanus*, which was, by the zeal of his patron Sir George Lyttelton, brought upon the ſtage for the benefit of his family, and recommended by a Prologue, which Quin, who had long lived with Thomſon in fond intimacy, ſpoke in ſuch a manner as ſhewed him *to be*, on that occaſion, *no actor*. The commencement of this benevolence is very honourable to Quin; who is reported to have delivered Thomſon, then known to him only for his genius, from an arreſt, by a very conſiderable preſent; and its continuance is honourable to both; for friendſhip is not always the ſequel of obligation. By this tragedy a conſiderable ſum was raiſed, of which part diſcharged his debts, and the reſt was remitted to his ſiſters, whom, however removed from them by place or condition, he regarded with great tenderneſs, as will appear by the following

ing Letter, which I communicate with much pleaſure, as it gives me at once an opportunity of recording the fraternal kindneſs of Thomſon, and reflecting on the friendly aſſiſtance of Mr. Boſwell, from whom I received it.

" Hagley in Worceſterſhire,
" October the 4th, 1747.

" My dear Siſter,

" I thought you had known me better than to in-
" terpret my ſilence into a decay of affection, eſpe-
" cially as your behaviour has always been ſuch as ra-
" ther to increaſe than diminiſh it. Don't imagine,
" becauſe I am a bad correſpondent, that I can ever
" prove an unkind friend and brother. I muſt do
" myſelf the juſtice to tell you, that my affections are
" naturally very fixed and conſtant; and if I had ever
" reaſon of complaint againſt you (of which by the
" bye I have not the leaſt ſhadow), I am conſcious of
" ſo many defects in myſelf, as diſpoſe me to be not a
" little charitable and forgiving.

" It gives me the trueſt heart-felt ſatisfaction to
" hear you have a good kind huſband, and are in eaſy
" contented circumſtances; but were they otherwiſe,
" that would only awaken and heighten my tender-
" neſs towards you. As our good and tender-hearted
" parents did not live to receive any material teſti-
" monies of that higheſt human gratitude I owed
" them (than which nothing could have given me
" equal pleaſure), the only return I can make them
" now is by kindneſs to thoſe they left behind them:
" would to God poor Lizy had lived longer, to have
" been a farther witneſs of the truth of what I ſay,
" and that I might have had the pleaſure of ſeeing once
" more

" more a ſiſter, who ſo truly deſerved my eſteem and
" love. But ſhe is happy, while we muſt toil a little
" longer here below: let us however do it chearfully
" and gratefully, ſupported by the pleaſing hope of
" meeting yet again on a ſafer ſhore, where to recol-
" lect the ſtorms and difficulties of life will not per-
" haps be inconſiſtent with that bliſsful ſtate. You
" did right to call your daughter by her name; for
" you muſt needs have had a particular tender friend-
" ſhip for one another, endeared as you were by na-
" ture, by having paſſed the affectionate years of your
" youth together; and by that great ſoftner and enga-
" ger of hearts, mutual hardſhip. That it was in my
" power to eaſe it a little, I account one of the moſt
" exquiſite pleaſures of my life.—But enough of this
" melancholy, though not unpleaſing ſtrain.

" I eſteem you for your ſenſible and diſintereſted
" advice to Mr. Bell, as you will ſee by my Letter to
" him: as I approve entirely of his marrying again,
" you may readily aſk me why I don't marry at all.
" My circumſtances have hitherto been ſo variable
" and uncertain in this fluctuating world, as induce
" to keep me from engaging in ſuch a ſtate: and now,
" though they are more ſettled, and of late (which
" you will be glad to hear) conſiderably improved, I
" begin to think myſelf too far advanced in life for
" ſuch youthful undertakings, not to mention ſome
" other petty reaſons that are apt to ſtartle the deli-
" cacy of difficult old batchelors. I am, however,
" not a little ſuſpicious that, was I to pay a viſit to
" Scotland (which I have ſome thought of doing
" ſoon), I might poſſibly be tempted to think of a
" thing not eaſily repaired if done amiſs. I have al-

" ways

"ways been of opinion that none make better wives "than the ladies of Scotland; and yet, who more for- "ſaken than they, while the gentlemen are conti- "nually running abroad all the world over? Some of "them, it is true, are wiſe enough to return for a "wife. You ſee I am beginning to make intereſt "already with the Scots ladies.—But no more of this "infectious ſubject.—Pray let me hear from you now "and then; and though I am not a regular corre- "ſpondent, yet perhaps I may mend in that reſpect. "Remember me kindly to your huſband, and believe "me to be,

"Your moſt affectionate brother,

"JAMES THOMSON."

(Addreſſed) "To Mrs. Thomſon in Lanark."

The benevolence of Thomſon was fervid, but not active; he would give, on all occaſions, what aſſiſtance his purſe would ſupply; but the offices of intervention or ſolicitation he could not conquer his ſluggiſhneſs ſufficiently to perform. The affairs of others, however, were not more neglected than his own. He had often felt the inconveniences of idleneſs, but he never cured it; and was ſo conſcious of his own character, that he talked of writing an Eaſtern Tale of *the Man who loved to be in Diſtreſs.*

Among his peculiarities was a very unſkilful and inarticulate manner of pronouncing any lofty or ſolemn compoſition. He was once reading to Dodington, who, being himſelf a reader eminently elegant, was ſo much provoked by his odd utterance, that he ſnatched the paper from his hands, and told him that he did not underſtand his own verſes.

The

The biographer of Thomſon has remarked, that an author's life is beſt read in his works: his obſervation was not well-timed. Savage, who lived much with Thomſon, once told me, how he heard a lady remarking that ſhe could gather from his works three parts of his character, that he was a *great Lover*, *a great Swimmer*, and *rigorouſly abſtinent*; but, ſaid Savage, he knows not any love but that of the ſex; he was perhaps never in cold water in his life; and he indulges himſelf in all the luxury that comes within his reach. Yet Savage always ſpoke with the moſt eager praiſe of his ſocial qualities, his warmth and conſtancy of friendſhip, and his adherence to his firſt acquaintance when the advancement of his reputation had left them behind him.

As a writer, he is entitled to one praiſe of the higheſt kind: his mode of thinking, and of expreſſing his thoughts, is original. His blank verſe is no more the blank verſe of Milton, or of any other poet, than the rhymes of Prior are the rhymes of Cowley. His numbers, his pauſes, his diction, are of his own growth, without tranſcription, without imitation. He thinks in a peculiar train, and he thinks always as a man of genius; he looks round on Nature and on Life, with the eye which Nature beſtows only on a poet; the eye that diſtinguiſhes, in every thing preſented to its view, whatever there is on which imagination can delight to be detained, and with a mind that at once comprehends the vaſt, and attends to the minute. The reader of the *Seaſons* wonders that he never ſaw before what Thomſon ſhews him, and that he never yet has felt what Thomſon impreſſes.

His

His is one of the works in which blank verſe ſeems properly uſed; Thomſon's wide expanſion of general views, and his enumeration of circumſtantial varieties, would have been obſtructed and embarraſſed by the frequent interſection of the ſenſe, which are the neceſſary effects of rhyme.

His deſcriptions of extended ſcenes and general effects bring before us the whole magnificence of Nature, whether pleaſing or dreadful. The gaiety of *Spring*, the ſplendour of *Summer*, the tranquillity of *Autumn*, and the horror of *Winter*, take in their turns poſſeſſion of the mind. The poet leads us through the appearances of things as they are ſucceſſively varied by the viciſſitudes of the year, and imparts to us ſo much of his own enthuſiaſm, that our thoughts expand with his imagery, and kindle with his ſentiments. Nor is the naturaliſt without his part in the entertainment; for he is aſſiſted to recollect and to combine, to arrange his diſcoveries, and to amplify the ſphere of his contemplation.

The great defect of the *Seaſons* is want of method; but for this I know not that there was any remedy. Of many appearances ſubſiſting all at once, no rule can be given why one ſhould be mentioned before another; yet the memory wants the help of order, and the curioſity is not excited by ſuſpenſe or expectation.

His diction is in the higheſt degree florid and luxuriant, ſuch as may be ſaid to be to his images and thoughts *both their luſtre and their ſhade*; ſuch as inveſt them with ſplendour, through which perhaps they are not always eaſily diſcerned. It is too exuberant, and ſometimes may be charged with filling the ear more than the mind.

Theſe Poems, with which I was acquai ɔd at their firſt appearance, I have ſince found altered and enlarged by ſubſequent reviſals, as the author ſuppoſed his judgement to grow more exact, and as books or converſation extended his knowledge and opened his proſpects. They are, I think, improved in general; yet I know not whether they have not loſt part of what Temple calls their *race*; a word which, applied to wines, in its primitive ſenſe, means the flavour of the ſoil.

Liberty, when it firſt appeared, I tried to read, and ſoon deſiſted. I have never tried again, and therefore will not hazard either praiſe or cenſure.

The higheſt praiſe which he has received ought not to be ſuppreſt: it is ſaid by Lord Lyttelton in the Prologue to his poſthumous play, that his works contained

No line which, dying, he could wiſh to blot.

WATTS.

THE Poems of Dr. WATTS were by my recommendation inſerted in the late Collection; the readers of which are to impute to me whatever pleaſure or wearineſs they may find in the peruſal of Blackmore, Watts, Pomfret, and Yalden.

ISAAC WATTS was born July 17, 1674, at Southampton, where his father, of the ſame name, kept a boarding-ſchool for young gentlemen, though common report makes him a ſhoemaker. He appears, from the narrative of Dr. Gibbons, to have been neither indigent nor illiterate.

Iſaac, the eldeſt of nine children, was given to books from his infancy; and began, we are told, to learn Latin when he was four years old, I ſuppoſe, at home. He was afterwards taught Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, by Mr. Pinhorne, a clergyman, maſter of the Free-ſchool at Southampton, to whom the gratitude of his ſcholar afterwards inſcribed a Latin ode.

His proficiency at ſchool was ſo conſpicuous, that a ſubſcription was propoſed for his ſupport at the Uni-

verſity; but he declared his reſolution to take his lot with the Diſſenters. Such he was as every Chriſtian Church would rejoice to have adopted.

He therefore repaired in 1690 to an academy taught by Mr. Rowe, where he had for his companions and fellow-ſtudents Mr. Hughes the poet, and Dr. Horte, afterwards Archbiſhop of Tuam. Some Latin Eſſays, ſuppoſed to have been written as exerciſes at this academy, ſhew a degree of knowledge, both philoſophical and theological, ſuch as very few attain by a much longer courſe of ſtudy.

He was, as he hints in his Miſcellanies, a maker of verſes from fifteen to fifty, and in his youth he appears to have paid attention to Latin poetry. His verſes to his brother, in the *glyconick* meaſure, written when he was ſeventeen, are remarkably eaſy and elegant. Some of his other odes are deformed by the Pindarick folly then prevailing, and are written with ſuch neglect of all metrical rules as is without example among the ancients; but his diction, though perhaps not always exactly pure, has ſuch copiouſneſs and ſplendour, as ſhews that he was but at a very little diſtance from excellence.

His method of ſtudy was to impreſs the contents of his books upon his memory by abridging them, and by interleaving them to amplify one ſyſtem with ſupplements from another.

With the congregation of his tutor Mr. Rowe, who were, I believe, Independents, he communicated in his nineteenth year.

At the age of twenty he left the academy, and ſpent two years in ſtudy and devotion at the houſe of his father, who treated him with great t.. derneſs; and had the

the happineſs, indulged to few parents, of living to ſee his ſon eminent for literature and venerable for piety.

He was then entertained by Sir John Hartopp five years, as domeſtick tutor to his ſon; and in that time particularly devoted himſelf to the ſtudy of the Holy Scriptures; and being choſen aſſiſtant to Dr. Chauncey, preached the firſt time on the birth-day that compleated his twenty-fourth year; probably conſidering that as the day of a ſecond nativity, by which he entered on a new period of exiſtence.

In about three years he ſucceeded Dr. Chauncey; but, ſoon after his entrance on his charge, he was ſeized by a dangerous illneſs, which ſunk him to ſuch weakneſs, that the congregation thought an aſſiſtant neceſſary, and appointed Mr. Price. His health then returned gradually, and he performed his duty, till (1712) he was ſeized by a fever of ſuch violence and continuance, that, from the feebleneſs which it brought upon him, he never perfectly recovered.

This calamitous ſtate made the compaſſion of his friends neceſſary, and drew upon him the attention of Sir Thomas Abney, who received him into his houſe; where, with a conſtancy of friendſhip and uniformity of conduct not often to be found, he was treated for thirty-ſix years with all the kindneſs that friendſhip could prompt, and all the attention that reſpect could dictate. Sir Thomas died about eight years afterwards; but he continued with the lady and her daughters to the end of his life. The lady died about a year after him.

A coalition like this, a ſtate in which the notions of patronage and dependence were overpowered by the perception of reciprocal benefits, deſerves a particular

memorial; and I will not withhold from the reader Dr. Gibbons's repreſentation, to which regard is to be paid as to the narrative of one who writes what he knows, and what is known likewiſe to multitudes beſides.

"Our next obſervation ſhall be made upon that "remarkably kind Providence which brought the "Doctor into Sir Thomas Abney's family, and con- "tinued him there till his death, a period of no "leſs than thirty-ſix years. In the midſt of his ſacred "labours for the glory of God, and good of his ge- "neration, he is ſeized with a moſt violent and threat- "ening fever, which leaves him oppreſſed with great "weakneſs, and puts a ſtop at leaſt to his publick ſer- "vices for four years. In this diſtreſſing ſeaſon, "doubly ſo to his active and pious ſpirit, he is in- "vited to Sir Thomas Abney's family, nor ever re- "moves from it till he had finiſhed his days. Here "he enjoyed the uninterrupted demonſtrations of "the trueſt friendſhip. Here, without any care of "his own, he had every thing which could contribute "to the enjoyment of life, and favour the unwearied "purſuits of his ſtudies. Here he dwelt in a family, "which for piety, order, harmony, and every vir- "tue, was an houſe of God. Here he had the pri- "vilege of a country receſs, the fragrant bower, the "the ſpreading lawn, the flowery garden, and other "advantages, to ſooth his mind and aid his reſtora- "tion to health; to yield him, whenever he choſe "them, moſt grateful intervals from his laborious "ſtudies, and enable him to return to them with re- "doubled vigour and delight. Had it not been for "this moſt happy event, he might, as to outward

"view,

"view, have feebly, it may be painfully, dragged "on through many more years of langour, and in- "ability for publick ſervice, and even for profitable "ſtudy, or perhaps might have ſunk into his grave "under the overwhelming load of infirmities in the "midſt of his days; and thus the church and world "would have been deprived of thoſe many excellent ſer- "mons and works, which he drew up and publiſhed "during his long reſidence in this family. In a few "years after his coming hither, Sir Thomas Abney "dies; but his amiable conſort ſurvives, who ſhews "the Doctor the ſame reſpect and friendſhip as be- "fore, and moſt happily for him and great numbers "beſides; for, as her riches were great, her generoſity "and munificence were in full proportion; her thread "of life was drawn out to a great age, even beyond "that of the Doctor's; and thus this excellent man, "through her kindneſs, and that of her daughter, "the preſent Mrs. Elizabeth Abney, who in a like "degree eſteemed and honoured him, enjoyed all the "benefits and felicities he experienced at his firſt "entrance into this family, till his days were num- "bered and finiſhed, and, like a ſhock of corn in "its ſeaſon, he aſcended into the regions of perfect "and immortal life and joy."

If this quotation has appeared long, let it be conſidered that it compriſes an account of ſix-and-thirty years, and thoſe the years of Dr. Watts.

From the time of his reception into this family, his life was no otherwiſe diverſified than by ſucceſſive publications. The ſeries of his works I am not able to deduce; their number, and their variety, ſhew the

intenſeneſs of his induſtry, and the extent of his capacity.

He was one of the firſt authors that taught the Diſſenters to court attention by the graces of language. Whatever they had among them before, whether of learning or acuteneſs, was commonly obſcured and blunted by coarſeneſs and inelegance of ſtyle. He ſhewed them, that zeal and purity might be expreſſed and enforced by poliſhed diction.

He continued to the end of his life the teacher of a congregation, and no reader of his works can doubt his fidelity or diligence. In the pulpit, though his low ſtature, which very little exceeded five feet, graced him with no advantages of appearance, yet the gravity and propriety of his utterance made his diſcourſes very effieacious. I once mentioned the reputation which Mr. Foſter had gained by his proper delivery to my friend Dr. Hawkeſworth, who told me, that in the art of pronunciation he was far inferior to Dr. Watts.

Such was his flow of thoughts, and ſuch his promptitude of language, that in the latter part of his life he did not precompoſe his curſory ſermons; but having adjuſted the heads, and ſketched out ſome particulars, truſted for ſucceſs to his extemporary powers.

He did not endeavour to aſſiſt his eloquence by any geſticulations; for, as no corporeal actions have any correſpondence with theological truth, he did not ſee how they could enforce it.

At the concluſion of weighty ſentences he gave time, by a ſhort pauſe, for the proper impreſſion.

To ſtated and publick inſtruction he added familiar viſits and perſonal application, and was careful to improve

improve the opportunities which converſation offered of diffuſing and increaſing the influence of religion.

By his natural temper he was quick of reſentment; but, by his eſtabliſhed and habitual practice, he was gentle, modeſt, and inoffenſive. His tenderneſs appeared in his attention to children, and to the poor. To the poor, while he lived in the family of his friend, he allowed the third part of his annual revenue, though the whole was not a hundred a year; and for children, he condeſcended to lay aſide the ſcholar, the philoſopher, and the wit, to write little poems of devotion, and ſyſtems of inſtruction, adapted to their wants and capacities, from the dawn of reaſon through its gradations of advance in the morning of life. Every man acquainted with the common principles of human action, will look with veneration on the writer, who is at one time combating Locke, and at another making a catechiſm for children in their fourth year. A voluntary deſcent from the dignity of ſcience is perhaps the hardeſt leſſon that humility can teach.

As his mind was capacious, his curioſity excurſive, and his induſtry continual, his writings are very numerous, and his ſubjects various. With his theological works I am only enough acquainted to admire his meekneſs of oppoſition, and his mildneſs of cenſure. It was not only in his book but in his mind that *orthodoxy* was *united* with *charity*.

Of his philoſophical pieces, his Logick has been received into the univerſities, and therefore wants no private recommendation: if he owes part of it to Le Clerc, it muſt be conſidered that no man, who under-

undertakes merely to methodiſe or illuſtrate a ſyſtem, pretends to be its author.

In his metaphyſical diſquiſitions, it was obſerved by the late learned Mr. Dyer, that he confounded the idea of *ſpace* with that of *empty ſpace*, and did not conſider that though ſpace might be without matter, yet matter being extended could not be without ſpace.

Few books have been peruſed by me with greater pleaſure than his *Improvement of the Mind*, of which the radical principles may indeed be found in Locke's *Conduct of the Underſtanding*, but they are ſo expanded and ramified by Watts, as to confer upon him the merit of a work in the higheſt degree uſeful and pleaſing. Whoever has the care of inſtructing others, may be charged with deficience in his duty if this book is not recommended.

I have mentioned his treatiſes of Theology as diſtinct from his other productions; but the truth is, that whatever he took in hand was, by his inceſſant ſolicitude for ſouls, converted to Theology. As piety predominated in his mind, it is diffuſed over his works: under his direction it may be truly ſaid, *Theologiæ Philoſophia ancillatur*, philoſophy is ſubſervient to evangelical inſtruction; it is difficult to read a page without learning, or at leaſt wiſhing, to be better. The attention is caught by indirect inſtruction, and he that ſat down only to reaſon is on a ſudden compelled to pray.

It was therefore with great propriety that, in 1728, he received from Edinburgh and Aberdeen an unſolicited diploma, by which he became a Doctor of Divinity. Academical honours would have more va-

lue,

lue, if they were always beſtowed with equal judgement.

He continued many years to ſtudy and to preach, and to do good by his inſtruction and example; till at laſt the infirmities of age diſabled him from the more laborious part of his miniſterial functions, and being no longer capable of publick duty, he offered to remit the ſalary appendant to it; but his congregation would not accept the reſignation.

By degrees his weakneſs increaſed, and at laſt confined him to his chamber and his bed; where he was worn gradually away without pain, till he expired Nov. 25, 1748, in the ſeventy-fifth year of his age.

Few men have left behind ſuch purity of character, or ſuch monuments of laborious piety. He has provided inſtruction for all ages, from thoſe who are liſping their firſt leſſons, to the enlightened readers of Malbranche and Locke; he has left neither corporeal nor ſpiritual nature unexamined; he has taught the art of reaſoning, and the ſcience of the ſtars.

His character, therefore, muſt be formed from the multiplicity and diverſity of his attainments, rather than from any ſingle performance; for it would not be ſafe to claim for him the higheſt rank in any ſingle denomination of literary dignity; yet perhaps there was nothing in which he would not have excelled, if he had not divided his powers to different purſuits.

As a poet, had he been only a poet, he would probably have ſtood high among the authors with whom he is now aſſociated. For his judgement was exact, and he noted beauties and faults with very nice diſcernment; his imagination, as the *Dacian Battle* proves, was vigorous and active, and the ſtores of

knowledge were large by which his fancy was to be ſupplied. His ear was well-tuned, and his diction was elegant and copious. But his devotional poetry is, like that of others, unſatisfactory. The poverty of its topicks enforces perpetual repetition, and the ſanctity of the matter rejects the ornaments of figurative diction. It is ſufficient for Watts to have done better than others what no man has done well.

His poems on other ſubjects ſeldom riſe higher than might be expected from the amuſements of a Man of Letters, and have different degrees of value as they are more or leſs laboured, or as the occaſion was more or leſs favourable to invention.

He writes too often without regular meaſures, and too often in blank verſe: the rhymes are not always ſufficiently correſpondent. He is particularly unhappy in coining names expreſſive of characters. His lines are commonly ſmooth and eaſy, and his thoughts always religiouſly pure; but who is there that, to ſo much piety and innocence, does not wiſh for a greater meaſure of ſpritelineſs and vigour? He is at leaſt one of the few poets with whom youth and ignorance may be ſafely pleaſed; and happy will be that reader whoſe mind is diſpoſed by his verſes, or his proſe, to imitate him in all but his non-conformity, to copy his benevolence to man, and his reverence to God.

A. PHILIPS.

A. PHILIPS.

OF the birth or early part of the life of AMBROSE PHILIPS I have not been able to find any account. His academical education he received at St. John's College in Cambridge, where he firſt ſolicited the notice of the world by ſome Engliſh verſes, in the collection publiſhed by the Univerſity on the death of queen Mary.

From this time how he was employed, or in what ſtation he paſſed his life, is not yet diſcovered. He muſt have publiſhed his Paſtorals before the year 1708, becauſe they are evidently prior to thoſe of Pope.

He afterwards (1709) addreſſed to the univerſal patron, the duke of Dorſet, a *poetical Letter from Copenhagen*, which was publiſhed in the *Tatler*, and is by Pope in one of his firſt letters mentioned with high praiſe, as the production of a man *who could write very nobly*.

Philips was a zealous Whig, and therefore eaſily found acceſs to Addiſon and Steele; but his ardour ſeems not to have procured him any thing more than kind

kind words; ſince he was reduced to tranſlate the *Perſian Tales* for Tonſon, for which he was afterwards reproached, with this addition of contempt, that he worked for half-a-crown. The book is divided into many ſections, for each of which if he received half-a-crown, his reward, as writers then were paid, was very liberal; but half-a-crown had a mean ſound.

He was employed in promoting the principles of his party, by epitomiſing Hacket's *Life of Archbiſhop Williams*. The original book is written with ſuch depravity of genius, ſuch mixture of the fop and pedant, as has not often appeared. The Epitome is free enough from affectation, but has little ſpirit or vigour.

In 1712 he brought upon the ſtage *The Diſtreſt Mother*, almoſt a tranſlation of Racine's *Andromaque*. Such a work requires no uncommon powers, but the friends of Philips exerted every art to promote his intereſt. Before the appearance of the play a whole *Spectator*, none indeed of the beſt, was devoted to its praiſe; while it yet continued to be acted, another *Spectator* was written, to tell what impreſſion it made upon Sir Roger; and on the firſt night a ſelect audience, ſays Pope*, was called together to applaud it.

It was concluded with the moſt ſucceſsful Epilogue that was ever yet ſpoken on the Engliſh theatre. The three firſt nights it was recited twice; and not only continued to be demanded through the run, as it is termed, of the play, but whenever it is recalled to the ſtage, where by peculiar fortune, though a copy from the French, it yet keeps its place, the Epilogue is ſtill expected, and is ſtill ſpoken.

* Spence.

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The propriety of epilogues in general, and conſequently of this, was queſtioned by a correſpondent of the *Spectator*, whoſe Letter was undoubtedly admitted for the ſake of the anſwer, which ſoon followed, written with much zeal and acrimony. The attack and the defence equally contributed to ſtimulate curioſity and continue attention. It may be diſcovered in the defence, that Prior's Epilogue to *Phædra* had a little excited jealouſy; and ſomething of Prior's plan may be diſcovered in the performance of his rival.

Of this diſtinguiſhed Epilogue the reputed author was the wretched Budgel, whom Addiſon uſed to denominate * *the man who calls me couſin*; and when he was aſked how ſuch a ſilly fellow could write ſo well, replied, *The Epilogue was quite another thing when I ſaw it firſt.* It was known in Tonſon's family, and told to Garrick, that Addiſon was himſelf the author of it, and that when it had been at firſt printed with his name, he came early in the morning, before the copies were diſtributed, and ordered it to be given to Budgel, that it might add weight to the ſolicitation which he was then making for a place.

Philips was now high in the ranks of literature. His play was applauded; his tranſlations from Sappho had been publiſhed in the *Spectator*; he was an important and diſtinguiſhed aſſociate of clubs witty and political; and nothing was wanting to his happineſs, but that he ſhould be ſure of its continuance.

The work which had procured him the firſt notice from the publick was his Six Paſtorals, which, flattering the imagination with Arcadian ſcenes, probably

* Spence.

found

found many readers, and might have long paſſed as a pleaſing amuſement, had they not been unhappily too much commended.

The ruſtic Poems of Theocritus were ſo highly valued by the Greeks and Romans, that they attracted the imitation of Virgil, whoſe Eclogues ſeem to have been conſidered as precluding all attempts of the ſame kind; for no ſhepherds were taught to ſing by any ſucceeding poet, till Nemeſian and Calphurnius ventured their feeble efforts in the lower age of Latin literature.

At the revival of learning in Italy, it was ſoon diſcovered that a dialogue of imaginary ſwains might be compoſed with little difficulty; becauſe the converſation of ſhepherds excludes profound or refined ſentiment; and, for images and deſcriptions, Satyrs and Fauns, and Naiads and Dryads, were always within call; and woods and meadows, and hills and rivers, ſupplied variety of matter; which having a natural power to ſooth the mind, did not quickly cloy it.

Petrarch entertained the learned men of his age with the novelty of modern Paſtorals in Latin. Being not ignorant of Greek, and finding nothing in the word *Eclogue* of rural meaning, he ſuppoſed it to be corrupted by the copiers, and therefore called his own productions *Æglogues*, by which he meant to expreſs the talk of goatherds, though it will mean only the talk of goats. This new name was adopted by ſubſequent writers, and amongſt others by our Spenſer.

More than a century afterwards (1498) Mantuan publiſhed his *Bucolicks* with ſuch ſucceſs, that they were ſoon dignified by Badius with a comment, and, as Scaliger complained, received into ſchools, and taught

taught as claſſical; his complaint was vain, and the practice, however injudicious, ſpread far and continued long. Mantuan was read, at leaſt in ſome of the inferior ſchools of this kingdom, to the beginning of the preſent century. The ſpeakers of Mantuan carried their diſquiſitions beyond the country, to cenſure the corruptions of the Church; and from him Spenſer learned to employ his ſwains on topicks of controverſy.

The Italians ſoon transferred Paſtoral Poetry into their own language: Sannazaro wrote *Arcadia* in proſe and verſe; Taſſo and Guarini wrote *Favole Boſchareccie*, or Sylvan Dramas; and all nations of Europe filled volumes with *Thyrſis* and *Damon*, and *Theſtylis* and *Phyllis*.

Philips thinks it *ſomewhat ſtrange to conceive how, in an age ſo addicted to the Muſes, Paſtoral Poetry never comes to be ſo much as thought upon.* His wonder ſeems very unſeaſonable; there had never, from the time of Spenſer, wanted writers to talk occaſionally of *Arcadia* and *Strephon*; and half the book, in which he firſt tried his powers, conſiſts of dialogues on queen Mary's death, between *Tityrus* and *Corydon*, or *Mopſus* and *Menalcas*. A ſeries or book of Paſtorals, however, I know not that any one had then lately publiſhed.

Not long afterwards Pope made the firſt diſplay of his powers in four Paſtorals, written in a very different form. Philips had taken Spenſer, and Pope took Virgil for his pattern. Philips endeavoured to be natural, Pope laboured to be elegant.

Philips was now favoured by Addiſon, and by Addiſon's companions, who were very willing to puſh him into reputation. The *Guardian* gave an account of Paſtoral, partly critical, and partly hiſtorical; in

which, when the merit of the modern is compared, Taſſo and Guarini are cenſured for remote thoughts and unnatural refinements; and, upon the whole, the Italians and French are all excluded from rural poetry, and the pipe of the Paſtoral Muſe is tranſmitted by lawful inheritance from Theocritus to Virgil, from Virgil to Spenſer, and from Spenſer to Philips.

With this inauguration of Philips, his rival Pope was not much delighted; he therefore drew a compariſon of Philips's performance with his own, in which, with an unexampled and unequalled artifice of irony, though he has himſelf always the advantage, he gives the preference to Philips. The deſign of aggrandizing himſelf he diſguiſed with ſuch dexterity, that, though Addiſon diſcovered it, Steele was deceived, and was afraid of diſpleaſing Pope by publiſhing his paper. Publiſhed however it was (*Guard.* 40.): and from that time Pope and Philips lived in a perpetual reciprocation of malevolence.

In poetical powers, of either praiſe or ſatire, there was no proportion between the combatants; but Philips, though he could not prevail by wit, hoped to hurt Pope with another weapon, and charged him, as Pope thought, with Addiſon's approbation, as diſaffected to the government.

Even with this he was not ſatisfied; for, indeed, there is no appearance that any regard was paid to his clamours. He proceeded to groſſer inſults, and hung up a rod at Button's, with which he threatened to chaſtiſe Pope, who appears to have been extremely exaſperated; for in the firſt edition of his Letters he calls Philips *raſcal*, and in the laſt ſtill charges him with detaining in his hands the ſubſcriptions for Homer delivered to him by the Hanover Club.

I ſuppoſe it was never ſuſpected that he meant to appropriate the money; he only delayed, and with ſufficient meanneſs, the gratification of him by whoſe proſperity he was pained.

Men ſometimes ſuffer by injudicious kindneſs; Philips became ridiculous, without his own fault, by the abſurd admiration of his friends, who decorated him with honorary garlands which the firſt breath of contradiction blaſted.

When upon the ſucceſſion of the Houſe of Hanover every Whig expected to be happy, Philips ſeems to have obtained too little notice; he caught few drops of the golden ſhower, though he did not omit what flattery could perform. He was only made a Commiſſioner of the Lottery, (1717), and, what did not much elevate his character, a Juſtice of the Peace.

The ſucceſs of his firſt play muſt naturally diſpoſe him to turn his hopes towards the ſtage: he did not however ſoon commit himſelf to the mercy of an audience, but contented himſelf with the fame already acquired, till after nine years he produced (1721) *The Briton*, a tragedy which, whatever was its reception, is now neglected; though one of the ſcenes, between *Vanoc* the Britiſh Prince and *Valens* the Roman General, is confeſſed to be written with great dramatick ſkill, animated by ſpirit truly poetical.

He had not been idle though he had been ſilent; for he exhibited another tragedy the ſame year, on the ſtory of *Humphry Duke of Glouceſter*. This tragedy is only remembered by its title.

His happieſt undertaking was of a paper, called *The Freethinker*, in conjunction with aſſociates, of whom one was Dr. Boulter, who, then only miniſter of a pariſh

in Southwark, was of ſo much conſequence to the government, that he was made firſt biſhop of Briſtol, and afterwards primate of Ireland, where his piety and his charity will be long honoured.

It may eaſily be imagined that what was printed under the direction of Boulter, would have nothing in it indecent or licentious; its title is to be underſtood as implying only freedom from unreaſonable prejudice. It has been reprinted in volumes, but is little read; nor can impartial criticiſm recommend it as worthy of revival.

Boulter was not well qualified to write diurnal eſſays; but he knew how to practiſe the liberality of greatneſs and the fidelity of friendſhip. When he was advanced to the height of eccleſiaſtical dignity, he did not forget the companion of his labours. Knowing Philips to be ſlenderly ſupported, he took him to Ireland, as partaker of his fortune; and, making him his ſecretary, added ſuch preferments, as enabled him to repreſent the county of Armagh in the Iriſh Parliament.

In December 1726 he was made ſecretary to the Lord Chancellor; and in Auguſt 1733 became judge of the Prerogative Court.

After the death of his patron he continued ſome years in Ireland; but at laſt longing, as it ſeems, for his native country, he returned (1748) to London, having doubtleſs ſurvived moſt of his friends and enemies, and among them his dreaded antagoniſt Pope. He found however the duke of Newcaſtle ſtill living, and to him he dedicated his poems collected into a volume.

Having

Having purchaſed an annuity of four hundred pounds, he now certainly hoped to paſs ſome years of life in plenty and tranquillity; but his hope deceived him: he was ſtruck with a palſy, and died June 18, 1749, in his ſeventy-eighth year.

Of his perſonal character all that I have heard is, that he was eminent for bravery and ſkill in the ſword, and that in converſation he was ſolemn and pompous. He had great ſenſibility of cenſure, if judgement may be made by a ſingle ſtory which I heard long ago from Mr. Ing, a gentleman of great eminence in Staffordſhire. "Philips," ſaid he, "was once at "table, when I aſked him, How came thy king of "Epirus to drive oxen, and to ſay *I'm goaded on by* "*love?* After which queſtion he never ſpoke again."

Of the *Diſtreſt Mother* not much is pretended to be his own, and therefore it is no ſubject of criticiſm: his other two tragedies, I believe, are not below mediocrity, nor above it. Among the Poems compriſed in the late collection, the *Letter from Denmark* may be juſtly praiſed; the Paſtorals, which by the writer of the *Guardian* were ranked as one of the four genuine productions of the ruſtick Muſe, cannot ſurely be deſpicable. That they exhibit a mode of life which does not exiſt, nor ever exiſted, is not to be objected; the ſuppoſition of ſuch a ſtate is allowed to Paſtoral. In his other poems he cannot be denied the praiſe of lines ſometimes elegant; but he has ſeldom much force, or much comprehenſion. The pieces that pleaſe beſt are thoſe which, from Pope and Pope's adherents, procured him the name of *Namby Pamby*, the poems of ſhort lines, by which he paid his court to all ages and characters, from Walpole the *ſteerer of the realm*,

to miſs Pulteney in the nurſery. The numbers are ſmooth and ſpritely, and the diction is ſeldom faulty. They are not loaded with much thought, yet if they had been written by Addiſon they would have had admirers: little things are not valued but when they are done by thoſe who cannot do greater.

In his tranſlations from Pindar he found the art of reaching all the obſcurity of the Theban bard, however he may fall below his ſublimity; he will be allowed, if he has leſs fire, to have more ſmoke.

He has added nothing to Engliſh poetry, yet at leaſt half his book deſerves to be read: perhaps he valued moſt himſelf that part which the critick would reject.

WEST.

GILBERT WEST is one of the writers of whom I regret my inability to give a ſufficient account; the intelligence which my enquiries have obtained is general and ſcanty.

He was the ſon of the reverend Dr. Weſt; perhaps him who publiſhed *Pindar* at Oxford about the beginning of this century. His mother was ſiſter to Sir Richard Temple, afterwards lord Cobham. His father, purpoſing to educate him for the Church, ſent him firſt to Eton, and afterwards to Oxford; but he was ſeduced to a more airy mode of life, by a commiſſion in a troop of horſe procured him by his uncle.

He continued ſome time in the army; though it is reaſonable to ſuppoſe that he never ſunk into a mere ſoldier, nor ever loſt the love or much neglected the purſuit of learning; and afterwards, finding himſelf more inclined to civil employment, he laid down his commiſſion, and engaged in buſineſs under the lord Townſhend, then ſecretary of ſtate, with whom he attended the king to Hanover.

His adherence to lord Townſhend ended in nothing but a nomination (May 1729) to be clerk-extraordinary of the Privy Council, which produced no immediate profit; for it only placed him in a ſtate of expectation and right of ſucceſſion, and it was very long before a vacancy admitted him to profit.

Soon afterwards he married, and ſettled himſelf in a very pleaſant houſe at Wickham in Kent, where he devoted himſelf to learning, and to piety. Of his learning the late Collection exhibits evidence, which would have been yet fuller if the diſſertations which accompany his verſion of Pindar had not been improperly omitted. Of his piety the influence has, I hope, been extended far by his *Obſervations on the Reſurrection*, publiſhed in 1747, for which the Univerſity of Oxford created him a Doctor of Laws by diploma (March 30, 1748), and would doubtleſs have reached yet further had he lived to complete what he had for ſome time meditated, the Evidences of the truth of the New Teſtament. Perhaps it may not be without effect to tell, that he read the prayers of the publick liturgy every morning to his family, and that on Sunday evening he called his ſervants into the parlour, and read to them firſt a ſermon, and then prayers. Craſhaw is now not the only maker of verſes to whom may be given the two venerable names of *Poet and Saint*.

He was very often viſited by Lyttelton and Pitt, who, when they were weary of faction and debates, uſed at Wickham to find books and quiet, a decent table, and literary converſation. There is at Wickham a walk made by Pitt; and, what is of far more importance,

importance, at Wickham Lyttelton received that conviction which produced his *Diſſertation on St. Paul.*

Theſe two illuſtrious friends had for a while liſtened to the blandiſhments of infidelity, and when Weſt's book was publiſhed, it was bought by ſome who did not know his change of opinion, in expectation of new objections againſt Chriſtianity; and as infidels do not want malignity, they revenged the diſappointment by calling him a methodiſt.

Mr. Weſt's income was not large; and his friends endeavoured, but without ſucceſs, to obtain an augmentation. It is reported, that the education of the young prince was offered to him, but that he required a more extenſive power of ſuperintendence than it was thought proper to allow him.

In time, however, his revenue was improved; he lived to have one of the lucrative clerkſhips of the Privy Council (1752); and Mr. Pitt at laſt had it in his power to make him treaſurer of Chelſea Hoſpital.

He was now ſufficiently rich; but wealth came too late to be long enjoyed: nor could it ſecure him from the calamities of life; he loſt (1755) his only ſon; and the year after (March 26) a ſtroke of the palſy brought to the grave one of the few poets to whom the grave might be without its terrors.

Of his tranſlations I have only compared the firſt Olympick Ode with the original, and found my expectation ſurpaſſed, both by its elegance and its exactneſs. He does not confine himſelf to his author's train of ſtanzas; for he ſaw that the difference of the languages required a different mode of verſification. The firſt ſtrophe is eminently happy; in the ſecond

he has a little ſtrayed from Pindar's meaning, who ſays, *if thou, my ſoul, wiſheſt to ſpeak of games, look not in the deſert ſky for a planet hotter than the ſun, nor ſhall we tell of nobler games than thoſe-of Olympia.* He is ſometimes too paraphraſtical. Pindar beſtows upon Hiero an epithet, which, in one word, ſignifies *delighting in horſes*; a word which, in the tranſlation, generates theſe lines:

Hiero's royal brows, whoſe care
Tends the courſer's noble breed,
Pleas'd to nurſe the pregnant mare,
Pleas'd to train the youthful ſteed.

Pindar ſays of Pelops, that *he came alone in the dark to the White Sea*; and Weſt,

Near the billow-beaten ſide
Of the foam-beſilver'd main,
Darkling, and alone, he ſtood:

which however is leſs exuberant than the former paſſage.

A work of this kind muſt, in a minute examination, diſcover many imperfections; but Weſt's verſion, ſo far as I have conſidered it, appears to be the product of great labour and great abilities.

His *Inſtitution of the Garter* (1742) is written with ſufficient knowledge of the manners that prevailed in the age to which it is referred, and with great elegance of diction; but, for want of a proceſs of events, neither knowledge nor elegance preſerve the reader from wearineſs.

His *Imitations of Spenſer* are very ſucceſsfully performed, both with reſpect to the metre, the language, and the fiction; and being engaged at once by the excellence of the ſentiments, and the artifice of the copy,

copy, the mind has two amuſements together. But ſuch compoſitions are not to be reckoned among the great atchievements of intellect, becauſe their effect is local and temporary; they appeal not to reaſon or paſſion, but to memory, and pre-ſuppoſe an accidental or artificial ſtate of mind. An Imitation of Spenſer is nothing to a reader, however acute, by whom Spenſer has never been peruſed. Works of this kind may deſerve praiſe, as proofs of great induſtry, and great nicety of obſervation; but the higheſt praiſe, the praiſe of genius, they cannot claim. The nobleſt beauties of art are thoſe of which the effect is co-extended with rational nature, or at leaſt with the whole circle of poliſhed life; what is leſs than this can be only pretty, the plaything of faſhion, and the amuſement of a day.

THERE is in the *Adventurer* a paper of verſes given to one of the authors as Mr. Weſt's, and ſuppoſed to have been written by him. It ſhould not be concealed, however, that it is printed with Mr. Jago's name in Dodſley's Collection, and is mentioned as his in a Letter of Shenſtone's. Perhaps Weſt gave it without naming the author, and Hawkeſworth, receiving it from him, thought it his; for his he thought it, as he told me, and as he tells the publick.

COLLINS.

WILLIAM COLLLINS was born at Chichester on the twenty-fifth of December, about 1720. His father was a hatter of good reputation. He was in 1733, as Dr. Warton has kindly informed me, admitted ſcholar of Wincheſter College, where he was educated by Dr. Burton. His Engliſh exerciſes were better than his Latin.

He firſt courted the notice of the publick by ſome verſes to a *Lady weeping*, publiſhed in *The Gentleman's Magazine*.

In 1740, he ſtood firſt in the liſt of the ſcholars to be received in ſucceſſion at New College; but unhappily there was no vacancy. This was the original misfortune of his life. He became a Commoner of Queen's College, probably with a ſcanty maintenance; but was in about half a year elected a *Demy* of Magdalen College, where he continued till he had taken a Bachelor's degree, and then ſuddenly left the Univerſity; for what reaſon I know not that he told.

He

But man is not born for happineſs. Collins, who, while he *ſtudied to live*, felt no evil but poverty, no ſooner *lived to ſtudy* than his life was aſſailed by more dreadful calamities, diſeaſe and inſanity.

Having formerly written his character, while perhaps it was yet more diſtinctly impreſſed upon my memory, I ſhall inſert it here.

"Mr. Collins was a man of extenſive literature, and of vigorous faculties. He was acquainted not only with the learned tongues, but with the Italian, French, and Spaniſh languages. He had employed his mind chiefly upon works of fiction, and ſubjects of fancy; and, by indulging ſome peculiar habits of thought, was eminently delighted with thoſe flights of imagination which paſs the bounds of nature, and to which the mind is reconciled only by a paſſive acquieſcence in popular traditions. He loved fairies, genii, giants, and monſters; he delighted to rove through the meanders of inchantment, to gaze on the magnificence of golden palaces, to repoſe by the water-falls of Elyſian gardens.

"This was however the character rather of his inclination than his genius; the grandeur of wildneſs, and the novelty of extravagance, were always deſired by him, but were not always attained. Yet as diligence is never wholly loſt; if his efforts ſometimes cauſed harſhneſs and obſcurity, they likewiſe produced in happier moments ſublimity and ſplendour. This idea which he had formed of excellence, led him to oriental fictions and allegorical imagery; and perhaps, while he was intent upon deſcription, he did not ſufficiently cultivate ſentiment. His poems are the productions of a mind not deficient in fire, nor unfurniſhed with

with knowledge either of books or life, but ſomewhat obſtructed in its progreſs by deviation in queſt of miſtaken beauties.

"His morals were pure, and his opinions pious: in a long continuance of poverty, and long habits of diſſipation, it cannot be expected that any character ſhould be exactly uniform. There is a degree of want by which the freedom of agency is almoſt deſtroyed; and long aſſociation with fortuitous companions will at laſt relax the ſtrictneſs of truth, and abate the fervour of ſincerity. That this man, wiſe and virtuous as he was, paſſed always unentangled through the ſnares of life, it would be prejudice and temerity to affirm; but it may be ſaid that at leaſt he preſerved the ſource of action unpolluted, that his principles were never ſhaken, that his diſtinctions of right and wrong were never confounded, and that his faults had nothing of malignity or deſign, but proceeded from ſome unexpected preſſure, or caſual temptation.

"The latter part of his life cannot be remembered but with pity and ſadneſs. He languiſhed ſome years under that depreſſion of mind which enchains the faculties without deſtroying them, and leaves reaſon the knowledge of right without the power of purſuing it. Theſe clouds which he perceived gathering on his intellects, he endeavoured to diſperſe by travel, and paſſed into France; but found himſelf conſtrained to yield to his malady, and returned. He was for ſome time confined in a houſe of lunaticks, and afterwards retired to the care of his ſiſter in Chicheſter, where death in 1756 came to his relief.

"After his return from France, the writer of this character paid him a viſit at Iſlington, where he was waiting

waiting for his ſiſter, whom he had directed to meet him: there was then nothing of diſorder diſcernible in his mind by any but himſelf; but he had withdrawn from ſtudy, and travelled with no other book than an Engliſh Teſtament, ſuch as children carry to the ſchool: when his friend took it into his hand, out of curioſity to ſee what companion a Man of Letters had choſen, *I have but one book*, ſaid Collins, *but that is the beſt.*"

Such was the fate of Collins, with whom I once delighted to converſe, and whom I yet remember with tenderneſs.

He was viſited at Chicheſter, in his laſt illneſs, by his learned friends Dr. Warton and his brother; to whom he ſpoke with diſapprobation of his Oriental Eclogues, as not ſufficiently expreſſive of Aſiatick manners, and called them his Iriſh Eclogues. He ſhewed them, at the ſame time, an ode inſcribed to Mr. John Hume, on the ſuperſtitions of the Highlands; which they thought ſuperior to his other works, but which no ſearch has yet found.

His diſorder was not alienation of mind, but general laxity and feebleneſs, a deficiency rather of his vital than intellectual powers. What he ſpoke wanted neither judgement nor ſpirit; but a few minutes exhauſted him, ſo that he was forced to reſt upon the couch, till a ſhort ceſſation reſtored his powers, and he was again able to talk with his former vigour.

The approaches of this dreadful malady he began to feel ſoon after his uncle's death; and, with the uſual weakneſs of men ſo diſeaſed, eagerly ſnatched that temporary relief with which the table and the bottle flatter and ſeduce. But his health continually declined,

clined, and he grew more and more burthenſome to himſelf.

To what I have formerly ſaid of his writings may be added, that his diction was often harſh, unſkilfully laboured, and injudiciouſly ſelected. He affected the obſolete when it was not worthy of revival; and he puts his words out of the common order, ſeeming to think, with ſome later candidates for fame, that not to write proſe is certainly to write poetry. His lines commonly are of ſlow motion, clogged and impeded with cluſters of conſonants. As men are often eſteemed who cannot be loved, ſo the poetry of Collins may ſometimes extort praiſe when it gives little pleaſure.

Mr. Collins's firſt production is added here from the *Poetical Calendar*.

TO MISS AURELIA C——R,

ON HER WEEPING AT HER SISTER'S WEDDING.

Ceaſe, fair Aurelia, ceaſe to mourn;
Lament not Hannah's happy ſtate;
You may be happy in your turn,
And ſeize the treaſure you regret.

With Love united Hymen ſtands,
And ſoftly whiſpers to your charms;
"Meet but your lover in my bands,
"You'll find your ſiſter in his arms."

D Y E R.

JOHN DYER, of whom I have no other account to give than his own Letters, publiſhed with Hughes's correſpondence, and the notes added by the editor, have afforded me, was born in 1700, the ſecond ſon of Robert Dyer of Aberglaſney, in Caermarthenſhire, a ſolicitor of great capacity and note.

He paſſed through Weſtminſter ſchool under the care of Dr. Freind, and was then called home to be inſtructed in his father's profeſſion. But his father died ſoon, and he took no delight in the ſtudy of the law, but, having always amuſed himſelf with drawing, reſolved to turn painter, and became pupil to Mr. Richardſon, an artiſt then of high reputation, but now better known by his books than by his pictures.

Having ſtudied awhile under his maſter, he became, as he tells his friend, an itinerant painter, and wandered about South Wales and the parts adjacent; but he mingled poetry with painting, and about 1727 printed *Grongar Hill* in Lewis's Miſcellany.

Being,

Being, probably, unſatisfied with his own proficiency, he, like other painters, travelled to Italy; and coming back in 1740, publiſhed the *Ruins of Rome.*

If his poem was written ſoon after his return, he did not make much uſe of his acquiſitions in painting, whatever they might be; for decline of health, and love of ſtudy, determined him to the church. He therefore entered into orders; and, it ſeems, married about the ſame time a lady of the name of *Enſor*; "whoſe grand-mother," ſays he, "was a Shakſpeare, "deſcended from a brother of every body's Shak-"ſpeare;" by her, in 1756, he had a ſon and three daughters living.

His eccleſiaſtical proviſion was a long time but ſlender. His firſt patron, Mr. Harper, gave him, in 1741, Calthorp in Leiceſterſhire, of eighty pounds a year, on which he lived ten years, and then exchanged it for Belchford in Lincolnſhire, of ſeventy-five. His condition now began to mend. In 1751, Sir John Heathcote gave him Coningſby, of one hundred and forty pounds a year; and in 1755 the Chancellor added Kirkby, of one hundred and ten. He complains that the repair of the houſe at Coningſby, and other expences, took away the profit.

In 1757 he publiſhed the *Fleece*, his greateſt poetical work; of which I will not ſuppreſs a ludicrous ſtory. Dodſley the bookſeller was one day mentioning it to a critical viſiter, with more expectation of ſucceſs than the other could eaſily admit. In the converſation the author's age was aſked; and being repreſented as advanced in life, *He will*, ſaid the critick, *be buried in woollen.*

He did not indeed long ſurvive that publication, nor long enjoy the increaſe of his preferments; for in 1758 he died.

Dyer is not a poet of bulk or dignity ſufficient to require an elaborate criticiſm. *Grongar Hill* is the happieſt of his productions: it is not indeed very accurately written; but the ſcenes which it diſplays are ſo pleaſing, the images which they raiſe ſo welcome to the mind, and the reflexions of the writer ſo conſonant to the general ſenſe or experience of mankind, that when it is once read, it will be read again.

The idea of the *Ruins of Rome* ſtrikes more, but pleaſes leſs, and the title raiſes greater expectation than the performance gratifies. Some paſſages, however, are conceived with the mind of a poet; as when, in the neighbourhood of dilapidating Edifices, he ſays,

> ——At dead of night
> The hermit oft, 'midſt his oriſons, hears,
> Aghaſt, the voice of Time diſparting towers.

Of *The Fleece*, which never became popular, and is now univerſally neglected, I can ſay little that is likely to recall it to attention. The woolcomber and the poet appear to me ſuch diſcordant natures, that an attempt to bring them together is to *couple the ſerpent with the fowl*. When Dyer, whoſe mind was not unpoetical, has done his utmoſt, by intereſting his reader in our native commodity, by interſperſing rural imagery, and incidental digreſſions, by cloathing ſmall images in great words, and by all the writer's arts of deluſion, the meanneſs naturally adhering, and the irreverence habitually annexed, to trade and manufacture, ſink him under inſuperable oppreſſion; and the diſguſt

diſguſt which blank verſe, encumbering and encumbered, ſuperadds to an unpleaſing ſubject, ſoon repels the reader, however willing to be pleaſed.

Let me however honeſtly report whatever may counterbalance this weight of cenſure. I have been told, that Akenſide, who, upon a poetical queſtion, has a right to be heard, ſaid, "That he would regulate "his opinion of the reigning taſte by the fate of Dyer's "*Fleece*; for, if that were ill received, he ſhould not "think it any longer reaſonable to expect fame from "excellence."

Mr. Dolman, to whoſe care he was indebted for his eaſe and leiſure, died in 1745, and the care of his own fortune now fell upon him. He tried to eſcape it a while, and lived at his houſe with his tenants, who were diſtantly related; but, finding that imperfect poſſeſſion inconvenient, he took the whole eſtate into his own hands, more to the improvement of its beauty, than the increaſe of its produce.

Now was excited his delight in rural pleaſures, and his ambition of rural elegance: he began from this time to point his proſpects, to diverſy his ſurface, to entangle his walks, and to wind his waters; which he did with ſuch judgement and ſuch fancy, as made his little domain the envy of the great, and the admiration of the ſkilful; a place to be viſited by travellers, and copied by deſigners. Whether to plant a walk in undulating curves, and to place a bench at every turn where there is an object to catch the view; to make water run where it will be heard, and to ſtagnate where it will be ſeen; to leave intervals where the eye will be pleaſed, and to thicken the plantation where there is ſomething to be hidden; demands any great powers of mind, I will not enquire: perhaps a ſullen and ſurly ſpeculator may think ſuch performances rather the ſport than the buſineſs of human reaſon. But it muſt be at leaſt confeſſed, that to embelliſh the form of nature is an innocent amuſement; and ſome praiſe muſt be allowed, by the moſt ſupercilious obſerver, to him who does beſt what ſuch multitudes are contending to do well.

This praiſe was the praiſe of Shenſtone; but, like all other modes of felicity, it was not enjoyed without its abatements. Lyttelton was his neighbour and his rival,

rival, whoſe empire, ſpacious and opulent, looked with diſdain on the *petty State* that *appeared behind it*. For a while the inhabitants of Hagley affected to tell their acquaintance of the little fellow that was trying to make himſelf admired; but when by degrees the Leaſowes forced themſelves into notice, they took care to defeat the curioſity which they could not ſuppreſs, by conducting their viſitants perverſely to inconvenient points of view, and introducing them at the wrong end of a walk to detect a deception; injuries of which Shenſtone would heavily complain. Where there is emulation there will be vanity, and where there is vanity there will be folly.

The pleaſure of Shenſtone was all in his eye; he valued what he valued merely for its looks; nothing raiſed his indignation more than to aſk if there were any fiſhes in his water.

His houſe was mean, and he did not improve it; his care was of his grounds. When he came home from his walks, he might find his floors flooded by a ſhower through the broken roof; but could ſpare no money for its reparation.

In time his expences brought clamours about him, that overpowered the lamb's bleat and the linnet's ſong; and his groves were haunted by beings very different from fawns and fairies. He ſpent his eſtate in adorning it, and his death was probably haſtened by his anxieties. He was a lamp that ſpent its oil in blazing. It is ſaid, that if he had lived a little longer he would have been aſſiſted by a penſion: ſuch bounty could not have been ever more properly beſtowed; but that it was ever aſked is not certain; it is too certain that it never was enjoyed.

He

Mr. Dolman, to whoſe care he was indebted for his eaſe and leiſure, died in 1745, and the care of his own fortune now fell upon him. He tried to eſcape it a while, and lived at his houſe with his tenants, who were diſtantly related; but, finding that imperfect poſſeſſion inconvenient, he took the whole eſtate into his own hands, more to the improvement of its beauty, than the increaſe of its produce.

Now was excited his delight in rural pleaſures, and his ambition of rural elegance: he began from this time to point his proſpects, to diverſy his ſurface, to entangle his walks, and to wind his waters; which he did with ſuch judgement and ſuch fancy, as made his little domain the envy of the great, and the admiration of the ſkilful; a place to be viſited by travellers, and copied by deſigners. Whether to plant a walk in undulating curves, and to place a bench at every turn where there is an object to catch the view; to make water run where it will be heard, and to ſtagnate where it will be ſeen; to leave intervals where the eye will be pleaſed, and to thicken the plantation where there is ſomething to be hidden; demands any great powers of mind, I will not enquire: perhaps a ſullen and ſurly ſpeculator may think ſuch performances rather the ſport than the buſineſs of human reaſon. But it muſt be at leaſt confeſſed, that to embelliſh the form of nature is an innocent amuſement; and ſome praiſe muſt be allowed, by the moſt ſuperciliious obſerver, to him who does beſt what ſuch multitudes are contending to do well.

This praiſe was the praiſe of Shenſtone; but, like all other modes of felicity, it was not enjoyed without its abatements. Lyttelton was his neighbour and his rival,

rival, whoſe empire, ſpacious and opulent, looked with diſdain on the *petty State* that *appeared behind it*. For a while the inhabitants of Hagley affected to tell their acquaintance of the little fellow that was trying to make himſelf admired; but when by degrees the Leaſowes forced themſelves into notice, they took care to defeat the curioſity which they could not ſuppreſs, by conducting their viſitants perverſely to inconvenient points of view, and introducing them at the wrong end of a walk to detect a deception; injuries of which Shenſtone would heavily complain. Where there is emulation there will be vanity, and where there is vanity there will be folly.

The pleaſure of Shenſtone was all in his eye; he valued what he valued merely for its looks; nothing raiſed his indignation more than to aſk if there were any fiſhes in his water.

His houſe was mean, and he did not improve it; his care was of his grounds. When he came home from his walks, he might find his floors flooded by a ſhower through the broken roof; but could ſpare no money for its reparation.

In time his expences brought clamours about him, that overpowered the lamb's bleat and the linnet's ſong; and his groves were haunted by beings very different from fawns and fairies. He ſpent his eſtate in adorning it, and his death was probably haſtened by his anxieties. He was a lamp that ſpent its oil in blazing. It is ſaid, that if he had lived a little longer he would have been aſſiſted by a penſion: ſuch bounty could not have been ever more properly beſtowed; but that it was ever aſked is not certain; it is too certain that it never was enjoyed.

He

He died at the Leaſowes of a putrid fever, about five on Friday morning, February 11, 1763; and was buried by the ſide of his brother in the church-yard of Hales-Owen.

He was never married, though he might have obtained the lady, whoever ſhe was, to whom his *Paſtoral Ballad* was addreſſed. He is repreſented by his friend Dodſley as a man of great tenderneſs and generoſity, kind to all that were within his influence; but, if once offended, not eaſily appeaſed; inattentive to œconomy, and careleſs of his expences; in his perſon larger than the middle ſize, with ſomething clumſy in his form; very negligent of his cloaths, and remarkable for wearing his grey hair in a particular manner; for he held that the faſhion was no rule of dreſs, and that every man was to ſuit his appearance to his natural form.

His mind was not very comprehenſive, nor his curioſity active; he had no value for thoſe parts of knowledge which he had not himſelf cultivated.

His life was unſtained by any crime; the Elegy on *Jeſſe*, which has been ſuppoſed to relate an unfortunate and criminal amour of his own, was known by his friends to have been ſuggeſted by the ſtory of Miſs Godfrey in Richardſon's *Pamela*.

What Gray thought of his character, from the peruſal of his Letters, was this:

"I have read too an octavo volume of Shenſtone's "Letters. Poor man! he was always wiſhing for "money, for fame, and other diſtinctions; and his "whole philoſophy conſiſted in living againſt his will "in retirement, and in a place which his taſte had "adorned; but which he only enjoyed when people

"of

"of note came to ſee and commend it: his corre-
" ſpondence is about nothing elſe but this place and
" his own writings, with two or three neighbouring
" clergymen, who wrote verſes too."

His poems conſiſt of elegies, odes and ballads, humorous fallies and moral pieces.

His conception of an Elegy he has in his Preface very judiciouſly and diſcriminately explained. It is, according to his account, the effuſion of a contemplative mind, ſometimes plaintive, and always ſerious, and therefore ſuperior to the glitter of ſlight ornaments. His compoſitions ſuit not ill to this deſcription. His topicks of praiſe are the domeſtic virtues, and his thoughts are pure and ſimple; but, wanting combination, they want variety. The peace of ſolitude, the innocence of inactivity, and the unenvied ſecurity of an humble ſtation, can fill but a few pages: That of which the eſſence is uniformity will be ſoon deſcribed. His Elegies have therefore too much reſemblance of each other.

The lines are ſometimes, ſuch as Elegy requires, ſmooth and eaſy; but to this praiſe his claim is not conſtant: his diction is often harſh, improper, and affected; his words ill-coined, or ill-choſen, and his phraſe unſkilfully inverted.

The Lyrick Poems are almoſt all of the light and airy kind, ſuch as trip lightly and nimbly along, without the load of any weighty meaning. From theſe, however, *Rural Elegance* has ſome right to be excepted. I once heard it praiſed by a very learned lady; and though the lines are irregular, and the thoughts diffuſed with too much verboſity, yet it cannot be de-

nied to contain both philoſophical argument and poetical ſpirit.

Of the reſt I cannot think any excellent; the *Skylark* pleaſes me beſt, which has however more of the epigram than of the ode.

But the four parts of his *Paſtoral Ballad* demand particular notice. I cannot but regret that it is paſtoral; an intelligent reader, acquainted with the ſcenes of real life, ſickens at the mention of the *crook*, the *pipe*, the *ſheep*, and the *kids*, which it is not neceſſary to bring forward to notice, for the poet's art is ſelection, and he ought to ſhew the beauties without the groſsneſs of the country life. His ſtanza ſeems to have been choſen in imitation of Rowe's *Deſpairing Shepherd*.

In the firſt part are two paſſages, to which if any mind denies its ſympathy, it has no acquaintance with love or nature:

I priz'd every hour that went by,
Beyond all that had pleas'd me before;
But now they are paſt, and I ſigh,
And I grieve that I priz'd them no more.

When fore'd the fair nymph to forego,
What anguiſh I felt in my heart!
Yet I thought—but it might not be ſo,
'Twas with pain that ſhe ſaw me depart.

She gaz'd, as I ſlowly withdrew,
My path I could hardly diſcern;
So ſweetly ſhe bade me adieu,
I thought that ſhe bade me return.

In the ſecond this paſſage has its prettineſs, though it be not equal to the former:

I have

Of the Moral Poems the firſt is the *Choice of Hercules*, from Xenophon. The numbers are ſmooth, the diction elegant, and the thoughts juſt; but ſomething of vigour perhaps is ſtill to be wiſhed, which it might have had by brevity and compreſſion. His *Fate of Delicacy* has an air of gaiety, but not a very pointed general moral. His blank verſes, thoſe that can read them may probably find to be like the blank verſes of his neighbours. *Love and Honour* is derived from the old ballad, *Did you not hear of a Spaniſh Lady*—I wiſh it well enough to wiſh it were in rhyme.

The *School-miſtreſs*, of which I know not what claim it has to ſtand among the Moral Works, is ſurely the moſt pleaſing of Shenſtone's performances. The adoption of a particular ſtyle, in light and ſhort compoſitions, contributes much to the increaſe of pleaſure: we are entertained at once with two imitations, of nature in the ſentiments, of the original author in the ſtyle, and between them the mind is kept in perpetual employment.

The general recommendation of Shenſtone is eaſineſs and ſimplicity; his general defect is want of comprehenſion and variety. Had his mind been better ſtored with knowledge, whether he could have been great, I know not; he could certainly have been agreeable.

YOUNG.

YOUNG.

THE following life was written, at my requeſt, by a gentleman who had better information than I could eaſily have obtained; and the publick will perhaps wiſh that I had ſolicited and obtained more ſuch favours from him.

"DEAR SIR,

In conſequence of our different converſations about authentick materials for the Life of Young, I ſend you the following detail. It is not, I confeſs, immediately in the line of my profeſſion; but hard indeed is our fate at the bar, if we may not call a few hours now-and-then our own.

Of great men, ſomething muſt always be ſaid to gratify curioſity. Of the great author of the *Night Thoughts* much has been told of which there never could have been proofs; and little care appears to have been taken to tell that of which proofs, with little trouble, might have been procured.

EDWARD YOUNG was born at Upham, near Wincheſter, in June, 1681. He was the ſon of Edward

ward Young, at that time Fellow of Wincheſter College and Rector of Upham; who was the ſon of Jo. Young of Woodhay in Berkſhire, ſtyled by Wood *gentleman*. In September 1682 the Poet's father was collated to the prebend of Gillingham Minor, in the church of Sarum, by biſhop Ward. When Ward's faculties were impaired by age, his duties were neceſſarily performed by others. We learn from Wood, that, at a viſitation of Sprat, July the 12th, 1686, the prebendary preached a Latin ſermon, afterwards publiſhed, with which the Biſhop was ſo pleaſed, that he told the Chapter he was concerned to find the preacher had one of the worſt prebends in their church. Some time after this, in conſequence of his merit and reputation, or of the intereſt of Lord Bradford, to whom, in 1702, he dedicated two volumes of ſermons, he was appointed chaplain to king William and Queen Mary, and preferred to the deanery of Sarum. Jacob, who wrote in 1720, ſays, he was chaplain and clerk of the cloſet to the late Queen, who honoured him by ſtanding godmother to the Poet. His fellowſhip of Wincheſter he reſigned in favour of a Mr. Harris, who married his only daughter. The Dean died at Sarum, after a ſhort illneſs, in 1705, in the ſixty-third year of his age. On the Sunday after his deceaſe Biſhop Burnet preached at the cathedral, and began his ſermon with ſaying, "Death has been "of late walking round us, and making breach upon "breach upon us, and has now carried away the head "of this body with a ſtroke; ſo that he, whom you "ſaw a week ago diſtributing the holy myſteries, is "now laid in the duſt. But he ſtill lives in the many

"excellent

"excellent directions he has left us, both how to live "and how to die."

The Dean placed his ſon upon the foundation at Wincheſter College, where he had himſelf been educated. At this ſchool Edward Young remained till the election after his eighteenth birth-day, the period at which thoſe upon the foundation are ſuperannuated. Whether he did not betray his abilities early in life, or his maſters had not ſkill enough to diſcover in their pupil any marks of genius for which he merited reward, or no vacancy at Oxford afforded them an opportunity to beſtow upon him the reward provided for merit by William of Wykeham; certain it is, that to an Oxford fellowſhip our Poet did not ſucceed. By chance, or by choice, New College does not number among its Fellows him who wrote the *Night Thoughts*.

On the 13th of October, 1703, he was entered an Independent Member of New College, that he might live at little expence in the Warden's lodgings, who was a particular friend of his father, till he ſhould be qualified to ſtand for a fellowſhip at All-ſouls. In a few months the warden of New College died. He then removed to Corpus College. The Preſident of this Society, from regard alſo for his father, invited him thither, in order to leſſen his academical expences. In 1708, he was nominated to a law fellowſhip at All-ſouls by Archbiſhop Teniſon, into whoſe hands it came by devolution.—Such repeated patronage, while it juſtifies Burnet's praiſe of the father, reflects credit on the conduct of the ſon. The manner in which it was exerted ſeems to prove, that the father did not leave behind him much wealth.

On the 23d of April, 1714, Young took his degree of Batchelor of Civil Laws, and his Doctor's degree on the 10th of June, 1719.

Soon after he went to Oxford, he diſcovered, it is ſaid, an inclination for pupils. Whether he ever commenced tutor is not known. None has hitherto boaſted to have received his academical inſtruction from the author of the *Night Thoughts*.

It is certain that his college was proud of him no leſs as a ſcholar than as a poet; for, in 1716, when the foundation of the Codrington Library was laid, two years after he had taken his Batchelor's degree, he was appointed to ſpeak the Latin oration. This is at leaſt particular for being dedicated in Engliſh *To the Ladies of the Codrington Family*. To theſe Ladies he ſays, "that he was unavoidably flung into a ſingularity, by being obliged to write an epiſtle-dedicatory void of common-place, and ſuch an one as was never publiſhed before by any author whatever:—that this practice abſolved them from any obligation of reading what was preſented to them;—and that the bookſeller approved of it, becauſe it would make people ſtare, was abſurd enough, and perfectly right."

Of this oration there is no appearance in his own edition of his works; and prefixed to an edition by Curll and Tonſon, in 1741, is a letter from Young to Curll, if Curll may be credited, dated December the 9th, 1739, wherein he ſays he has not leiſure to review what he formerly wrote, and adds, "I have "not the *Epiſtle to Lord Lanſdowne*. If you will take "my advice, I would have you omit that, and the "oration on *Codrington*. I think the collection will "ſell better without them."

There are who relate, that, when firſt Young found himſelf independent, and his own maſter at All-ſouls, he was not the ornament to religion and morality which he afterwards became.

The authority of his father, indeed, had ceaſed ſome time before by his death; and Young was certainly not aſhamed to be patronized by the infamous Wharton. But Wharton befriended in Young, perhaps, the poet, and particularly the tragedian. If virtuous authors, muſt be patroniſed only by virtuous peers, who ſhall point them out?

Yet Pope is ſaid by Ruffhead to have told Warburton, that "Young had much of a ſublime genius, though without common ſenſe; ſo that his genius, having no guide, was perpetually liable to degenerate into bombaſt. This made him paſs a *fooliſh youth*, the ſport of peers and poets: but his having a very good heart enabled him to ſupport the clerical character when he aſſumed it, firſt with decency, and afterwards with honour."

They who think ill of Young's morality in the early part of his life, may perhaps be wrong; but Tindal could not err in his opinion of Young's warmth and ability in the cauſe of religion. Tindal uſed to ſpend much of his time at All-ſouls. "The other "boys," ſaid the atheiſt, "I can always anſwer, be- "cauſe I always know whence they have their argu- "ments, which I have read an hundred times; but "that fellow Young is continually peſtering me with "ſomething of his own."

After all, Tindal and the cenſurers of Young may be reconcileable. Young might, for two or three years, have tried that kind of life, in which his na-

tural principles would not ſuffer him to wallow long. If this were ſo, he has left behind him not only his evidence in favour of virtue, but the potent teſtimony of experience againſt vice.

We ſhall ſoon ſee that one of his earlieſt productions was more ſerious than what comes from the generality of unfledged poets.

Young perhaps aſcribed the good fortune of Addiſon to the *Poem to his Majeſty*, preſented, with a copy of verſes, to Somers; and hoped that he alſo might ſoar to wealth and honours on wings of the ſame kind. His firſt poetical flight was when Queen Anne called up to the Houſe of Lords the ſons of the Earls of Northampton and Aylesbury, and added, in one day, ten others to the number of peers. In order to reconcile the people to one at leaſt of the new Lords, he publiſhed, in 1712, *An Epiſtle to the Right Honourable George Lord Lanſdowne*. In this compoſition the poet pours out his panegyrick with the extravagance of a young man, who thinks his preſent ſtock of wealth will never be exhauſted.

The poem ſeems intended alſo to reconcile the publick to the late peace. This is endeavoured to be done by ſhewing that men are ſlain in war, and that in peace *harveſts wave, and commerce ſwells her ſail.* If this be humanity, is it politicks? Another purpoſe of this epiſtle appears to have been, to prepare the publick for the reception of ſome tragedy of his own. His Lordſhip's patronage, he ſays, will not let him *repent his paſſion for the ſtage*;—and the particular praiſe beſtowed on *Othello* and *Oroonoko* looks as if ſome ſuch character as *Zanga* was even then in contemplation. The affectionate mention of the death of his friend

friend Harriſon of New College, at the cloſe of this poem, is an inſtance of Young's art, which diſplayed itſelf ſo wonderfully ſome time afterwards in the *Night Thoughts*, of making the publick a party in his private ſorrow.

Should juſtice call upon you to cenſure this poem, it ought at leaſt to be remembered that he did not inſert it into his works; and that in the letter to Curll, as we have ſeen, he adviſes its omiſſion. The booksellers, in the late body of Engliſh Poetry, ſhould have diſtinguiſhed what was deliberately rejected by the reſpective authors. This I ſhall be careful to do with regard to Young. "I think," ſays he, "the following pieces in *four* volumes to be the moſt excuſeable of all that I have written; and I wiſh *leſs apology* was needful for theſe. As there is no recalling what is got abroad, the pieces here republiſhed I have reviſed and corrected, and rendered them as *pardonable* as it was in my power to do."

Shall the gates of repentance be ſhut only againſt literary ſinners?

When Addiſon publiſhed *Cato* in 1713, Young had the honour of prefixing to it a recommendatory copy of verſes. This is one of the pieces which the author of the *Night Thoughts* did not republiſh.

On the appearance of his *Poem on the Laſt Day*, Addiſon did not return Young's compliment; but *The Engliſhman* of October 29, 1713, which was probably written by Addiſon, ſpeaks handſomely of this poem. The *Laſt Day* was publiſhed ſoon after the peace. The vice-chancellor's *imprimatur*, for it was firſt printed at Oxford, is dated May the 19th, 1713. From the Exordium Young appears to have ſpent ſome time on

the compoſition of it. While other bards *with Britain's hero ſet their ſouls on fire*, he draws, he ſays, a deeper ſcene. Marlborough *had been* conſidered by Britain as her *hero*; but, when the *Laſt Day* was publiſhed, female cabal had blaſted for a time the laurels of Blenheim. This ſerious poem was finiſhed by Young as early as 1710, before he was thirty; for part of it is printed in the *Tatler*. It was inſcribed to the Queen, in a dedication, which, for ſome reaſon, he did not admit into his works. It tells her, that his only title to the great honour he now does himſelf is the obligation he formerly received from her royal indulgence.

Of this obligation nothing is now known, unleſs he alluded to her being his godmother. He is ſaid indeed to have been engaged at a ſettled ſtipend as a writer for the court. In Swift's "Rhapſody on poetry" are theſe lines, ſpeaking of the court——

Whence Gay was baniſh'd in diſgrace,
Where Pope will never ſhow his face,
Where Y—— muſt torture his invention
To flatter knaves, or loſe his penſion.

That Y——— means Young is clear from four other lines in the ſame poem.

Attend, ye Popes and Youngs and Gays,
And tune your harps and ſtrew your bays;
Your panegyricks here provide;
You cannot err on flattery's ſide.

Yet who ſhall ſay with certainty, that Young was a penſioner? In all modern periods of this country, have not the writers on one ſide been regularly called Hirelings, and on the other Patriots?

Of

Of the dedication the complexion is clearly political. It ſpeaks in the higheſt terms of the late peace;—it gives her Majeſty praiſe indeed for her victories, but ſays that the author is more pleaſed to ſee her riſe from this lower world, ſoaring above the clouds, paſſing the firſt and ſecond heavens, and leaving the fixed ſtars behind her;—nor will he loſe her there, but keep her ſtill in view through the boundleſs ſpaces on the other ſide of Creation, in her journey towards eternal bliſs, till he behold the heaven of heavens open, and angels receiving and conveying her ſtill onward from the ſtretch of his imagination, which tires in her purſuit, and falls back again to earth.

The Queen was ſoon called away from this lower world, to a place where human praiſe or human flattery even leſs general than this are of little conſequence. If Young thought the dedication contained only the praiſe of truth, he ſhould not have omitted it in his works. Was he conſcious of the exaggeration of party? Then he ſhould not have written it. The poem itſelf is not without a glance to politicks, notwithſtanding the ſubject. The cry that the church was in danger, had not yet ſubſided. The *Laſt Day*, written by a layman, was much approved by the miniſtry, and their friends.

Before the Queen's death, *The Force of Religion, or Vanquiſhed Love*, was ſent into the world. This poem is founded on the execution of Lady Jane Gray and her huſband Lord Guildford in 1554—a ſtory choſen for the ſubject of a tragedy by Edmund Smith, and wrought into a tragedy by Rowe. The dedication of it to the counteſs of Saliſbury does not appear in his own edition. He hopes it may be ſome excuſe for

his preſumption that the ſtory could not have been read without thoughts of the Counteſs of Saliſbury, though it had been dedicated to another. "To be-"hold," he proceeds, "a perſon *only* virtuous, ſtirs "in us a prudent regret; to behold a perſon *only* ami-"able to the ſight, warms us with a religious indig-"nation; but to turn our eyes on a counteſs of Saliſ-"bury, gives us pleaſure and improvement; it works "a ſort of miracle, occaſions the biaſs of our nature "to fall off from ſin, and makes our very ſenſes and "affections converts to our religion, and promoters "of our duty." His flattery was as ready for the other ſex as for ours, and was at leaſt as well adapted.

Auguſt the 27th, 1714, Pope writes to his friend Jervas, that he is juſt arrived from Oxford—that every one is much concerned for the Queen's death, but that no panegyrics are ready yet for the King. Nothing like friendſhip had yet taken place between Pope and Young; for, ſoon after the event which Pope mentions, Young publiſhed a poem on the Queen's death, and his Majeſty's acceſſion to the throne. It is inſcribed to Addiſon, then ſecretary to the Lords Juſtices. Whatever was the obligation which he had formerly received from Anne, the poet appears to aim at ſomething of the ſame ſort from George. Of the poem the intention ſeems to have been, to ſhew that he had the ſame extravagant ſtrain of praiſe for a King as for a Queen. To diſcover, at the very outſet of a foreigner's reign, that the Gods bleſs his new ſubjects in ſuch a King, is ſomething more than praiſe. Neither was this deemed one of his *unſaleable pieces*. We do not find it in his works.

Young's

Young's father had been well acquainted with Lady Anne Wharton, the firſt wife of Thomas Wharton, Eſq; afterwards Marquis of Wharton——a Lady celebrated for her poetical talents by Burnet and by Waller.

To the Dean of Sarum's viſitation ſermon, already mentioned, were added ſome verſes "by that excellent poteſs Mrs Anne Wharton," upon its being tranſlated into Engliſh, at the inſtance of Waller, by Atwood. Wharton, after he became ennobled, did not drop the ſon of his old friend. In him, during the ſhort time he lived, Young found a patron, and in his diſſolute deſcendant a friend and a companion. The Marquis died in April 1715. The beginning of the next year the young Marquis ſet out upon his travels, from which he returned in about a twelvemonth. The beginning of 1717 carried him to Ireland; where, ſays the Biographia, "on the ſcore of his extraordinary qualities, he had the honour done him of being "admitted, though under age, to take his ſeat in "the Houſe of Lords."

With this unhappy character it is not unlikely that Young went to Ireland. From his Letter to Richardſon on *Original Compoſition*, it is clear he was, at ſome period of his life, in that country. "I remember," ſays he, in that Letter, ſpeaking of Swift, "as I "and others were taking with him an evening walk, "about a mile out of *Dublin*, he ſtopt ſhort; we paſſed "on; but, perceiving he did not follow us, I went "back, and found him fixed as a ſtatue, and earneſtly "gazing upward at a noble elm, which in its upper-"moſt branches was much withered and decayed. "Pointing at it," he ſaid, "I ſhall be like that tree, I "ſhall die at top."—Is it not probable, that this viſit

to

to Ireland was paid when he had an opportunity of going thither with his avowed friend and patron?

From *The Engliſhman* it appears that a tragedy by Young was in the theatre ſo early as 1713. Yet *Buſiris* was not brought upon Drury-Lane Stage till 1719. It was inſcribed to the Duke of Newcaſtle, "becauſe "the late inſtances he had received of his Grace's un- "deſerved and uncommon favour, in an affair of ſome "conſequence, foreign to the theatre, had taken from "him the privilege of chuſing a patron." The Dedication he afterwards ſuppreſſed.

Buſiris was followed in the year 1721 by *The Revenge*. Left at liberty now to chuſe his patron, he dedicated this famous tragedy to the Duke of Wharton. "Your Grace," ſays the Dedication, "has "been pleaſed to make yourſelf acceſſary to the fol- "lowing ſcenes, not only by ſuggeſting the moſt "beautiful incident in them, but by making all poſ- "ſible proviſion for the ſucceſs of the whole."

That his Grace ſhould have ſuggeſted the incident to which he alludes, whatever that incident be, is not unlikely. The laſt mental exertion of the ſuperannuated young man, in his quarters at Lerida, in Spain, was ſome ſcenes of a tragedy on the ſtory of Mary Queen of Scots.

Dryden dedicated *Marriage à la Mode* to Wharton's infamous relation Rocheſter; whom he acknowledges not only as the defender of his poetry, but as the promoter of his fortune. Young concludes his addreſs to Wharton thus—"My preſent fortune is his "bounty, and my future his care; which I will ven- "ture to ſay will be always remembered to his ho- "nour, ſince he, I know, intended his generoſity as

"all

"an encouragement to merit, though, through his very "pardonable partiality to one who bears him ſo ſin- "cere a duty and reſpect, I happen to receive the be- "nefit of it." That he ever had ſuch a patron as Wharton, Young took all the pains in his power to conceal from the world, by excluding this dedication from his works. He ſhould have remembered, that he at the ſame time concealed his obligation to Wharton for *the moſt beautiful incident* in what is ſurely not his leaſt beautiful compoſition. The paſſage juſt quoted is, in a poem afterwards addreſſed to Walpole, literally copied:

Be this thy partial ſmile from cenſure free;
'Twas meant for merit, though it fell on me.

While Young, who, in his *Love of Fame*, complains grievouſly how often *dedications waſh an Æthiop white*, was painting an amiable Duke of Wharton in periſhable proſe, Pope was, perhaps, beginning to deſcribe the *ſcorn and wonder of his days*, in laſting verſe.

To the patronage of ſuch a character, had Young ſtudied men as much as Pope, he would have known how little to have truſted. Young, however, was certainly indebted to it for ſomething material; and the Duke's regard for Young, added to his *Luſt of Praiſe*, procured to All-ſouls College a donation, which was not forgotten by the poet when he dedicated *The Revenge*.

It will ſurprize you to ſee me cite ſecond Atkins, Caſe 136, Stiles *verſus* the Attorney General, 14 March 1740; as authority for the Life of a Poet. But Biographers do not always find ſuch certain guides as the

the faults of thoſe whoſe lives they write. Chancellor Hardwicke was to determine whether two annuities, granted by the Duke of Wharton to Young, were for legal conſiderations. One was dated the 24th of March 1719, and accounted for his Grace's bounty in a ſtyle princely and commendable, if not legal—"conſidering that the publick good is advanced "by the encouragement of learning and the polite "arts, and being pleaſed therein with the attempts "of Dr. Young, in conſideration thereof, and of the "love he bore him, &c." The other was dated the 10th of July, 1722.

Young, on his examination, ſwore that he quitted the Exeter family, and refuſed an annuity of 100*l.* which had been offered him for his life if he would continue tutor to Lord Burleigh, upon the preſſing ſolicitations of the Duke of Wharton, and his Grace's aſſurances of providing for him in a much more ample manner. It alſo appeared that the Duke had given him a bond for 600*l.* dated the 15th of March 1721, in conſideration of his taking ſeveral journies, and being at great expences, in order to be choſen member of the Houſe of Commons at the Duke's deſire, and in conſideration of his not taking two livings of 200*l.* and 400*l.* in the gift of All-ſouls College, on his Grace's promiſes of ſerving and advancing him in the world.

Of his adventures in the Exeter family I am unable to give any account. The attempt to get into Parliament was at Cirenceſter, where Young ſtood a conteſted election. His Grace diſcovered in him talents for oratory as well as for poetry. Nor was this judgement wrong. Young, after he took orders, became a very

a very popular preacher, and was much followed for the grace and animation of his delivery. By his oratorical talents he was once in his life, according to the Biographia, deſerted. As he was preaching in his turn at St. James's, he plainly perceived it was out of his power to command the attention of his audience. This ſo affected the feelings of the preacher, that he ſat back in the pulpit, and burſt into tears. —But we muſt purſue his poetical life.

In 1719 he lamented the death of Addiſon, in a Letter addreſſed to their common friend Tickell. For the ſecret hiſtory of the following lines, if they contain any, it is now vain to ſeek:

> *In joy once join'd*, in ſorrow, now, for years—
> Partner in grief, and brother of my tears,
> Tickell, accept this verſe, thy mournful due.

From your account of Tickell it appears that he and Young uſed to "communicate to each other whatever "verſes they wrote, even to the leaſt things."

In 1719 appeared a *Paraphraſe on Part of the Book of Job*. Parker, to whom it is dedicated, had not long, by means of the ſeals, been qualified for a patron. Of this work the author's opinion may be known from his Letter to Curll: "You ſeem, in the Collection you "propoſe, to have omitted what I think may claim "the firſt place in it; I mean *a Tranſlation from Part "of Job*, printed by Mr. Tonſon." The Dedication, which was only ſuffered to appear in Tonſon's copies, while it ſpeaks with ſatisfaction of his preferment, ſeems to make an unuſual ſtruggle to diſcharge from retirement. But every one who ſings in the cage does not ſing from joy. It is addicted, in no com-

mon ſtrain of flattery, to a Chancellor, of whom he clearly appears to have had no kind of knowledge.

Of his Satires it would not have been impoſſible to fix the dates without the aſſiſtance of firſt editions, which, as you had occaſion to obſerve in your account of Dryden, are with difficulty found. We muſt then have referred to the Poems, to diſcover when they were written. For theſe internal notes of time we ſhould not have referred in vain. The firſt Satire laments that "Guilt's "chief foe in Addiſon is fled." The ſecond, addreſſing himſelf, aſks,

Is thy ambition ſweating for a rhyme,
Thou unambitious fool, at this late time?
A fool at *forty* is a fool indeed.

The Satires were originally publiſhed ſeparately in folio, under the title of *The Univerſal Paſſion*. Theſe paſſages fix the appearance of the firſt to about 1725, the time at which it came out. As Young ſeldom ſuffered his pen to dry, after he had once dipped it in poetry, we may conclude that he began his Satires ſoon after he had written the *Paraphraſe on Job*. The laſt Satire was certainly finiſhed in the beginning of the year 1726. In December 1725 the King, in his paſſage from Helvoetſluys, eſcaped with great difficulty from a ſtorm by landing at Rye; and the concluſion of the Satire turns the eſcape into a miracle, in ſuch an encomiaſtick ſtrain of compliment as poetry too often ſeeks to pay to royalty.

From the ſixth of theſe poems we learn,

Midſt empire's charms, how Carolina's heart
Glow'd with the love of virtue and of art:

ſince the grateful poet tells us, in the next couplet,

Her

"way to preferments and honours; that he "tains a dutiful admiration of her father's family; "but divides her favours, and generally lives with her "mother's relations." Poetry, it is true, did not lead Young to preferments or to honours; but was there not ſomething like blindneſs in the flattery which he ſometimes forced her, and her ſiſter Proſe, to utter? She was always, indeed, taught by him to entertain a moſt dutiful admiration of riches; but ſurely Young, though nearly related to Poetry, had no connexion with her whom Plato makes the mother of Love. That he could not well complain of being related to Poverty appears clearly from the frequent bounties which his gratitude records, and from the wealth which he left behind him. By *The Univerſal Paſſion* he acquired no vulgar fortune, more than three thouſand pounds. A conſiderable ſum had already been ſwallowed up in the South-Sea. For this loſs he took the vengeance of an author. His Muſe makes poetical uſe more than once of a *South-Sea* Dream.

It is related by Mr. Spence, in his Manuſcript Anecdotes, on the authority of Mr. *Rawlinſon*, that Young, upon the publication of his *Univerſal Paſſion*, received from the Duke of Grafton two thouſand pounds; and that, when one of his friends exclaimed, *Two thouſand pounds for a poem!* he ſaid it was the beſt bargain he ever made in his life, for the poem was worth four thouſand.

This ſtory may be true; but it ſeems to have been raiſed from the two anſwers of Lord Burghley and Sir Philip Sidney in Spenſer's Life.

After inſcribing his Satires, not without the hope of preferments and honours, to the Duke of Dorſet,

Mr. Dodington, Mr. Spencer Compton, Lady Elizabeth Germain, and Sir Robert Walpole, he returns to plain panegyric. In 1726 he addreſſed a poem to Sir Robert Walpole, of which the title ſufficiently explains the intention. If Young was a ready celebrator, he did not endeavour, or did not chooſe, to be a laſting one. *The Inſtalment* is among the pieces he did not admit into the number of his *excuſeable writings*. Yet it contains a couplet which pretends to pant after the power of beſtowing immortality:

> Oh how I long, enkindled by the theme,
> In deep eternity to launch thy name!

The bounty of the former reign ſeems to have been continued, poſſibly increaſed, in this. Whatever it was, the poet thought he deſerved it;—for he was not aſhamed to acknowledge what, without his acknowledgement, would now perhaps never have been known:

> My breaſt, O Walpole, glows with grateful fire.
> The ſtreams of royal bounty, turn'd by thee,
> Refreſh the dry domains of poeſy.

If the purity of modern patriotiſm term Young a penſioner, it muſt at leaſt be confeſſed he was a grateful one.

The reign of the new monarch was uſhered in by Young with *Ocean, an Ode*. The hint of it was taken from the royal ſpeech, which recommended the increaſe and encouragement of the ſeamen; that they might be *invited, rather than compelled by force and violence, to enter into the ſervice of their country*;—a plan which humanity muſt lament that policy has not even yet been able, or willing, to carry into execution. Prefixed to the original publication were an *Ode to the King, Pater Patriæ*, and an *Eſſay on Lyrick Poetry*. It

is but juſtice to confeſs, that he preſerved neither of them; and that the ode itſelf, which in the firſt edition, and in the laſt, conſiſts of ſeventy-three ſtanzas, in the author's own edition is reduced to forty-nine. Among the omitted paſſages is *a Wiſh*, that concluded the poem, which few would have ſuſpected Young of forming; and of which few, after having formed it, would confeſs ſomething like their ſhame by ſuppreſſion.

It ſtood originally ſo high in the author's opinion, that he intituled the Poem, "Ocean, an Ode. *Concluding with a Wiſh.*" This wiſh conſiſts of thirteen ſtanzas. The firſt runs thus:

O may I *ſteal*
Along the *vale*
Of humble life, ſecure from foes!
My friend ſincere,
My judgment clear,
And gentle buſineſs my repoſe!

The three laſt ſtanzas are not more remarkable for juſt rhymes; but, altogether, they will make rather a curious page in the life of Young.

Prophetic ſchemes,
And golden dreams,
May I, unſanguine, caſt away!
Have what I *have*,
And live, not *leave*,
Enamoured of the preſent day!

My hours my own!
My faults unknown!
My chief revenue in content!
Then leave one *beam*
Of honeſt *fame!*
And ſcorn the laboured monument!

Unhurt

Unhurt my urn
Till that great *turn*
When mighty Nature's ſelf ſhall die,
Time ceaſe to glide,
With human pride,
Sunk in the ocean of eternity!

It is whimſical that he, who was ſoon to bid adieu to rhyme, ſhould fix upon a meaſure in which rhyme abounds even to ſatiety. Of this he ſaid, in his *Eſſay on Lyrick Poetry*, prefixed to the Poem,—"For the "more *harmony* likewiſe I choſe the frequent return "of rhyme, which laid me under great difficulties. "But difficulties, overcome, give grace and pleaſure. "Nor can I account for the *pleaſure of rhyme in general* "(of which the moderns are too fond) but from this "truth." Yet the moderns ſurely deſerve not much cenſure for their fondneſs of what, by his own confeſſion, affords pleaſure, and abounds in harmony.

The next paragraph in his *eſſay* did not occur to him when he talked of *that great turn* in the ſtanza juſt quoted. "But then the writer muſt take care that the "difficulty is overcome. That is, he muſt mak "rhyme conſiſtent with as perfect ſenſe and expreſſior "as could be expected if he was perfectly free fro "that ſhackle."

Another part of this *Eſſay* will convict the followi ſtanza of, what every reader will diſcover in it, " "voluntary burleſque."

The northern blaſt,
The ſhattered maſt,
The ſyrt, the whirlpool, and the rock,
The breaking ſpout,
The *ſtars gone out*,
The boiling ſtreight, the monſter's ſhock.

But would the Engliſh poets fill quite ſo many volumes, if all their productions were to be tried, like this, by an elaborate eſſay on each particular ſpecies of poetry of which they exhibit ſpecimens?

If Young be not a Lyric poet, he is at leaſt a critic in that ſort of poetry; and, if his Lyric poetry can be proved bad, it was firſt proved ſo by his own criticiſm. This ſurely is candid.

Milbourne was ſtyled by Pope *the fairеſt of Critics*, only becauſe he exhibited his own verſion of Virgil to be compared with Dryden's which he condemned, and with which every reader had it otherwiſe in his power to compare it. Young was ſurely not the moſt unfair of poets for prefixing to a Lyric compoſition an eſſay on Lyric Poetry ſo juſt and impartial as to condemn himſelf.

We ſhall ſoon come to a work, before which we find indeed no critical Eſſay, but which diſdains to ſhrink from the touchſtone of the ſevereſt critic; and which certainly, as I remember to have heard you ſay, if it contains ſome of the worſt, contains alſo ſome of the beſt things in the language.

Soon after the appearance of "Ocean," when he was almoſt fifty, Young entered into Orders. In April 1728, not long after he put on the gown, he was appointed chaplain to George the Second.

The tragedy of *The Brothers*, which was already in rehearſal, he immediately withdrew from the ſtage. The managers reſigned it with ſome reluctance to the delicacy of the new clergyman. The Epilogue to *The Brothers*, the only appendage to any of his three plays which he added himſelf, is, I believe, the only one of the kind. He calls it an *hiſtorical* Epilogue. Find-

ing that *Guilt's dreadful cloſe his narrow ſcene denied*, he, in a manner, continues the tragedy in the Epilogue, and relates how Rome revenged the ſhade of Demetrius, and puniſhed Perſeus *for this night's deed*.

Of Young's taking Orders ſomething is told by the biographer of Pope, which places the eaſineſs and ſimplicity of the poet in a ſingular light. When he determined on the Church, he did not addreſs himſelf to Sherlock, to Atterbury, or to Hare, for the beſt inſtructions in Theology, but to Pope; who, in a youthful frolick, adviſed the diligent peruſal of *Thomas Aquinas*. With this treaſure Young retired from interruption to an obſcure place in the ſuburbs. His poetical guide to godlineſs hearing nothing of him during half a year, and apprehending he might have carried the jeſt too far, ſought after him, and found him juſt in time to prevent what Ruffhead calls *an irretrievable derangement*.

That attachment to his favourite ſtudy which made him think a poet the ſureſt guide in his new profeſſion, left him little doubt whether poetry was the ſureſt path to its honours and preferments. Not long indeed after he took Orders, he publiſhed in proſe, 1728, *A true Eſtimate of Human Life*, dedicated, notwithſtanding the Latin quotations with which it abounds, to the Queen; and a ſermon preached before the Houſe of Commons, 1729, on the martyrdom of King Charles, intituled, *An Apology for Princes, or the Reverence due to Government*. But the "Second Diſcourſe," the counterpart of his "Eſtimate," without which it cannot be called "a *true* eſtimate," though in 1728 it was announced as "ſoon to be publiſhed," never appeared; and his old friends the Muſes were not forgotten. In 1730 he

relapſed to poetry, and ſent into the world *Imperium Pelagi: a Naval Lyric, written in Imitation of Pindar's Spirit, occaſioned by His Majeſty's Return from Hanover, September* 1729, *and the ſucceeding Peace.* It is inſcribed to the Duke of Chandos. In the Preface we are told, that the Ode is the moſt ſpirited kind of Poetry, and that the Pindaric is the moſt ſpirited kind of Ode. "This I ſpeak," he adds, with ſufficient candour, "at "my own very great peril. But truth has an eternal "title to our confeſſion, though we are ſure to ſuffer "by it." Behold, again, *the faireſt of poets.* Young's *Imperium Pelagi*, as well as his tragedies, was ridiculed in Fielding's *Tom Thumb*; but, let us not forget that it was one of his pieces which the author of the *Night Thoughts* deliberately refuſed to own.

Not long after this Pindaric attempt, he publiſhed two Epiſtles to Pope, *concerning the Authors of the Age*, 1730. Of theſe poems one occaſion ſeems to have been an apprehenſion leſt, from the livelineſs of his ſatires, he ſhould not be deemed ſufficiently ſerious for promotion in the Church.

In July 1730 he was preſented by his College to the rectory of Welwyn in Hertfordſhire. In May 1731 he married Lady Elizabeth Lee, daughter of the Earl of Litchfield, and widow of Colonel Lee. His connexion with this Lady aroſe from his father's acquaintance, already mentioned, with Lady Anne Wharton, who was coheireſs of Sir Henry Lee of Ditchley in Oxfordſhire. Poetry had lately been taught by Addiſon to aſpire to the arms of nobility, though not with extraordinary happineſs.

We may naturally conclude that Young now gave himſelf up in ſome meaſure to the comforts of his new connexion,

connexion, and to the expectations of that preferment which he thought due to his poetical talents, or, at leaſt, to the manner in which they had ſo frequently been exerted.

The next production of his Muſe was *The Sea-piece*, in two odes.

Young enjoys the credit of what is called an *Extempore Epigram* on Voltaire; who, when he was in England, ridiculed, in the company of the jealous Engliſh poet, Milton's allegory of *Sin and Death*——

You are ſo witty, profligate, and thin,
At once we think thee Milton, Death, and Sin.

From the following paſſage in the poetical Dedication of his *Sea-piece* to Voltaire, it ſeems that his extemporaneous reproof, if it muſt be extemporaneous, for what few will now affirm Voltaire to have deſerved any reproof, was ſomething longer than a diſtich, and ſomething more *gentle* than the diſtich juſt quoted.

No ſtranger, Sir, though born in foreign climes.
On *Dorſet* downs, when Milton's page,
With Sin and Death provok'd thy rage,
Thy rage provok'd, who ſooth'd with *gentle* rhymes?

By *Dorſet downs* he probably meant Mr. Dodington's ſeat. In Pitt's Poems is *An Epiſtle to Dr. Edward Young, at Eaſtbury in Dorſetſhire, on the Review at Sarum*, 1722.

While with your Dodington retired you ſit,
Charm'd with his flowing Burgundy and wit, &c.

Thomſon, in his Autumn, addreſſing Mr. Dodington, calls his ſeat the ſeat of the Muſes,

Where, in the ſecret bower and winding walk,
For virtuous Young and thee they twine the bay.

Whatever names belong to theſe facts, or, if the names be thoſe generally ſuppoſed, whatever heightening a poet's ſorrow may have given the facts; to the ſorrow Young felt from them, religion and morality are indebted for the *Night Thoughts*. There is a pleaſure ſure in ſadneſs which mourners only know!

Of theſe poems the two or three firſt have been peruſed perhaps more eagerly and more frequently than the reſt. When he got as far as the fourth or fifth, his original motive for taking up the pen was anſwered; his grief was naturally either diminiſhed or exhauſted. We ſtill find the ſame pious poet; but we hear leſs of Philander and Narciſſa, and leſs of the mourner whom we loved to pity.

Mrs. Temple died of a conſumption at Lyons, in her way to Nice, the year after her marriage; that is, when poetry relates the fact, *in her bridal hour*. It is more than poetically true, that Young accompanied her to the continent.

> I flew, I ſnatch'd her from the rigid North,
> And bore her nearer to the ſun.

But in vain. Her funeral was attended with the difficulties painted in ſuch animated colours in Night the Third. After her death, the remainder of the party paſſed the enſuing winter at Nice.

The poet ſeems perhaps in theſe compoſitions to dwell with more melancholy on the death of Philander and Narciſſa, than of his wife. But it is only for this reaſon. He who runs and reads may remember, that in the *Night Thoughts* Philander and Narciſſa are often mentioned, and often lamented. To recollect lamentations over the author's wife, the memory muſt have been charged with diſtinct paſſing. This Lady brought

brought him one child, Frederick, now living, to whom the Prince of Wales was godfather.

That domeſtick grief is, in the firſt inſtance, to be thanked for theſe ornaments to our language, it is impoſſible to deny. Nor would it be common hardineſs to contend, that worldly diſcontent had no hand in theſe joint productions of poetry and piety. Yet am I by no means ſure that, at any rate, we ſhould not have had ſomething of the ſame colour from Young's pencil, notwithſtanding the livelineſs of his ſatires. In ſo long a life, cauſes for diſcontent and occaſions for grief muſt have occurred. It is not clear to me that his Muſe was not ſitting upon the watch for the firſt which happened. *Night Thoughts* were not uncommon to her, even when firſt ſhe viſited the poet, and at a time when he himſelf was remarkable neither for gravity nor gloomineſs. In his *Laſt Day*, almoſt his earlieſt poem, he calls her the *melancholy Maid*,

> ——— whom diſmal ſcenes delight,
> Frequent at tombs and in the realms of Night.

In the prayer which concludes the ſecond book of the ſame poem, he ſays —

> —Oh! permit the gloom of ſolemn night
> To ſacred thought may forcibly invite.
> Oh! how divine to tread the milky way,
> To the bright palace of Eternal Day!

When Young was writing a tragedy, Grafton is ſaid by Spence to have ſent him a human ſkull, with a candle in it, as a lamp; and the poet is reported to have uſed it.

What he calls "The *true* eſtimate of Human Life," which has already been mentioned, exhibits only the wrong

wrong ſide of the tapeſtry; and being aſked why he did not ſhow the right, he is ſaid to have replied he could not—though by others it has been told me that this was finiſhed, but that a Lady's monkey tore it in pieces before there exiſted any copy.

Still, is it altogether fair to dreſs up the poet for the man, and to bring the gloomineſs of the *Night Thoughts* to prove the gloomineſs of Young, and to ſhew that his genius, like the genius of Swift, was in ſome meaſure the ſullen inſpiration of diſcontent?

From them who anſwer in the affirmative it ſhould not be concealed that, though *Inviſibilia non decipiunt* was inſcribed upon a deception in Young's grounds, and *Ambulantes in horto audiérunt vocem Dei* on a building in his garden, his pariſh was indebted to the good humour of the author of the *Night Thoughts* for an aſſembly and a bowling green.

Whether you think with me, I know not; but the famous *De mortuis nil niſi bonum*, always appeared to me to ſavour more of female weakneſs than of manly reaſon. He that has too much feeling to ſpeak ill of the dead, who, if they cannot defend themſelves, are at leaſt ignorant of his abuſe, will not heſitate by the moſt wanton calumny to deſtroy the quiet, the reputation, the fortune of the living. Cenſure is not heard beneath the tomb any more than praiſe. *De mortuis nil niſi verum—De vivis nil niſi bonum*—would approach perhaps much nearer to good ſenſe. After all, the few handfuls of remaining duſt which once compoſed the body of the author of the *Night Thoughts*, feel not much concern whether Young paſſes now for a man of ſorrow, or for a *fellow of infinite jeſt*. To this favour muſt come the whole family of Yorick.—His immortal

immortal part, wherever that now dwells, is ſtill leſs ſolicitous on this head.

But to a ſon of worth and ſenſibility it is of ſome little conſequence whether contemporaries believe, and poſterity be taught to believe, that his debauched and reprobate life caſt a Stygian gloom over the evening of his father's days, ſaved him the trouble of feigning a character completely deteſtable, and ſucceeded at laſt in bringing his *grey hairs with ſorrow to the grave.*

The humanity of the world, little ſatisfied with inventing perhaps a melancholy diſpoſition for the father, proceeds next to invent an argument in ſupport of their invention, and chooſes that Lorenzo ſhould be Young's own ſon. The Biographia and every account of Young pretty roundly aſſert this to be the fact; of the abſolute impoſſibility of which the Biographia itſelf, in particular dates, contains undeniable evidence. Readers I know there are of a ſtrange turn of mind, who will hereafter peruſe the *Night Thoughts* with leſs ſatisfaction; who will wiſh they had ſtill been deceived; who will quarrel with me for diſcovering that no ſuch character as their Lorenzo ever yet diſgraced human nature, or broke a father's heart. Yet would theſe admirers of the ſublime and terrible be offended, ſhould you ſet them down for cruel and for ſavage.

Of this report, inhuman to the ſurviving ſon, if it be untrue, in proportion as the character of Lorenzo is diabolical, where are we to find the proofs? Perhaps it is clear from the poems.

From the firſt line to the laſt of the *Night Thoughts*, no one expreſſion can be diſcovered which betrays any thing like the father. In the ſecond *Night* I find an expreſſion

expreſſion which betrays ſomething elſe; that Lorenzo was his friend: one, it is poſſible, of his former companions; one of the Duke of Wharton's ſet. The Poet ſtyles him *gay Friend*—an appellation not very natural from a pious incenſed father to ſuch a being as he paints Lorenzo, and that being his ſon.

But let us ſee how he has ſketched this dreadful portrait, from the ſight of ſome of whoſe features the artiſt himſelf muſt have turned away with horror.—A ſubject more ſhocking, if his only child really ſat to him, than the crucifixion of Michael Angelo; upon the horrid ſtory told of which, Young compoſed a ſhort Poem of fourteen lines in the early part of his life, which he did not think deſerved to be republiſhed.

In the firſt *Night*, the addreſs to the Poet's ſuppoſed ſon is,

> Lorenzo, Fortune makes her court to thee.

In the fifth *Night*—

> And burns Lorenzo ſtill for the ſublime
> Of life? to hang his airy neſt on high?

Is this a picture of the ſon of the rector of Welwyn?

Eighth *Night*—

> In foreign realms (for thou haſt travelled far)—

which even now does not apply to his ſon.

In *Night* five—

> So wept Lorenzo fair Clariſſa's fate,
> Who gave that angel boy on whom he dotes,
> And died to give him, orphan'd in his birth!

At the beginning of the fifth *Night* we find—

> [illegible] to recriminate is juſt,
> [illegible] is vain who writes for praiſe

But,

But, to cut ſhort all enquiry; if any one of theſe paſſages, if any paſſage in the poems be applicable, my friend ſhall paſs for Lorenzo. The ſon of the author of the *Night Thoughts* was not old enough, when they were written, to recriminate, or to be a father. The *Night Thoughts* were begun immediately after the mournful event of 1741. The firſt *Nights* appear in the books of the company of Stationers, as the property of Robert Dodſley, in 1742. The Preface to *Night* Seven is dated July the 7th, 1744. The marriage, in conſequence of which the ſuppoſed Lorenzo was born, happened in May, 1731. Young's child was not born till June 1733. In 1741 this Lorenzo, this finiſhed infidel, this *father* to whoſe education Vice had for ſome years put the laſt hand, was only *eight* years old.

An anecdote of this cruel ſort, ſo open to contradiction, ſo impoſſible to be true, who could propagate? Thus eaſily are blaſted the reputations of the living and of the dead.

Who then was Lorenzo? exclaim the readers I have mentioned. If he was not his ſon, which would have been finely terrible, was he not his nephew, his couſin?

Theſe are queſtions which I do not pretend to anſwer. For the ſake of human nature, I could wiſh Lorenzo to have been only the creation of the Poet's fancy—no more than the Quintius of Anti-Lucretius, *quo nomine*, ſays Polignac, *quemvis Atheum intellige*. That this was the caſe, many expreſſions in the *Night Thoughts* would ſeem to prove, did not a paſſage in *Night* Eight appear to ſhew that he had ſomebody in his eye for the ground-work at leaſt of the painting. Lovelace or Lorenzo may be feigned characters; but a writer

a writer does not feign a name of which he only gives the initial letter.

Tell not Caliſta. She will laugh thee dead.
Or ſend thee to her hermitage with L—.

The Biographia, not ſatisfied with pointing out the ſon of Young, in that ſon's lifetime, as his father's Lorenzo, travels out of its way into the hiſtory of the ſon, and tells of his having been forbidden his college at Oxford for miſbehaviour. How ſuch anecdotes, were they true, tend to illuſtrate the life of Young, it is not eaſy to diſcover. If the ſon of the author of the *Night Thoughts* was indeed forbidden his college for a time, at one of our Univerſities, the author of *Paradiſe Loſt* is by ſome ſuppoſed to have been diſgracefully ejected from the other. From juvenile follies who is free? But, whatever the Biographia chooſes to relate, the ſon of Young experienced no diſmiſſion from his college either laſting or temporary.

Yet, were nature to indulge him with a ſecond youth, and to leave him at the ſame time the experience of that which is paſt, he would probably ſpend it differently—who would not?—he would certainly be the occaſion of leſs uneaſineſs to his father. But, from the ſame experience, he would as certainly, in the ſame caſe, be treated differently by his father.

Young was a poet; poets, with reverence be it ſpoken, do not make the beſt parents. Fancy and imagination ſeldom deign to ſtoop from their heights; always ſtoop unwillingly to the low level of common duties. Aloof from vulgar life, they purſue their rapid flight beyond the ken of mortals, and deſcend not

not to earth but when obliged by neceſſity. The proſe of ordinary occurrences is beneath the dignity of poetry.

He who is connected with the Author of the *Night Thoughts* only by veneration for the Poet and the Chriſtian may be allowed to obſerve, that Young is one of thoſe, concerning whom, as you remark in your account of Addiſon, it is proper rather to ſay "nothing that is "falſe than all that is true."

But the ſon of Young would almoſt ſooner, I know, paſs for a Lorenzo, than ſee himſelf vindicated, at the expence of his father's memory, from follies which, if it was blameable in a boy to have committed them, it is ſurely praiſe-worthy in a man to lament, and certainly not only unneceſſary but cruel in a biographer to record.

Of the *Night Thoughts*, notwithſtanding their author's profeſſed retirement, all are inſcribed to great or to growing names. He had not yet weaned himſelf from Earls and Dukes, from Speakers of the Houſe of Commons, Lords Commiſſioners of the Treaſury, and Chancellors of the Exchequer. In *Night* Eight the politician plainly betrays himſelf——

Think no poſt needful that demands a knave,
When late our civil helm was ſhifting hands,
So P— thought: think better if you can.

Yet it muſt be confeſſed, that at the concluſion of *Night* Nine, weary perhaps of courting earthly patrons, he tells his ſoul,

Henceforth
Thy *patron* be, whoſe diadem has dropt
Yon gems of heaven; Eternity thy prize;
And leave the racers of the world their own.

The Fourth *Night* was addreſſed by "a much-in-"debted Muſe" to the Honourable Mr. Yorke, now Lord Hardwicke; who meant to have laid the Muſe under ſtill greater obligations, by the living of Shenfield in Eſſex, if it had become vacant.

The firſt *Night* concludes with this paſſage——

Dark, though not blind, like thee, Meonides;
Or Milton, thee. Ah! could I reach your ſtrain;
Or his who made Meonides our own!
Man too he ſung. Immortal man I ſing.
Oh had he preſt his theme, purſued the track
Which opens out of darkneſs into day!
Oh had he mounted on his wing of fire,
Soar'd, where I ſink, and ſung immortal man—
How had it bleſt mankind, and reſcued me!

To the author of theſe lines was dedicated, in 1756, the firſt volume of an *Eſſay on the Writings and Genius of Pope*, which attempted, whether juſtly or not, to pluck from Pope his *Wing of Fire*, and to reduce him to a rank at leaſt one degree lower than the firſt claſs of Engliſh poets. If Young accepted and approved the dedication, he countenanced this attack upon the fame of him whom he invokes as his Muſe.

Part of "paper-ſparing" Pope's Third Book of the *Odyſſey*, depoſited in the Muſeum, is written upon the back of a Letter ſigned *E. Young*, which is clearly the hand-writing of our Young. The Letter, dated only May the 2d, ſeems obſcure; but there can be little doubt that the friendſhip he requeſts was a literary one, and that he had the higheſt literary opinion of Pope. The requeſt was a prologue, I am told.

"Dear

"Dear Sir, May the 2d.

"Having been often from home, I know not if you "have done me the favour of calling on me. But, "be that as it will, I much want that inſtance of your "friendſhip I mentioned in my laſt; a friendſhip "I am very ſenſible I can receive from no one but "yourſelf. I ſhould not urge this thing ſo much but "for very particular reaſons; nor can you be at a loſs "to conceive how a *trifle of this nature* may be of ſe-"rious moment to me; and while I am in hopes of the "great advantage of your advice about it, I ſhall not be "ſo abſurd as to make any further ſtep without it. I "know you are much engaged, and only hope to hear "of you at your entire leiſure.

"I am, Sir, your moſt faithful
"and obedient ſervant,
"E. YOUNG."

Nay, even after Pope's death, he ſays, in *Night* Seven:

Pope, who could'ſt make immortals, art thou dead?

Either the *Eſſay*, then, was dedicated to a patron who diſapproved his doctrine, which I have been told by the author was not the caſe; or Young, in his old age, bartered for a dedication an opinion entertained of his friend through all that part of life when he muſt have been beſt able to form opinions.

From this account of Young, two or three ſhort paſſages, which ſtand almoſt together in *Night* Four, ſhould not be excluded. They afford a picture, by his own hand, from the ſtudy of which my readers may chooſe to form their own opinion of the features of his mind, and the complexion of his life.

Ah me! the dire effect
Of loitering here, of death defrauded long;
Of old ſo gracious (and let that ſuffice),
My very maſter knows me not.

*

I've been ſo long remember'd, I'm forgot.

*

When in his courtiers' ears I pour my plaint,
They drink it as the Nectar of the Great;
And ſqueeze my hand, and beg me come to-morrow,

*

Twice-told the period ſpent on ſtubborn Troy,
Court-favour, yet untaken, I *beſiege*.

*

If this ſong lives, Poſterity ſhall know
One, though in Britain born, with courtiers bred,
Who thought ev'n gold might come a day too late;
Nor on his ſubtle death-bed plann'd his ſcheme
For future vacancies in church or ſtate.

Deduct from the writer's age *twice told the period ſpent on ſtubborn Troy*, and you will ſtill leave him more than 40 when he ſate down to the miſerable ſiege of *court* favour. He has before told us

"A fool at 40 is a fool indeed."

After all, the ſiege ſeems to have been raiſed only in conſequence of what the General thought his *death-bed*.

By theſe extraordinary Poems, written after he was ſixty, of which I have been led to ſay ſo much, I hope, by the wiſh of doing juſtice to the living and the dead, it was the deſire of Young to be principally known. He entitled the four volumes which he publiſhed himſelf, *The Works of the Author of the Night Thoughts*.

While

While it is remembered that from theſe he excluded many of his writings, let it not be forgotten that the rejected pieces contained nothing prejudicial to the cauſe of virtue, or of religion. Were every thing that Young ever wrote to be publiſhed, he would only appear perhaps in a leſs reſpectable light as a poet, and more deſpicable as a dedicator: he would not paſs for a worſe chriſtian, or for a worſe man.—This enviable praiſe is due to Young. Can it be claimed by every writer? His dedications, after all, he had perhaps no right to ſuppreſs. They all, I believe, ſpeak, not a little to the credit of his gratitude, of favours received; and I know not whether the author, who has once ſolemnly printed an acknowledgement of a favour, ſhould not always print it.

Is it to the credit or to the diſcredit of Young, as a poet, that of his *Night Thoughts* the *French* are particularly fond?

Of the *Epitaph on Lord Aubrey Beauclerk*, dated 1740, all I know is, that I find it in the late body of Engliſh Poetry, and that I am ſorry to find it there.

Notwithſtanding the farewell which he ſeemed to have taken in the *Night Thoughts* of every thing which bore the leaſt reſemblance to ambition, he dipped again in politics. In 1745 he wrote *Reflections on the publick Situation of the Kingdom, addreſſed to the Duke of Newcaſtle*—indignant, as it appears, to behold

> —a pope-bred Princeling crawl aſhore,
> And whiſtle cut-throats, with thoſe ſwords that ſcrap'd
> Their barren rocks for wretched ſuſtenance,
> To cut his paſſage to the Britiſh throne.

This political poem might be called a *Night Thought*. Indeed it was originally printed as the concluſion of

the *Night Thoughts*, though he did not gather it with his other works.

Prefixed to the ſecond edition of Howe's *Devout Meditations* is a Letter from Young, dated January 19, 1752, addreſſed to Archibald Macauly, Eſq; thanking him for the book, which he ſays "he ſhall never lay "far out of his reach; for a greater demonſtration of "a ſound head and a ſincere heart he never ſaw."

In 1753, when *The Brothers* had lain by him above thirty years, it appeared upon the ſtage. If any part of his fortune had been acquired by ſervility of adulation, he now determined to deduct from it no inconſiderable ſum, as a gift to the Society for the Propagation of the Goſpel. To this ſum he hoped the profits of *The Brothers* would amount. In his calculation he was deceived; but by the bad ſucceſs of his play the Society was not a loſer. The author made up the ſum he originally intended, which was a thouſand pounds, from his own pocket.

The next performance which he printed was a proſe publication, entituled, *The Centaur not fabulous, in ſix Letters to a Friend on the Life in Vogue.* The concluſion is dated November 29, 1754. In the third Letter is deſcribed the death-bed of the *gay, young, noble, ingenious, accompliſhed, and moſt wretched Altamont.* His laſt words were—"My principles have poiſoned my "friend, my extravagance has beggared my boy, my "unkindneſs has murdered my wife!" Either Altamont and Lorenzo were the twin production of fancy, or Young was unlucky enough to know two characters who bore no little reſemblance to each other in perfection of wickedneſs. Report has been accuſtomed to call Altamont Lord Euſton.

The

The Old Man's Relapſe, occaſioned by an Epiſtle to Walpole, if it was written by Young, which I much doubt, muſt have been written very late in life. It has been ſeen, I am told, in a Miſcellany publiſhed thirty years before his death.—In 1758, he exhibited *The Old Man's Relapſe* in more than words, by again becoming a dedicator, and publiſhing a ſermon addreſſed to the King.

The lively Letter in proſe on *Original Compoſition*, addreſſed to Richardſon the author of *Clariſſa*, appeared in 1759. Though he deſpairs "of breaking through "the frozen obſtructions of age and care's incumbent "cloud, into that flow of thought and brightneſs of "expreſſion which ſubjects ſo polite require;" yet is it more like the production of untamed, unbridled youth, than of jaded fourſcore. Some ſevenfold volumes put him in mind of Ovid's ſevenfold channels of the Nile at the conflagration.

——————— oſtia ſeptem
Pulverulenta vocant, ſeptem ſine flumine valles.

Such leaden labours are like Lycurgus's iron money, which was ſo much leſs in value than in bulk, that it required barns for ſtrong boxes, and a yoke of oxen to draw five hundred pounds.

If there is a famine of invention in the land, we muſt travel, he ſays, like Joſeph's brethren, far for food; we muſt viſit the remote and rich antients. But an inventive genius may ſafely ſtay at home; that, like the widow's cruſe, is divinely repleniſhed from within, and affords us a miraculous delight. He aſks why it ſhould ſeem altogether impoſſible, that Heaven's lateſt editions of the human mind may be the moſt correct and fair? And Jonſon, he tells us, was very

learned, as Sampſon was very ſtrong, to his own hurt. Blind to the nature of tragedy, he pulled down all antiquity on his head, and buried himſelf under it.

Is this "care's incumbent cloud," or "the frozen "obſtructions of age?"

In this letter Pope is ſeverely cenſured for his "fall "from Homer's numbers, free as air, lofty and har- "monious as the ſpheres, into childiſh ſhackles and "tinkling ſounds; for putting Achilles in petticoats "a ſecond time;"—but we are told that the dying ſwan talked over an Epic plan with Young a few weeks before his deceaſe.

Young's chief inducement to write this letter was, as he confeſſes, that he might erect a monumental marble to the memory of an old friend. He, who employed his pious pen for almoſt the laſt time in thus doing juſtice to the exemplary death-bed of Addiſon, might probably, at the cloſe of his own life, afford no unuſeful leſſon for the deaths of others.

In the poſtſcript he writes to Richardſon, that he will ſee in his next how far Addiſon is an original. But no other letter appears.

The few lines which ſtand in the laſt edition, as *ſent by Lord Melcombe to Dr. Young, not long before his Lordſhip's death*, were indeed ſo ſent, but were only an introduction to what was there meant by *The Muſe's lateſt Spark*. The poem is neceſſary, whatever may be its merit, ſince the Preface to it is already printed. Lord Melcombe called his *Tuſculum La Trappe*.

"Love thy country, wiſh it well,
Not with too intenſe a care,
'Tis enough, that, when it fell,
Thou its ruin didſt not ſhare.

Envy's

Envy's cenſure, Flattery's praiſe,
With unmov'd indifference view;
Learn to tread Life's dangerous maze,
With unerring Virtue's clue.

Void of ſtrong deſire and fear,
Life's wide ocean truſt no more;
Strive thy little bark to ſteer
With the tide, but near the ſhore,

Thus prepar'd, thy ſhorten'd ſail
Shall, whene'er the winds increaſe,
Seizing each propitious gale,
Waft thee to the Port of Peace.

Keep thy conſcience from offence,
And tempeſtuous paſſions free,
So, when thou art call'd from hence,
Eaſy ſhall thy paſſage be;

Eaſy ſhall thy paſſage be,
Chearful thy allotted ſtay,
Short the account 'twixt God and thee;
Hope ſhall meet thee on the way;

Truth ſhall lead thee to the gate,
Mercy's ſelf ſhall let thee in,
Where its never-changing ſtate
Full perfection ſhall begin."

The Poem was accompanied by a Letter.

" *La Trappe*, the 27th Oct. 1761.

" Dear Sir,

" You ſeemed to like the ode I ſent you for your " amuſement; I now ſend it you as a preſent. If you " pleaſe to accept of it, and are willing that our friend- " ſhip ſhould be known when we are gone, you will " be pleaſed to leave this among thoſe of your own " papers

" papers that may poſſibly ſee the light by a poſt-
" humous publication. God ſend us health while
" we ſtay, and an eaſy journey!

" My dear Dr. Young,

" Yours, moſt cordially,

" MELCOMBE."

In 1762, a ſhort time before his death, Young publiſhed *Reſignation*. Notwithſtanding the manner in which it was really forced from him by the world, criticiſm has treated it with no common ſeverity. If it ſhall be thought not to deſerve the higheſt praiſe, on the other ſide of fourſcore, by whom, except by Newton and by Waller, has praiſe been merited?

To Mrs. Montagu, the famous champion of Shakſpeare, I am indebted for the hiſtory of *Reſignation*. Obſerving that Mrs. Boſcawen, in the midſt of her grief for the loſs of the admiral, derived conſolation from the peruſal of the *Night Thoughts*, Mrs. Montagu propoſed a viſit to the author. From converſing with Young, Mrs. Boſcawen derived ſtill further conſolation; and to that viſit ſhe and the world were indebted for this poem. It compliments Mrs. Montagu in the following lines:

Yet, write I muſt. A Lady ſues,
How ſhameful her requeſt!
My brain in labour with dull rhyme,
Her's teeming with the beſt!

And again ———

A friend you have, and I the fame;
Whoſe prudent ſoft addreſs
Will bring to life thoſe healing thoughts
Which died in your diſtreſs.

That

He had performed no duty for the laſt three or four years of his life, but he retained his intellects to the laſt.

Much is told in the *Biographia*, which I know not to have been true, of the manner of his burial—of the maſter and children of a charity-ſchool, which he founded in his pariſh, who neglected to attend their benefactor's corpſe; and of a bell which was not cauſed to toll ſo often as upon thoſe occaſions bells uſually toll. Had that humanity, which is here laviſhed upon things of little conſequence either to the living or to the dead, been ſhewn in its proper place to the living, I ſhould have had leſs to ſay about Lorenzo. They who lament that theſe misfortunes happened to Young, forget the praiſe he beſtows upon Socrates, in the Preface to *Night* Seven, for reſenting his friend's requeſt about his funeral.

During ſome part of his life Young was abroad, but I have not been able to learn any particulars.

In his ſeventh Satire he ſays,

> When, after battle, I the field have *ſeen*
> Spread o'er with ghaſtly ſhapes which once were *men*.

And it is known that from this or from ſome other *field* he once wandered into the enemy's camp, with a claſſic in his hand, which he was reading intently; and had ſome difficulty to prove that he was only an abſent poet, and not a ſpy.

The curious reader of Young's life will naturally inquire to what it was owing, that, though he lived almoſt forty years after he took Orders, which included one whole reign uncommonly long, and part of another, he was never thought worthy of the leaſt preferment. The author of the *Night Thoughts* ended his days upon a Living which came to him from his College

lege without any favour, and to which he probably had an eye when he determined on the Church. To ſatisfy curioſity of this kind is, at this diſtance of time, far from eaſy. The parties themſelves know not often, at the inſtant, why they are neglected, nor why they are preferred. The neglect of Young is by ſome aſcribed to his having attached himſelf to the Prince of Wales, and to his having preached an offenſive ſermon at St. James's. It has been told me, that he had two hundred a year in the late reign, by the patronage of Walpole; and that, whenever the King was reminded of Young, the only anſwer was, *he has a penſion.* All the light thrown on this inquiry, by the following Letter from Secker, only ſerves to ſhew at what a late period of life the author of the *Night Thoughts* ſolicited preferment.

" Deanry of St. Paul's, July 8, 1758.

" Good Dr. Young,

" I have long wondered, that more ſuitable notice " of your great merit hath not been taken by perſons " in power. But how to remedy the omiſſion I ſee " not. No encouragement hath ever been given me " to mention things of this nature to his Majeſty. " And therefore, in all likelihood, the only conſe- " quence of doing it would be weakening the little " influence, which elſe I may poſſibly have on ſome " other occaſions. Your fortune and your reputa- " tion ſet you above the need of advancement; and " your ſentiments, above that concern for it, on your " own account, which, on that of the Public, is " ſincerely felt by

" Your loving Brother,

" THO. CANT."

At

At laſt, at the age of fourſcore, he was appointed, in 1761, Clerk of the Cloſet to the Princeſs Dowager.

One obſtacle muſt have ſtood not a little in the way of that preferment after which his whole life panted. Though he took Orders, he never intirely ſhook off Politics. He was always the Lion of his maſter Milton, *pawing to get free his hinder parts.* By this conduct, if he gained ſome friends, he made many enemies.

Again, Young was a poet; and again, with reverence be it ſpoken, poets by profeſſion do not always make the beſt clergymen. If the author of the *Night Thoughts* compoſed many ſermons, he did not oblige the publick with many.

Beſides, in the latter part of life, Young was fond of holding himſelf out for a man retired from the world. But he ſeemed to have forgotten that the ſame verſe which contains *oblitus meorum,* contains alſo *obliviſcendus & illis.* The brittle chain of worldly friendſhip and patronage is broken as effectually, when one goes beyond the length of it, as when the other does. To the veſſel which is ſailing from the ſhore, it only appears that the ſhore alſo recedes; in life it is truly thus. He who retires from the world, will find himſelf, in reality, deſerted as faſt, if not faſter, by the world. The publick is not to be treated as the coxcomb treats his miſtreſs—to be threatened with deſertion, in order to increaſe fondneſs.

Young ſeems to have been taken at his word. Notwithſtanding his frequent complaints of being neglected, no hand was reached out to pull him from that retirement of which he declared himſelf enamoured. Alexander aſſigned no palace for the reſi-

dence of Diogenes, who boaſted his ſurly ſatisfaction with his tub.

Of the domeſtick manners and petty habits of the Author of the *Night Thoughts*, I hoped to have given you an account from the beſt authority;—but who ſhall dare to ſay, To-morrow I will be wiſe or virtuous, or to-morrow I will do a particular thing? Upon enquiring for his houſekeeper, I learned that ſhe was buried two days before I reached the town of her abode.

In a Letter from Tſcharner, a noble foreigner, to Count Haller, Tſcharner ſays, he has lately ſpent four days with Young at Welwyn, where the author taſtes all the eaſe and pleaſure mankind can deſire. "Every thing "about him ſhews the man, each individual being "placed by rule. All is neat without art. He is "very pleaſant in converſation, and extremely polite."

This, and more, may poſſibly be true; but Tſcharner's was a firſt viſit, a viſit of curioſity and admiration, and a viſit which the author expected.

Of Edward Young an anecdote which wanders among readers is not true, that he was Fielding's *Parſon Adams*. The original of that famous painting was William Young. He too was a clergyman. He ſupported an uncomfortable exiſtence by tranſlating for the bookſellers from Greek; and, if he was not his own friend, was at leaſt no man's enemy. Yet the facility with which this report has gained belief in the world, argues, were it not ſufficiently known, that the author of the *Night Thoughts* bore ſome reſemblance to *Adams*.

The attention Young beſtowed upon the peruſal of books is not unworthy imitation. When any paſſage pleaſed him, he appears to have folded down

the

the leaf. On theſe paſſages he beſtowed a ſecond reading. But the labours of man are too frequently vain. Before he returned, a ſecond time, to much of what he had once approved, he died. Many of his books, which I have ſeen, are by thoſe notes of approbation ſo ſwelled beyond their real bulk, that they will not ſhut.

What though we wade in wealth, or ſoar in fame!
Earth's higheſt ſtation ends in *Here he lies!*
And *duſt to duſt* concludes her nobleſt ſong.

The author of theſe lines is not without his *hic jacet*.

By the good ſenſe of his ſon, it contains none of that praiſe which no marble can make the bad or the fooliſh merit; which, without the direction of a ſtone or a turf, will find its way, ſooner or later, to the deſerving.

M. S.
Optimi parentis
EDWARDI YOUNG, LL. D.
Hujus Eccleſiæ rect.
Et Elizabethæ
fæm. prænob.
Conjugis ejus amantiſſimæ
Pio & gratiſſimo animo
Hoc marmor poſuit
F. Y.
Filius ſuperſtes.

Is it not ſtrange that the author of the *Night Thoughts* has inſcribed no monument to the memory of his lamented wife? Yet what marble will endure as long as the poems?

Such, my good friend, is the account I have been able to collect of Young. That it may be long before

any thing like what I have juſt tranſcribed be neceſſary for you, is the ſincere wiſh of,

Dear Sir,

Your greatly obliged Friend,

Lincoln's Inn, Sept. 1780. HERBERT CROFT, Jun.

P. S. This account of Young was ſeen by you in manuſcript, you know, Sir; and, though I could not prevail on you to make any alterations, you inſiſted on ſtriking out one paſſage, only becauſe it ſaid, that, if I did not wiſh you to live long for your ſake, I did for the ſake of myſelf and of the world. But this poſtſcript you will not ſee before it is printed; and I will ſay here, in ſpite of you, how I feel myſelf honoured and bettered by your friendſhip—and that, if I do credit to the church, after which I always longed, and for which I am now going to give in exchange the bar, though not at ſo late a period of life as Young took Orders, it will be owing, in no ſmall meaſure, to my having had the happineſs of calling the author of *The Rambler* my friend.

Oxford, Sept. 1780. H. C.

OF Young's Poems it is difficult to give any general character; for he has no uniformity of manner. one of his pieces has no great reſemblance to another. He began to write early, and continued long; and at different times had different modes of poetical excellence in view. His numbers are ſometimes ſmooth, and ſometimes rugged; his ſtyle is ſometimes concatenated, and ſometimes abrupt; ſometimes diffuſive, and ſometimes conciſe. His plan ſeems to have ſtarted in his mind at the preſent moment, and his thoughts

appear

appear the effect of chance, ſometimes adverſe, and ſometimes lucky, with very little operation of judgement.

He was not one of the writers whom experience improves, and who obſerving their own faults become gradually correct. His Poem on the *Laſt Day*, his firſt great performance, has an equability and propriety, which he afterwards either never endeavoured or never attained. Many paragraphs are noble, and few are mean, yet the whole is languid; the plan is too much extended, and a ſucceſſion of images divides and weakens the general conception; but the great reaſon why the reader is diſappointed is, that the thought of the LAST DAY makes every man more than poetical, by ſpreading over his mind a general obſcurity of ſacred horror, that oppreſſes diſtinction, and diſdains expreſſion.

His ſtory of *Jane Grey* was never popular. It is written with elegance enough, but *Jane* is too heroic to be pitied.

The *Univerſal Paſſion* is indeed a very great performance. It is ſaid to be a ſeries of Epigrams: but if it be, it is what the author intended: his endeavour was at the production of ſtriking diſtichs and pointed ſentences; and his diſtichs have the weight of ſolid ſentiment, and his points the ſharpneſs of reſiſtleſs truth. His characters are often ſelected with diſcernment, and drawn with nicety; his illuſtrations are often happy, and his reflections often juſt. His ſpecies of ſatire is between thoſe of Horace and of Juvenal; he has the gaiety of Horace without his laxity of numbers, and the morality of Juvenal with greater variation of images. He plays, indeed, only on the

ſurface of life; he never penetrates the receſſes of the mind, and therefore the whole power of his poetry is exhauſted by a ſingle peruſal; his conceits pleaſe only when they ſurpriſe.

To tranſlate he never condeſcended, unleſs his *Paraphraſe on Job* may be conſidered as a verſion; in which he has not, I think, been unſucceſsful; he indeed favoured himſelf, by chuſing thoſe parts which moſt eaſily admit the ornaments of Engliſh poetry.

He had leaſt ſucceſs in his lyrick attempts, in which he ſeems to have been under ſome malignant influence: he is always labouring to be great, and at laſt is only turgid.

In his *Night Thoughts* he has exhibited a very wide diſplay of original poetry, variegated with deep reflections and ſtriking alluſions, a wilderneſs of thought, in which the fertility of fancy ſcatters flowers of every hue and of every odour. This is one of the few poems in which blank verſe could not be changed for rhyme but with diſadvantage. The wild diffuſion of the ſentiments, and the digreſſive ſallies of imagination, would have been compreſſed and reſtrained by confinement to rhyme. The excellence of this work is not exactneſs but copiouſneſs; particular lines are not to be regarded; the power is in the whole, and in the whole there is a magnificence like that aſcribed to Chineſe plantation, the magnificence of vaſt extent and endleſs diverſity.

His laſt poem was the *Reſignation*; in which he made, as he was accuſtomed, an experiment of a new mode of writing, and ſucceeded better than in his *Ocean* or his *Merchant*. It was very falſely repreſented

is a proof of decaying faculties. There is Young in every ſtanza, ſuch as he often was in his higheſt vigour.

His tragedies not making part of the Collection, I had forgotten, till Mr. Steevens recalled them to my thoughts by remarking, that he ſeemed to have one favourite cataſtrophe, as his three Plays all concluded with laviſh ſuicide; a method by which, as Dryden remarked, a poet eaſily rids his ſcene of perſons whom he wants not to keep alive. In *Buſiris* there are the greateſt ebullitions of imagination; but the pride of Buſiris is ſuch as no other man can have, and the whole is too remote from known life to raiſe either grief, terror, or indignation. The *Revenge* approaches much nearer to human practices and manners, and therefore keeps poſſeſſion of the ſtage: the firſt deſign ſeems ſuggeſted by *Othello*; but the reflections, the incidents, and the diction, are original. The moral obſervations are ſo introduced, and ſo expreſſed, as to have all the novelty that can be required. Of *The Brothers* I may be allowed to ſay nothing, ſince nothing was ever ſaid of it by the Publick.

It muſt be allowed of Young's poetry, that it abounds in thought, but without much accuracy or election. When he lays hold of an illuſtration, he purſues it beyond expectation, ſometimes happily, as in his parallel of *Quickſilver* with *Pleaſure*, which I have heard repeated with approbation by a Lady, of whoſe praiſe he would have been juſtly proud, and which is very ingenious, very ſubtle, and almoſt exact; but ſometimes he is leſs lucky, as when, in his *Night Thoughts*, having it dropped into his mind, that the orbs, floating in ſpace, might be called the *cluſter* of Creation, he thinks on a cluſter of grapes,

MALLET.

OF DAVID MALLET, having no written memorial, I am able to give no other account than ſuch as is ſupplied by the unauthoriſed loquacity of common fame, and a very ſlight perſonal knowledge.

He was by his original one of the Macgregors, a clan, that became, about ſixty years ago, under the conduct of Robin Roy, ſo formidable and ſo infamous for violence and robbery, that the name was annulled by a legal abolition; and when they were all to denominate themſelves anew, the father, I ſuppoſe, of this author, called himſelf Malloch.

David Malloch was, by the penury of his parents, compelled to be *Janitor* of the High School at Edinburgh; a mean office, of which he did not afterwards delight to hear. But he ſurmounted the diſadvantages of his birth and fortune; for when the Duke of Montroſe applied to the College of Edinburgh for a tutor to educate his ſons, Malloch was recommended; and I never heard that he diſhonoured his credentials.

When his pupils were ſent to ſee the world, they were entruſted to his care; and having conducted them round the common circle of modiſh travels, he returned with them to London, where, by the influence of the family in which he reſided, he naturally gained admiſſion to many perſons of the higheſt rank, and the higheſt character, to wits, nobles, and ſtateſmen.

Of his works, I know not whether I can trace the ſeries. His firſt production was *William and Margaret**; of which, though it contains nothing very ſtriking or difficult, he has been envied the reputation; and plagiariſm has been boldly charged, but never proved.

Not long afterwards he publiſhed the *Excurſion* (1728); a deſultory and capricious view of ſuch ſcenes of Nature as his fancy led him, or his knowledge enabled him, to deſcribe. It is not devoid of poetical ſpirit. Many of the images are ſtriking, and many of the paragraphs are elegant. The caſt of diction ſeems to be copied from Thomſon, whoſe *Seaſons* were then in their full bloſſom of reputation. He has Thomſon's beauties and his faults.

His poem on *Verbal Criticiſm* (1733) was written to pay court to Pope, on a ſubject which he either did not underſtand or willingly miſrepreſented; and is little more than an improvement, or rather expanſion, of a fragment which Pope printed in a Miſcellany long before he engrafted it into a regular poem. There is in this piece more pertneſs than wit, and more confidence

* Mallet's *William and Margaret* was printed in Aaron Hill's *Plain Dealer*, N° 36, July 24, 1724. In its original ſtate it was very different from what it is in the laſt edition of his works. *Orig. Edit.*

than

than knowledge. The verification is tolerable, nor can criticiſm allow it a higher praiſe.

His firſt tragedy was *Eurydice*, acted at Drury-Lane in 1731; of which I know not the reception nor the merit, but have heard it mentioned as a mean performance. He was not then too high to accept a Prologue and Epilogue from Aaron Hill, neither of which can be much commended.

Having cleared his tongue from his native pronunciation ſo as to be no longer diſtinguiſhed as a Scot, he ſeems inclined to diſencumber himſelf from all adherences of his original, and took upon him to change his name from Scotch *Mallock* to Engliſh *Mallet*, without any imaginable reaſon of preference which the eye or ear can diſcover. What other proofs he gave of diſreſpect to his native country, I know not; but it was remarked of him, that he was the only Scot whom Scotchmen did not commend.

About this time Pope, whom he viſited familiarly, publiſhed his *Eſſay on Man*, but concealed the author; and when Mallet entered one day, Pope aſked him ſlightly what there was new. Mallet told him, that the neweſt piece was ſomething called an *Eſſay on Man*, which he had inſpected idly, and ſeeing the utter inability of the author, who had neither ſkill in writing nor knowledge of his ſubject, had toſſed it away. Pope, to puniſh his ſelf-conceit, told him the ſecret.

A new edition of the works of Bacon being prepared (1740) for the preſs, Mallet was employed to prefix a Life, which he has written with elegance, perhaps with ſome affectation; but with ſo much more knowledge of hiſtory than of ſcience, that when he afterwards undertook the Life of Marlborough, Warburton remarked, that he might perhaps forget that Marlborough

was

was a general, as he had forgotten that Bacon was a philoſopher.

When the Prince of Wales was driven from the palace, and, ſetting himſelf at the head of the oppoſition, kept a ſeparate Court, he endeavoured to encreaſe his popularity by the patronage of literature, and made Mallet his under-ſecretary, with a ſalary of two hundred pounds a year: Thomſon likewiſe had a penſion; and they were aſſociated in the compoſition of the Maſque of *Alfred*, which in its original ſtate was played at Cliefden in 1740; it was afterwards almoſt wholly changed by Mallet, and brought upon the ſtage at Drury-Lane in 1751, but with no great ſucceſs.

Mallet, in a familiar converſation with Garrick, diſcourſing of the diligence which he was then exerting upon the Life of *Marlborough*, let him know that in the ſeries of great men, quickly to be exhibited, he ſhould *find a nich* for the hero of the theatre. Garrick profeſſed to wonder by what artifice he could be introduced; but Mallet let him know, that, by a dexterous anticipation, he ſhould fix him in a conſpicuous place. "Mr. Mallet," ſays Garrick, in his gratitude of exultation, "have you left off to write for the ſtage?" Mallet then confeſſed that he had a drama in his hands. Garrick promiſed to act it: and *Alfred* was produced.

The long retardation of the Life of the duke of Marlborough ſhews, with ſtrong conviction, how little confidence can be placed in poſthumous renown. When he died, it was ſoon determined that his ſtory ſhould be delivered to poſterity; and the papers ſuppoſed to contain the neceſſary information were delivered to the lord Moleſworth, who had been his favourite in Flanders. When Moleſworth died, the ſame papers were

transferred

transferred with the ſame deſign to Sir Richard Steele, who in ſome of his exigences put them in pawn. They then remained with the old dutcheſs, who in her will aſſigned the taſk to Glover and Mallet, with a reward of a thouſand pounds, and a prohibition to inſert any verſes. Glover rejected, I ſuppoſe, with diſdain the legacy, and devolved the whole work upon Mallet; who had from the late duke of Marlborough a penſion to promote his induſtry, and who talked of the diſcoveries which he made; but left not, when he died, any hiſtorical labours behind him.

While he was in the Prince's ſervice he publiſhed *Muſtapha*, with a Prologue by Thomſon, not mean, but far inferior to that which he had received from Mallet for *Agamemnon*. The Epilogue, ſaid to be written by a friend, was compoſed in haſte by Mallet, in the place of one promiſed, which was never given. This tragedy was dedicated to the Prince his maſter. It was acted at Drury-Lane in 1739, and was well received, but was never revived.

In 1740, he produced, as has been already mentioned, the maſque of *Alfred*, in conjunction with Thomſon.

For ſome time afterwards he lay at reſt. After a long interval, his next work was *Amyntor and Theodora* (1747), a long ſtory in blank verſe; in which it cannot be denied that there is copiouſneſs and elegance of language, vigour of ſentiment, and imagery well adapted to take poſſeſſion of the fancy. But it is blank verſe. This he ſold to Vaillant for one hundred and twenty pounds. The firſt ſale was not great, and it is now loſt in forgetfulneſs.

Mallet, by addreſs or accident, perhaps by his dependance on the Prince, found his way to Bolingbroke;

broke; a man whoſe pride and petulance made his kindneſs difficult to gain, or keep, and whom Mallet was content to court by an act, which, I hope, was unwillingly performed. When it was found that Pope had clandeſtinely printed an unauthoriſed number of the pamphlet called *The Patriot King*, Bolingbroke, in a fit of uſeleſs fury, reſolved to blaſt his memory, and employed Mallet (1747) as the executioner of his vengeance. Mallet had not virtue, or had not ſpirit, to refuſe the office; and was rewarded, not long after, with the legacy of lord Bolingbroke's works.

Many of the political pieces had been written during the oppoſition to Walpole, and given to Franklin, as he ſuppoſed, in perpetuity. Theſe, among the reſt, were claimed by the will. The queſtion was referred to arbitrators; but, when they decided againſt Mallet, he refuſed to yield to the award; and by the help of Millar the bookſeller publiſhed all that he could find, but with ſucceſs very much below his expectation.

In 1753, his maſque of *Britannia* was acted at Drury-Lane, and his tragedy of *Elvira* in 1763; in which year he was appointed keeper of the book of Entries for ſhips in the port of London.

In the beginning of the laſt war, when the nation was exaſperated by ill ſucceſs, he was employed to turn the publick vengeance upon Byng, and wrote a letter of accuſation under the character of a *Plain Man*. The paper was with great induſtry circulated and diſperſed; and he, for his ſeaſonable intervention, had a conſiderable penſion beſtowed upon him, which he retained to his death.

Towards the end of his life he went with his wife to France; but after a while, finding his health declining,

clining, he returned alone to England, and died in April 1765.

He was twice married, and by his firſt wife had ſeveral children. One daughter, who married an Italian of rank named Ciſeſia, wrote a tragedy called *Almida*, which was acted at Drury-Lane. His ſecond wife was the daughter of a nobleman's ſteward, who had a conſiderable fortune, which ſhe took care to retain in her own hands.

His ſtature was diminutive, but he was regularly formed; his appearance, till he grew corpulent, was agreeable, and he ſuffered it to want no recommendation that dreſs could give it. His converſation was elegant and eaſy. The reſt of his character may, without injury to his memory, ſink into ſilence.

As a writer, he cannot be placed in any high claſs. There is no ſpecies of compoſition in which he was eminent. His Dramas had their day, a ſhort day, and are forgotten: his blank verſe ſeems to my ear the echo of Thomſon. His Life of Bacon is known as it is appended to Bacon's volumes, but is no longer mentioned. His works are ſuch as a writer, buſtling in the world, ſhewing himſelf in publick, and emerging occaſionally from time to time into notice, might keep alive by his perſonal influence; but which, conveying little information, and giving no great pleaſure, muſt ſoon give way, as the ſucceſſion of things produces new topicks of converſation, and other modes of amuſement.

AKENSIDE.

MARK AKENSIDE was born on the ninth of November, 1721, at Newcaſtle upon Tyne. His father Mark was a butcher, of the Preſbyterian ſect; his mother's name was Mary Lumſden. He received the firſt part of his education at the grammar-ſchool of Newcaſtle; and was afterwards inſtructed by Mr. Wilſon, who kept a private academy.

At the age of eighteen he was ſent to Edinburgh, that he might qualify himſelf for the office of a diſſenting miniſter, and received ſome aſſiſtance from the fund which the Diſſenters employ in educating young men of ſcanty fortune. But a wider view of the world opened other ſcenes, and prompted other hopes: he determined to ſtudy phyſic, and repaid that contribution, which, being received for a different purpoſe, he juſtly thought it diſhonourable to retain.

Whether, when he reſolved not to be a diſſenting miniſter, he ceaſed to be a Diſſenter, I know not. He certainly retained an unneceſſary and outrageous zeal

for what he called and thought liberty; a zeal which ſometimes diſguiſes from the world, and not rarely from the mind which it poſſeſſes, an envious deſire of plundering wealth or degrading greatneſs; and of which the immediate tendency is innovation and anarchy, an impetuous eagerneſs to ſubvert and confound, with very little care what ſhall be eſtabliſhed.

Akenſide was one of thoſe poets who have felt very early the motions of genius, and one of thoſe ſtudents who have very early ſtored their memories with ſentiments and images. Many of his performances were produced in his youth; and his greateſt work, *The Pleaſures of Imagination*, appeared in 1744. I have heard Dodſley, by whom it was publiſhed, relate, that when the copy was offered him, the price demanded for it, which was an hundred and twenty pounds, being ſuch as he was not inclined to give precipitately, he carried the work to Pope, who, having looked into it, adviſed him not to make a niggardly offer; for *this was no every-day writer*.

In 1741 he went to Leyden, in purſuit of medical knowledge; and three years afterwards (May 16, 1744) became doctor of phyſick, having, according to the cuſtom of the Dutch Univerſities, publiſhed a theſis, or diſſertation. The ſubject which he choſe was *the Original and Growth of the Human Fœtus*; in which he is ſaid to have departed, with great judgement, from the opinion then eſtabliſhed, and to have delivered that which has been ſince confirmed and received.

Akenſide was a young man, warm with every notion that by nature or accident had been connected with the ſound of liberty, and, by an excentricity which ſuch diſpoſitions do not eaſily avoid, a lover of contradiction,

diction, and no friend to any thing eſtabliſhed. He adopted Shafteſbury's fooliſh aſſertion of the efficacy of ridicule for the diſcovery of truth. For this he was attacked by Warburton, and defended by Dyſon: Warburton afterwards reprinted his remarks at the end of his dedication to the Freethinkers.

The reſult of all the arguments which have been produced in a long and eager diſcuſſion of this idle queſtion, may eaſily be collected. If ridicule be applied to any poſition as the teſt of truth, it will then become a queſtion whether ſuch ridicule be juſt; and this can only be decided by the application of truth, as the teſt of ridicule. Two men, fearing, one a real and the other a fancied danger, will be for a while equally expoſed to the inevitable conſequences of cowardice, contemptuous cenſure, and ludicrous repreſentation; and the true ſtate of both caſes muſt be known, before it can be decided whoſe terror is rational, and whoſe is ridiculous; who is to be pitied, and who to be deſpiſed. Both are for a while equally expoſed to laughter, but both are not therefore equally contemptible.

In the reviſal of his poem, which he died before he had finiſhed, he omitted the lines which had given occaſion to Warburton's objections.

He publiſhed, ſoon after his return from Leyden (1745), his firſt collection of odes; and was impelled by his rage of patriotiſm to write a very acrimonious epiſtle to Pulteney, whom he ſtigmatizes, under the name of Curio, as the betrayer of his country.

Being now to live by his profeſſion, he firſt commenced phyſician at Northampton, where Dr. Stonehouſe then practiſed, with ſuch reputation and ſucceſs, that a ſtranger was not likely to gain ground upon him.

him. Akenſide tried the conteſt a while; and, having deafened the place with clamours for liberty, removed to Hampſtead, where he reſided more than two years, and then fixed himſelf in London, the proper place for a man of accompliſhments like his.

At London he was known as a poet, but was ſtill to make his way as a phyſician; and would perhaps have been reduced to great exigences, but that Mr. Dyſon, with an ardour of friendſhip that has not many examples, allowed him three hundred pounds a year. Thus ſupported, he advanced gradually in medical reputation, but never attained any great extent of practice, or eminence of popularity. A phyſician in a great city ſeems to be the mere play-thing of Fortune; his degree of reputation is, for the moſt part, totally caſual: they that employ him, know not his excellence; they that reject him, know not his deficience. By an acute obſerver, who had looked on the tranſactions of the medical world for half a century, a very curious book might be written on the *Fortune of Phyſicians*.

Akenſide appears not to have been wanting to his own ſucceſs: he placed himſelf in view by all the common methods; he became a Fellow of the Royal Society; he obtained a degree at Cambridge, and was admitted into the College of Phyſicians; he wrote little poetry; but publiſhed, from time to time, medical eſſays and obſervations; he became phyſician to St. Thomas's Hoſpital; he read the Gulſtonian Lectures in Anatomy; but began to give, for the Crounian Lecture, a hiſtory of the revival of Learning, from which he ſoon deſiſted; and, in converſation, he very eagerly forced himſelf into notice by an ambitious oſtentation of elegance and literature.

His Diſcourſe on the Dyſentery (1764) was conſidered as a very conſpicuous ſpecimen of Latinity, which entitled him to the ſame height of place among the ſcholars as he poſſeſſed before among the wits; and he might perhaps have riſen to a greater elevation of character, but that his ſtudies were ended with his life, by a putrid fever, June 23, 1770, in the forty-ninth year of his age.

AKENSIDE is to be conſidered as a didactick and lyrick poet. His great work is the *Pleaſures of Imagination*; a performance which, publiſhed, as it was, at the age of twenty-three, raiſed expectations that were not afterwards very amply ſatisfied. It has undoubtedly a juſt claim to very particular notice, as an example of great felicity of genius, and uncommon amplitude of acquiſitions, of a young mind ſtored with images, and much exerciſed in combining and comparing them.

With the philoſophical or religious tenets of the author I have nothing to do: my buſineſs is with his poetry. The ſubject is well-choſen, as it includes all images that can ſtrike or pleaſe, and thus compriſes every ſpecies of poetical delight. The only difficulty is in the choice of examples and illuſtrations, and it is not eaſy in ſuch exuberance of matter to find the middle point between penury and ſatiety. The parts ſeem artificially diſpoſed, with ſufficient coherence, ſo as that they cannot change their places without injury to the general deſign.

His images are diſplayed with ſuch luxuriance of expreſſion, that they are hidden, like Butler's Moon, by a Veil

a *Veil of Light*; they are forms fantaſtically loſt under ſuperfluity of dreſs. *Pars minima eſt ipſa Puella ſui.* The words are multiplied till the ſenſe is hardly perceived; attention deſerts the mind, and ſettles in the ear. The reader wanders through the gay diffuſion, ſometimes amazed, and ſometimes delighted; but, after many turnings in the flowery labyrinth, comes out as he went in. He remarked little, and laid hold on nothing.

To his verſification juſtice requires that praiſe ſhould not be denied. In the general fabrication of his lines he is perhaps ſuperior to any other writer of blank verſe; his flow is ſmooth, and his pauſes are muſical; but the concatenation of his verſes is commonly too long continued, and the full cloſe does not recur with ſufficient frequency. The ſenſe is carried on through a long intexture of complicated clauſes; and as nothing is diſtinguiſhed, nothing is remembered.

The exemption which blank verſe affords from the neceſſity of cloſing the ſenſe with the couplet, betrays luxuriant and active minds into ſuch ſelf-indulgence, that they pile image upon image, ornament upon ornament, and are not eaſily perſuaded to cloſe the ſenſe at all. Blank verſe will therefore, I fear, be too often found in deſcription exuberant, in argument loquacious, and in narration tireſome.

His diction is certainly poetical as it is not proſaick, and elegant as it is not vulgar. He is to be commended as having fewer artifices of diſguſt than moſt of his brethren of the blank ſong. He rarely either recalls old phraſes or twiſts his metre into harſh inverſions. The ſenſe however of his words is ſtrained; when *he views the* Ganges *from* Alpine *heights*; that

is, from mountains like the Alps. And the pedant ſurely intrudes, but when was blank verſe without pedantry? when he tells how *Planets* abſolve *the ſtated round of Time.*

It is generally known to the readers of poetry that he intended to reviſe and augment this work, but died before he had completed his deſign. The reformed work as he left it, and the additions which he had made, are very properly retained in the late collection. He ſeems to have ſomewhat contracted his diffuſion; but I know not whether he has gained in cloſeneſs what he has loſt in ſpendor. In the additional book, the *Tale of Solon* is too long.

One great defect of his poem is very properly cenſured by Mr. Walker, unleſs it may be ſaid in his defence, that what he has omitted was not properly in his plan. "His picture of man is grand and beauti-"ful, but unfiniſhed. The immortality of the ſoul, "which is the natural conſequence of the appetites and "powers ſhe is inveſted with, is ſcarcely once hinted "throughout the poem. This deficiency is amply "ſupplied by the maſterly pencil of Dr. Young; who, "like a good philoſopher, has invincibly proved the "immortality of man, from the grandeur of his con-"ceptions, and the meanneſs and miſery of his ſtate; "for this reaſon, a few paſſages are ſelected from the "*Night Thoughts*, which, with thoſe from Akenſide, "ſeem to form a complete view of the powers, ſitua-"tion, and end of man." *Exerciſes for Improvement in Elocution*, p. 66.

His other poems are now to be conſidered; but a ſhort conſideration will diſpatch them. It is not eaſy to gueſs why he addicted himſelf ſo diligently to lyrick

poetry, having neither the eaſe and airineſs of the lighter, nor the vehemence and elevation of the grander ode. When he lays his ill-fated hand upon his harp, his former powers ſeem to deſert him; he has no longer his luxuriance of expreſſion, nor variety of images. His thoughts are cold, and his words inelegant. Yet ſuch was his love of lyricks, that, having written with great vigour and poignancy his *Epiſtle to Curio*, he transformed it afterwards into an ode diſgraceful only to its author.

Of his odes nothing favourable can be ſaid; the ſentiments commonly want force, nature, or novelty; the diction is ſometimes harſh and uncouth, the ſtanzas ill-conſtructed and unpleaſant, and the rhymes diſſonant, or unſkilfully diſpoſed, too diſtant from each other, or arranged with too little regard to eſtabliſhed uſe, and therefore perplexing to the ear, which in a ſhort compoſition has not time to grow familiar with an innovation.

To examine ſuch compoſitions ſingly, cannot be required; they have doubtleſs brighter and darker parts: but when they are once found to be generally dull, all further labour may be ſpared; for to what uſe can the work be criticiſed that will not be read?

GRAY.

THOMAS GRAY, the ſon of Mr. Philip Gray, a ſcrivener of London, was born in Cornhill, November 26, 1716. His grammatical education he received at Eton under the care of Mr. Antrobus, his mother's brother, then aſſiſtant to Dr. George; and when he left ſchool, in 1734, entered a penſioner at Peterhouſe in Cambridge.

The tranſition from the ſchool to the college is, to moſt young ſcholars, the time from which they date their years of manhood, liberty, and happineſs; but Gray ſeems to have been very little delighted with academical gratifications; he liked at Cambridge neither the mode of life nor the faſhion of ſtudy, and lived ſullenly on to the time when his attendance on lectures was no longer required. As he intended to profeſs the Common Law, he took no degree.

When he had been at Cambridge about five years, Mr. Horace Walpole, whoſe friendſhip he had gained at Eton, invited him to travel with him as his companion. They wandered through France into Italy; and Gray's Letters contain a very pleaſing account of

many

many parts of their journey. But unequal friendſhips are eaſily diſſolved: at Florence they quarrelled, and parted; and Mr. Walpole is now content to have it told that it was by his fault. If we look however without prejudice on the world, we ſhall find that men, whoſe conſciouſneſs of their own merit ſets them above the compliances of ſervility, are apt enough in their aſſociation with ſuperiors to watch their own dignity with troubleſome and punctilious jealouſy, and in the fervour of independance to exact that attention which they refuſe to pay. Part they did, whatever was the quarrel; and the reſt of their travels was doubtleſs more unpleaſant to them both. Gray continued his journey in a manner ſuitable to his own little fortune, with only an occaſional ſervant.

He returned to England in September 1741, and in about two months afterwards buried his father; who had, by an injudicious waſte of money upon a new houſe, ſo much leſſened his fortune, that Gray thought himſelf too poor to ſtudy the law. He therefore retired to Cambridge, where he ſoon after became Bachelor of Civil Law; and where, without liking the place or its inhabitants, or profeſſing to like them, he paſſed, except a ſhort reſidence at London, the reſt of his life.

About this time he was deprived of Mr. Weſt, the ſon of a chancellor of Ireland, a friend on whom he appears to have ſet a high value, and who deſerved his eſteem by the powers which he ſhews in his Letters, and in the Ode to *May*, which Mr. Maſon has preſerved, as well as by the ſincerity with which, when Gray ſent him part of *Agrippina*, a tragedy that he had juſt begun, he gave an opinion which probably

intercepted the progreſs of the work, and which the judgement of every reader will confirm. It was certainly no loſs to the Engliſh ſtage that *Agrippina* was never finiſhed.

In this year (1742) Gray ſeems firſt to have applied himſelf ſeriouſly to poetry; for in this year were produced the *Ode to Spring*, his *Proſpect of Eton*, and his *Ode to Adverſity*. He began likewiſe a Latin poem, *de Principiis cogitandi*.

It may be collected from the narrative of Mr. Maſon, that his firſt ambition was to have excelled in Latin poetry: perhaps it were reaſonable to wiſh that he had proſecuted his deſign; for though there is at preſent ſome embarraſſment in his phraſe, and ſome harſhneſs in his Lyrick numbers, his copiouſneſs of language is ſuch as very few poſſeſs; and his lines, even when imperfect, diſcover a writer whom practice would quickly have made ſkilful.

He now lived on at Peterhouſe, very little ſolicitous what others did or thought, and cultivated his mind and enlarged his views without any other purpoſe than of improving and amuſing himſelf; when Mr. Maſon, being elected fellow of Pembroke-hall, brought him a companion who was afterwards to be his editor, and whoſe fondneſs and fidelity has kindled in him a zeal of admiration, which cannot be reaſonably expected from the neutrality of a ſtranger and the coldneſs of a critick.

In this retirement he wrote (1747) an ode on the *Death of Mr. Walpole's Cat*; and the year afterwards attempted a poem of more importance, on *Government and Education*, of which the fragments which remain have many excellent lines.

His

His next production (1750) was his far-famed *Elegy in the Church-yard*, which, finding its way into a Magazine, firſt, I believe, made him known to the publick.

An invitation from lady Cobham about this time gave occaſion to an odd compoſition called *a Long Story*, which adds little to Gray's character.

Several of his pieces were publiſhed (1753), with deſigns by Mr. Bentley, and, that they might in ſome form or other make a book, only one ſide of each leaf was printed. I believe the poems and the plates recommended each other ſo well, that the whole impreſſion was ſoon bought. This year he loſt his mother.

Some time afterwards (1756) ſome young men of the college, whoſe chambers were near his, diverted themſelves with diſturbing him by frequent and troubleſome noiſes, and, as is ſaid, by pranks yet more offenſive and contemptuous. This inſolence, having endured it a while, he repreſented to the governors of the ſociety, among whom perhaps he had no friends; and, finding his complaint little regarded, removed himſelf to Pembroke-hall.

In 1757 he publiſhed *The Progreſs of Poetry* and *The Bard*, two compoſitions at which the readers of poetry were at firſt content to gaze in mute amazement. Some that tried them confeſſed their inability to underſtand them, though Warburton ſaid that they were underſtood as well as the works of Milton and Shakſpeare, which it is the faſhion to admire. Garrick wrote a few lines in their praiſe. Some hardy champions undertook to reſcue them from neglect, and in a ſhort

a ſhort time many were content to be ſhewn beauties which they could not ſee.

Gray's reputation was now ſo high, that, after the death of Cibber, he had the honour of refuſing the laurel, which was then beſtowed on Mr. Whitehead.

His curioſity, not long after, drew him away from Cambridge to a lodging near the Muſeum, where he reſided near three years, reading and tranſcribing; and, ſo far as can be diſcovered, very little affected by two odes on *Oblivion* and *Obſcurity*, in which his Lyrick performances were ridiculed with much contempt and much ingenuity.

When the Profeſſor of Modern Hiſtory at Cambridge died, he was, as he ſays, *cockered and ſpirited up*, till he aſked it of lord Bute, who ſent him a civil refuſal; and the place was given to Mr. Brocket, the tutor of Sir James Lowther.

His conſtitution was weak, and believing that his health was promoted by exerciſe and change of place, he undertook (1765) a journey into Scotland, of which his account, ſo far as it extends, is very curious and elegant: for as his comprehenſion was ample, his curioſity extended to all the works of art, all the appearances of nature, and all the monuments of paſt events. He naturally contracted a friendſhip with Dr. Beattie, whom he found a poet, a philoſopher, and a good man. The Mareſchal College at Aberdeen offered him the degree of Doctor of Laws, which, having omitted to take it at Cambridge, he thought it decent to refuſe.

What he had formerly ſolicited in vain, was at laſt given him without ſolicitation. The Profeſſorſhip of Hiſtory became again vacant, and he received (1768)

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an offer of it from the duke of Grafton. He accepted, and retained it to his death; always deſigning lectures, but never reading them; uneaſy at his neglect of duty, and appeaſing his uneaſineſs with deſigns of reformation, and with a reſolution which he believed himſelf to have made of reſigning the office, if he found himſelf unable to diſcharge it.

Ill health made another journey neceſſary, and he viſited (1769) Weſtmoreland and Cumberland. He that reads his epiſtolary narration wiſhes, that to travel, and to tell his travels, had been more of his employment; but it is by ſtudying at home that we muſt obtain the ability of travelling with intelligence and improvement.

His travels and his ſtudies were now near their end. The gout, of which he had ſuſtained many weak attacks, fell upon his ſtomach, and, yielding to no medicines, produced ſtrong convulſions, which (July 30, 1771) terminated in death.

His character I am willing to adopt, as Mr. Maſon has done, from a Letter written to my friend Mr. Boſwell, by the Rev. Mr. Temple, rector of St. Gluvias in Cornwall; and am as willing as his warmeſt well-wiſher to believe it true.

"Perhaps he was the moſt learned man in Europe. "He was equally acquainted with the elegant and "profound parts of ſcience, and that not ſuperfi-"cially but thoroughly. He knew every branch of "hiſtory, both natural and civil; had read all the "original hiſtorians of England, France, and Italy; "and was a great antiquarian. Criticiſm, metaphy-"ſics, morals, politics, made a principal part of his "ſtudy; voyages and travels of all ſorts were his fa-

"vourite amuſements; and he had a fine taſte in "painting, prints, architecture, and gardening. With "ſuch a fund of knowledge, his converſation muſt "have been equally inſtructing and entertaining; but "he was alſo a good man, a man of virtue and hu-"manity. There is no character without ſome ſpeck, "ſome imperfection; and I think the greateſt defect "in his was an affectation in delicacy, or rather ef-"feminacy, and a viſible faſtidiouſneſs, or contempt "and diſdain of his inferiors in ſcience. He alſo "had, in ſome degree, that weakneſs which diſguſted "Voltaire ſo much in Mr. Congreve: though he "ſeemed to value others chiefly according to the pro-"greſs they had made in knowledge, yet he could "not bear to be conſidered himſelf merely as a man of "letters; and though without birth, or fortune, or "ſtation, his deſire was to be looked upon as a pri-"vate independent gentleman, who read for his amuſe-"ment. Perhaps it may be ſaid, What ſignifies ſo "much knowledge, when it produced ſo little? Is it "worth taking ſo much pains to leave no memorial "but a few poems? But let it be conſidered that Mr. "Gray was, to others, at leaſt innocently employed; "to himſelf, certainly beneficially. His time paſſed "agreeably; he was every day making ſome new ac-"quiſition in ſcience; his mind was enlarged, his "heart ſoftened, his virtue ſtrengthened; the world "and mankind were ſhewn to him without a maſk; "and he was taught to conſider every thing as trifling, "and unworthy of the attention of a wiſe man, except "the purſuit of knowledge and practice of virtue, in "that ſtate wherein God hath placed us."

To

To this character Mr. Maſon has added a more particular account of Gray's ſkill in zoology. He has remarked, that Gray's effeminacy was affected moſt *before thoſe whom he did not wiſh to pleaſe*; and that he is unjuſtly charged with making knowledge his ſole reaſon of preference, as he paid his eſteem to none whom he did not likewiſe believe to be good.

What has occurred to me from the ſlight inſpection of his Letters in which my undertaking has engaged me, is, that his mind had a large graſp; that his curioſity was unlimited, and his judgement cultivated; that he was a man likely to love much where he loved at all, but that he was faſtidious and hard to pleaſe. His contempt however is often employed, where I hope it will be approved, upon ſcepticiſm, and infidelity. His ſhort account of Shafteſbury I will inſert.

"You ſay you cannot conceive how lord Shafteſbury "came to be a philoſopher in vogue; I will tell you: "firſt, he was a lord; ſecondly, he was as vain "as any of his readers; thirdly, men are very "prone to believe what they do not underſtand; "fourthly, they will believe any thing at all, pro-"vided they are under no obligation to believe it; "fifthly, they love to take a new road, even when "that road leads no where; ſixthly, he was reckoned "a fine writer, and ſeems always to mean more than "he ſaid. Would you have any more reaſons? An "interval of above forty years has pretty well deſtroyed "the charm. A dead lord ranks with commoners; "vanity is no longer intereſted in the matter; for a "new road is become an old one."

Mr.

Mr. Maſon has added, from his own knowledge, that though Gray was poor, he was not eager of money; and that, out of the little that he had, he was very willing to help the neceſſitous.

As a writer he had this peculiarity, that he did not write his pieces firſt rudely, and then correct them, but laboured every line as it aroſe in the train of compoſition; and he had a notion not very peculiar, that he could not write but at certain times, or at happy moments; a fantaſtick foppery, to which my kindneſs for a man of learning and of virtue wiſhes him to have been ſuperior.

GRAY's Poetry is now to be conſidered; and I hope not to be looked on as an enemy to his name, if I confeſs that I contemplate it with leſs pleaſure than his life.

His ode on *Spring* has ſomething poetical, both in the language and the thought; but the language is too luxuriant, and the thoughts have nothing new. There has of late ariſen a practice of giving to adjectives derived from ſubſtantives, the termination of participles; ſuch as the *cultured* plain, the *daiſied* bank; but I was ſorry to ſee, in the lines of a ſcholar like Gray, the *bonied* Spring. The morality is natural, but too ſtale; the concluſion is pretty.

The poem on the *Cat* was doubtleſs by its author conſidered as a trifle, but it is not a happy trifle. In the firſt ſtanza *the azure flowers* that *blow*, ſhew reſolutely a rhyme is ſometimes made when it cannot eaſily be found. *Selima*, the *Cat*, is called a nymph, with ſome violence both to language and ſenſe; but there

is

is good uſe made of it when it is done; for of the two lines,

> What female heart can gold deſpiſe?
> What cat's averſe to fiſh?

the firſt relates merely to the nymph, and the ſecond only to the cat. The ſixth ſtanza contains a melancholy truth, that *a favourite has no friend*; but the laſt ends in a pointed ſentence of no relation to the purpoſe; if *what gliſtered* had been *gold*, the cat would not have gone into the water; and, if ſhe had, would not leſs have been drowned.

The *Proſpect of Eton College* ſuggeſts nothing to Gray, which every beholder does not equally think and feel. His ſupplication to father *Thames*, to tell him who drives the hoop or toſſes the ball, is uſeleſs and puerile. Father *Thames* has no better means of knowing than himſelf. His epithet *buxom health* is not elegant; he ſeems not to underſtand the word. Gray thought his language more poetical as it was more remote from common uſe: finding in Dryden *honey redolent of Spring*, an expreſſion that reaches the utmoſt limits of our language, Gray drove it a little more beyond common apprehenſion, by making *gales* to be *redolent of joy and youth*.

Of the *Ode on Adverſity*, the hint was at firſt taken from *O Diva, gratum quæ regis Antium*; but Gray has excelled his original by the variety of his ſentiments, and by their moral application. Of this piece, at once poetical and rational, I will not by ſlight objections violate the dignity.

My proceſs has now brought me to the *wonderful Wonder of Wonders*, the two Siſter Odes; by which, though either vulgar ignorance or common ſenſe at

firſt

firſt univerſally rejected them, many have been ſince perſuaded to think themſelves delighted. I am one of thoſe that are willing to be pleaſed, and therefore would gladly find the meaning of the firſt ſtanza of the *Progreſs of Poetry*.

Gray ſeems in his rapture to confound the images of *ſpreading ſound and running water*. *A ſtream of muſick* may be allowed; but where does *Muſick*, however *ſmooth and ſtrong*, after having viſited the *verdant vales*, *roll down the ſteep amain*, ſo as that *rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the roar*? If this be ſaid of *Muſick*, it is nonſenſe; if it be ſaid of *Water*, it is nothing to the purpoſe.

The ſecond ſtanza, exhibiting Mars's car and Jove's eagle, is unworthy of further notice. Criticiſm diſdains to chaſe a ſchool-boy to his common-places.

To the third it may likewiſe be objected, that it is drawn from Mythology, though ſuch as may be more eaſily aſſimilated to real life. Idalia's *velvet-green* has ſomething of cant. An epithet or metaphor drawn from Nature ennobles Art; an epithet or metaphor drawn from Art degrades Nature. Gray is too fond of words arbitrarily compounded. *Many-twinkling* was formerly cenſured as not analogical; we may ſay *many-ſpotted*, but ſcarcely *many-potting*. This ſtanza, however, has ſomething pleaſing.

Of the ſecond ternary of ſtanzas, the firſt endeavours to tell ſomething, and would have told it, had it not been croſſed by Hyperion: the ſecond deſcribes well enough the univerſal prevalence of Poetry; but I am afraid that the concluſion will not riſe from the premiſes. The caverns of the North and the plains of Chili are not the reſidences of *Glory and generous Shame*.

Bur

But that Poetry and Virtue go always together is an opinion ſo pleaſing, that I can forgive him who reſolves to think it true.

The third ſtanza ſounds big with *Delphi*, and *Egean*, and *Iliſſus*, and *Meander*, and *hallowed fountain* and *ſolemn ſound*; but in all Gray's odes there is a kind of cumbrous ſplendor which we wiſh away. His poſition is at laſt falſe: in the time of Dante and Petrarch, from whom he derives our firſt ſchool of Poetry, Italy was over-run by *tyrant power* and *coward vice*; nor was our ſtate much better when we firſt borrowed the Italian arts.

Of the third ternary, the firſt gives a mythological birth of Shakſpeare. What is ſaid of that mighty genius is true; but it is not ſaid happily: the real effects of this poetical power are put out of ſight by the pomp of machinery. Where truth is ſufficient to fill the mind, fiction is worſe than uſeleſs; the counterfeit debaſes the genuine.

His account of Milton's blindneſs, if we ſuppoſe it cauſed by ſtudy in the formation of his poem, a ſuppoſition ſurely allowable, is poetically true, and happily imagined. But the *car* of Dryden, with his *two courſers*, has nothing in it peculiar; it is a car in which any other rider may be placed.

The Bard appears, at the firſt view, to be, as Algarotti and others have remarked, an imitation of the prophecy of Nereus. Algarotti thinks it ſuperior to its original; and, if preference depends only on the imagery and animation of the two poems, his judgement is right. There is in *The Bard* more force, more thought, and more variety. But to copy is leſs than to invent, and the copy has been unhappily produced in a wrong time. The fiction of Horace was to the

Romans credible; but its revival diſguſts us with apparent and unconquerable falſehood. *Incredulus odi.*

To ſelect a ſingular event, and ſwell it to a giant's bulk by fabulous appendages of ſpectres and predictions, has little difficulty; for he that forſakes the probable may always find the marvellous. And it has little uſe; we are affected only as we believe; we are improved only as we find ſomething to be imitated or declined. I do not ſee that *The Bard* promotes any truth, moral or political.

His ſtanzas are too long, eſpecially his epodes; the ode is finiſhed before the ear has learned its meaſures, and conſequently before it can receive pleaſure from their conſonance and recurrence.

Of the firſt ſtanza the abrupt beginning has been celebrated; but technical beauties can give praiſe only to the inventor. It is in the power of any man to ruſh abruptly upon his ſubject, that has read the ballad of *Johnny Armſtrong*,

Is there ever a man in all Scotland—

The initial reſemblances, or alliterations, *ruin, ruthleſs, helm or hauberk*, are below the grandeur of a poem that endeavours at ſublimity.

In the ſecond ſtanza the *Bard* is well deſcribed; but in the third we have the puerilities of obſolete mythology. When we are told that *Cadwallo hush'd the ſtormy main*, and that *Modred* made *huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-top'd head*, attention recoils from the repetition of a tale that, even when it was firſt heard, was heard with ſcorn.

The *weaving* of the *winding ſheet* he borrowed, as he owns, from the northern Bards; but their texture, however, was very properly the work of female powers,

as the art of ſpinning the thread of life in another mythology. Theft is always dangerous; Gray has made weavers of his ſlaughtered bards, by a fiction outrageous and incongruous. They are then called upon to *Weave the warp, and weave the woof*, perhaps with no great propriety; for it is by croſſing the *woof* with the *warp* that men *weave* the *web* or piece; and the firſt line was dearly bought by the admiſſion of its wretched correſpondent, *Give ample room and verge enough.* He has, however, no other line as bad.

The third ſtanza of the ſecond ternary is commended, I think, beyond its merit. The perſonification is indiſtinct. *Thirſt* and *Hunger* are not alike; and their features, to make the imagery perfect, ſhould have been diſcriminated. We are told, in the ſame ſtanza, how *towers* are *fed.* But I will no longer look for particular faults; yet let it be obſerved that the ode might have been concluded with an action of better example; but ſuicide is always to be had, without expence of thought.

Theſe odes are marked by glittering accumulations of ungraceful ornaments; they ſtrike, rather than pleaſe; the images are magniſied by affectation; the language is laboured into harſhneſs. The mind of the writer ſeems to work with unnatural violence. *Double, double, toil and trouble.* He has a kind of ſtrutting dignity, and is tall by walking on tiptoe. His art and his ſtruggle are too viſible, and there is too little appearance of eaſe and nature.

To ſay that he has no beauties, would be unjuſt: a man like him, of great learning and great induſtry, could not but produce ſomething valuable. When he pleaſes leaſt, it can only be ſaid that a good deſign was ill directed.

His tranſlations of Northern and Welſh Poetry deſerve praiſe; the imagery is preſerved, perhaps often improved; but the language is unlike the language of other poets.

In the character of his Elegy I rejoice to concur with the common reader; for by the common ſenſe of readers uncorrupted with literary prejudices, after all the refinements of ſubtilty and the dogmatiſm of learning, muſt be finally decided all claim to poetical honours. The *Church-yard* abounds with images which find a mirrour in every mind, and with ſentiments to which every boſom returns an echo. The four ſtanzas, beginning *Yet even theſe bones*, are to me original: I have never ſeen the notions in any other place; yet he that reads them here perſuades himſelf that he has always felt them. Had Gray written often thus, it had been vain to blame, and uſeleſs to praiſe him.

LYTTELTON.

GEORGE LYTTELTON, the ſon of Sir Thomas Lyttelton of Hagley in Worceſterſhire, was born in 1709. He was educated at Eton, where he was ſo much diſtinguiſhed, that his exerciſes were recommended as models to his ſchool-fellows.

From Eton he went to Chriſt-church, where he retained the ſame reputation of ſuperiority, and diſplayed his abilities to the publick in a poem on *Blenheim*.

He was a very early writer, both in verſe and proſe. His *Progreſs of Love*, and his *Perſian Letters*, were both written when he was very young; and, indeed, the character of a young man is very viſible in both. The Verſes cant of ſhepherds and flocks, and crooks dreſſed with flowers; and the Letters have ſomething of that indiſtinct and headſtrong ardour for liberty which a man of genius always catches when he enters the world, and always ſuffers to cool as he paſſes forward.

He ſtaid not long at Oxford; for in 1728 he began his travels, and ſaw France and Italy. When he returned,

turned, he obtained a ſeat in parliament, and ſoon diſtinguiſhed himſelf among the moſt eager opponents of Sir Robert Walpole, though his father, who was Commiſſioner of the Admiralty, always voted with the Court.

For many years the name of George Lyttelton was ſeen in every account of every debate in the Houſe of Commons. He oppoſed the ſtanding army; he oppoſed the exciſe; he ſupported the motion for petitioning the King to remove Walpole. His zeal was conſidered by the courtiers not only as violent, but as acrimonious and malignant; and when Walpole was at laſt hunted from his places, every effort was made by his friends, and many friends he had, to exclude Lyttelton from the Secret Committee.

The Prince of Wales, being (1737) driven from St. James's, kept a ſeparate court, and opened his arms to the opponents of the miniſtry. Mr. Lyttelton became his ſecretary, and was ſuppoſed to have great influence in the direction of his conduct. He perſuaded his maſter, whoſe buſineſs it was now to be popular, that he would advance his character by patronage. Mallet was made under-ſecretary, with 200 *l.* and Thomſon had a penſion of 100 *l.* a year. For Thomſon Lyttelton always retained his kindneſs, and was able at laſt to place him at eaſe.

Moore courted his favour by an apologetical poem, called *The Trial of Selim*, for which he was paid with kind words, which, as is common, raiſed great hopes, that at laſt were diſappointed.

Lyttelton now ſtood in the firſt rank of oppoſition; and Pope, who was incited, it is not eaſy to ſay how, to [illegible] the clamour againſt the miniſtry, com-

[illegible]

mended him among the other patriots. This drew upon him the reproaches of Fox, who, in the houſe, imputed to him as a crime his intimacy with a lampooner ſo unjuſt and licentious. Lyttelton ſupported his friend, and replied, that he thought it an honour to be received into the familiarity of ſo great a poet.

While he was thus conſpicuous, he married (1741) Miſs Lucy Forteſcue of Devonſhire, by whom he had a ſon, the late lord Lyttelton, and two daughters, and with whom he appears to have lived in the higheſt degree of connubial felicity: but human pleaſures are ſhort; ſhe died in childbed about five years afterwards, and he ſolaced his grief by writing a long poem to her memory.

He did not however condemn himſelf to perpetual ſolitude and ſorrow; for, after a while, he was content to ſeek happineſs again by a ſecond marriage with the daughter of Sir Robert Rich; but the experiment was unſucceſsful.

At length, after a long ſtruggle, Walpole gave way, and honour and profit were diſtributed among his conquerors. Lyttelton was made (1744) one of the Lords of the Treaſury; and from that time was engaged in ſupporting the ſchemes of the miniſtry.

Politicks did not, however, ſo much engage him as to withhold his thoughts from things of more importance. He had, in the pride of juvenile confidence, with the help of corrupt converſation, entertained doubts of the truth of Chriſtianity; but he thought the time now come when it was no longer fit to doubt or believe by chance, and applied himſelf ſeriouſly to the great queſtion. His ſtudies, being honeſt, ended in conviction. He found that religion was true, and

what he had learned he endeavoured to teach (1747), by *Obſervations on the Converſion of St. Paul*; a treatiſe to which infidelity has never been able to fabricate a ſpecious anſwer. This book his father had the happineſs of ſeeing, and expreſſed his pleaſure in a letter which deſerves to be inſerted.

"I have read your religious treatiſe with infinite "pleaſure and ſatisfaction. The ſtyle is fine and clear, "the arguments cloſe, cogent, and irreſiſtible. May "the King of kings, whoſe glorious cauſe you have ſo "well defended, reward your pious labours, and grant "that I may be found worthy, through the merits of "Jeſus Chriſt, to be an eye-witneſs of that happineſs "which I don't doubt he will bountifully beſtow upon "you. In the mean time, I ſhall never ceaſe glorify-"ing God, for having endowed you with ſuch uſeful "talents, and giving me ſo good a ſon.

"Your affectionate, father,

"THOMAS LYTTELTON."

A few years afterwards (1751), by the death of his father, he inherited a baronet's title with a large eſtate, which, though perhaps he did not augment, he was careful to adorn, by a houſe of great elegance and expence, and by much attention to the decoration of his park.

As he continued his activity in parliament, he was gradually advancing his claim to profit and preferment; and accordingly was made in time (1754) cofferer and privy counſellor: this place he exchanged next year for the great office of chancellor of the Exchequer; an office, however, that required ſome qualifications which he ſoon perceived himſelf to want.

The year after, his curioſity led him into Wales; of which he has given an account, perhaps rather with

to

too much affectation of delight, to Archibald Bower, a man of whom he had conceived an opinion more favourable than he ſeems to have deſerved, and whom, having once eſpouſed his intereſt and fame, he never was perſuaded to diſown. Bower, whatever was his moral character, did not want abilities; attacked as he was by an univerſal outcry, and that outcry, as it ſeems, the echo of truth, he kept his ground; at laſt, when his defences began to fail him, he ſallied out upon his adverſaries, and his adverſaries retreated.

About this time Lyttelton publiſhed his *Dialogues of the Dead*, which were very eagerly read, though the production rather, as it ſeems, of leiſure than of ſtudy, rather effuſions than compoſitions. The names of his perſons too often enable the reader to anticipate their converſation; and when they have met, they too often part without any concluſion. He has copied *Fenelon* more than *Fontenelle*.

When they were firſt publiſhed, they were kindly commended by the *Critical Reviewers*; and poor Lyttelton, with humble gratitude, returned, in a note which I have read, acknowledgements which can never be proper, ſince they muſt be paid either for flattery or for juſtice.

When, in the latter part of the laſt reign, the inauſpicious commencement of the war made the diſſolution of the miniſtry unavoidable, Sir George Lyttelton, loſing with the reſt his employment, was recompenſed with a peerage; and reſted from political turbulence in the Houſe of Lords.

His laſt literary production was his *Hiſtory of Henry the Second*, elaborated by the ſearches and deliberations of twenty years, and publiſhed with ſuch anxiety as *only vanity can dictate*.

The

The ſtory of this publication is remarkable. The whole work was printed twice over, a great part of it three times, and many ſheets four or five times. The bookſellers paid for the firſt impreſſion; but the charges and repeated operations of the preſs were at the expence of the author, whoſe ambitious accuracy is known to have coſt him at leaſt a thouſand pounds. He began to print in 1755. Three volumes appeared in 1764, a ſecond edition of them in 1767, a third edition in 1768, and the concluſion in 1771.

Andrew Reid, a man not without conſiderable abilities, and not unacquainted with letters or with life, undertook to perſuade Lyttelton, as he had perſuaded himſelf, that he was maſter of the ſecret of punctuation; and, as fear begets credulity, he was employed, I know not at what price, to point the pages of *Henry the Second*. The book was at laſt pointed and printed, and ſent into the world. Lyttelton took money for his copy, of which, when he had paid the *Pointer*, he probably gave the reſt away; for he was very liberal to the indigent.

When time brought the Hiſtory to a third edition, Reid was either dead or diſcarded; and the ſuperintendence of typography and punctuation was committed to a man originally a comb-maker, but then known by the ſtyle of Doctor. Something uncommon was probably expected, and ſomething uncommon was at laſt done; for to the Doctor's edition is appended, what the world had hardly ſeen before, a liſt of errors [illegible] pages.

But to politics and literature there muſt be an end. Lord Lyttelton had never the appearance of a ſtrong or of a [illegible]; he had a ſlender uncompacted

frame,

frame, and a meagre face: he laſted however ſixty years, and was then ſeized with his laſt illneſs. Of his death a very affecting and inſtructive account has been given by his phyſician, which will ſpare me the taſk of his moral character,

"On Sunday evening the ſymptoms of his lordſhip's "diſorder, which for a week paſt had alarmed us, "put on a fatal appearance, and his lordſhip believed "himſelf to be a dying man. From this time he "ſuffered by reſtleſſneſs rather than pain; though his "nerves were apparently much fluttered, his mental "faculties never ſeemed ſtronger, when he was tho-"roughly awake.

"His lordſhip's bilious and hepatic complaints "ſeemed alone not equal to the expected mournful "event; his long want of ſleep, whether the conſe-"quence of the irritation in the bowels, or, which is "more probable, of cauſes of a different kind, ac-"counts for his loſs of ſtrength, and for his death, "very ſufficiently.

"Though his lordſhip wiſhed his approaching diſ-"ſolution not to be lingering, he waited for it with "reſignation. He ſaid, 'It is a folly, a keeping me "in miſery, now to attempt to prolong life; yet he "was eaſily perſuaded, for the ſatisfaction of others, "to do or take any thing thought proper for him. "On Saturday he had been remarkably better, and "we were not without ſome hopes of his recovery.

"On Sunday, about eleven in the forenoon, his "lordſhip ſent for me, and ſaid he felt a great hurry, "and wiſhed to have a little converſation with me in "order to divert it. He then proceeded to open "the fountain of that heart, from whence goodneſs

"had

" had ſo long flowed as from a copious ſpring. ' Doc-
" tor,' ſaid he, ' you ſhall be my confeſſor: when I
" firſt ſet out in the world, I had friends who en-
" deavoured to ſhake my belief in the Chriſtian re-
" ligion. I ſaw difficulties which ſtaggered me; but
" I kept my mind open to conviction. The evidences
" and doctrines of Chriſtianity, ſtudied with attention,
" made me a moſt firm and perſuaded believer of the
" Chriſtian religion. I have made it the rule of my
" life, and it is the ground of my future hopes. I
" have erred and ſinned; but have repented, and never
" indulged any vicious habit. In politicks, and pub-
" lick life, I have made publick good the rule of my
" conduct. I never gave counſels which I did not at
" the time think the beſt. I have ſeen that I was
" ſometimes in the wrong, but I did not err deſign-
" edly. I have endeavoured, in private life, to do all
" the good in my power, and never for a moment
" could indulge malicious or unjuſt deſigns upon any
" perſon whatſoever.

" At another time he ſaid, ' I muſt leave my ſoul
" in the ſame ſtate it was in before this illneſs; I find
" this a very inconvenient time for ſolicitude about
" any thing.'

" On the evening, when the ſymptoms of death
" came on, he ſaid, ' I ſhall die; but it will not be
" your fault.' When lord and lady Valentia came to
" ſee his lordſhip, he gave them his ſolemn benedic-
" tion, and ſaid, ' Be good, be virtuous, my lord;
" you muſt come to this.' Thus he continued giving
" his dying benediction to all around him. On Mon-
" day morning a lucid interval gave ſome ſmall hopes,
" but theſe vaniſhed in the evening; and he continued

" dying,

" dying, but with very little uneaſineſs, till Tueſday " morning, Auguſt 22, when between ſeven and eight " o'clock he expired, almoſt without a groan."

His lordſhip was buried at Hagley; and the following inſcription is cut on the ſide of his lady's monument:

" This unadorned ſtone was placed here
" By the particular deſire and expreſs
" directions of the Right Honourable
" GEORGE Lord LYTTELTON,
" Who died Auguſt 22, 1773, aged 64."

Lord Lyttelton's Poems are the works of a man of literature and judgement, devoting part of his time to verſification. They have nothing to be deſpiſed, and little to be admired. Of his *Progreſs of Love*, it is ſufficient blame to ſay that it is paſtoral. His blank verſe in *Blenheim* has neither much force nor much elegance. His little performances, whether Songs or Epigrams, are ſometimes ſpritely, and ſometimes inſipid. His epiſtolary pieces have a ſmooth equability, which cannot much tire, becauſe they are ſhort, but which ſeldom *elevates* or *ſurprizes*. But from this cenſure ought to be excepted his *Advice to Belinda*, which, though for the moſt part written when he was very young, contains much truth and much prudence, very elegantly and vigorouſly expreſſed, and ſhews a mind attentive to life, and a power of poetry which cultivation might have raiſed to excellence.

LIVES

OF SUNDRY

EMINENT PERSONS.

FATHER PAUL SARPI.

FATHER PAUL, whoſe name, before he entered into the monaſtic life, was Peter Sarpi, was born at Venice, Auguſt 14, 1552. His father followed merchandize, but with ſo little ſucceſs, that, at his death, he left his family very ill provided for, but under the care of a mother, whoſe piety was likely to bring the bleſſing of Providence upon them, and whoſe wiſe conduct ſupplied the want of fortune by advantages of greater value.

Happily for young Sarpi, ſhe had a brother, maſter of a celebrated ſchool, under whoſe direction he was placed by her. Here he loſt no time, but cultivated his abilities, naturally of the firſt rate, with unwearied application. He was born for ſtudy, having a natural averſion to pleaſure and gaiety, and a memory ſo tenacious, that he could repeat thirty verſes upon once hearing them.

Proportionable to his capacity was his progreſs in literature: at thirteen, having made himſelf maſter of ſchool-learning, he turned his ſtudies to philoſophy and the mathematicks, and entered upon logick under

Capella of Cremona, who, though a celebrated maſter of that ſcience, confeſſed himſelf in a very little time unable to give his pupil farther inſtructions.

As Capella was of the Order of the Servites, his ſcholar was induced, by his acquaintance with him, to engage in the ſame profeſſion, though his uncle and his mother repreſented to him the hardſhips and auſterities of that kind of life, and adviſed him with great zeal againſt it. But he was ſteady in his reſolutions, and in 1566 took the habit of the order, being then only in his 14th year, a time of life in moſt perſons very improper for ſuch engagements, but in him attended with ſuch maturity of thought, and ſuch a ſettled temper, that he never ſeemed to regret the choice he then made, and which he confirmed by a ſolemn publick profeſſion in 1572.

At a general chapter of the Servites, held at Mantua, Paul (for ſo we ſhall now call him) being then only twenty years old, diſtinguiſhed himſelf ſo much in a publick diſputation by his genius and learning, that William duke of Mantua, a great patron of letters, ſolicited the conſent of his ſuperiors to retain him at his court, and not only made him publick profeſſor of divinity in the cathedral, but honoured him with many proofs of his eſteem.

But Father Paul, finding a court life not agreeable to his temper, quitted it two years afterwards, and retired to his beloved privacies, being then not only acquainted with the Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and Chaldee languages, but with philoſophy, the mathematicks, canon and civil law, all parts of natural philoſophy, and chemiſtry itſelf; for his application was unintermitted, his head clear, his apprehenſion quick, and his *memory* retentive.

Being

Being made a prieſt at twenty-two, he was diſtinguiſhed by the illuſtrious cardinal Borromeo with his confidence, and employed by him on many occaſions, not without the envy of perſons of leſs merit, who were ſo far exaſperated as to lay a charge againſt him, before the inquiſition, for denying that the Trinity could be proved from the firſt chapter of Geneſis; but the accuſation was too ridiculous to be taken notice of.

After this he paſſed ſucceſſively through the dignities of his order, and in the intervals of his employment applied himſelf to his ſtudies with ſo extenſive a capacity, as left no branch of knowledge untouched. By him Acquependente, the great anatomiſt, confeſſes that he was informed how viſion is performed; and there are proofs that he was not a ſtranger to the circulation of the blood. He frequently converſed upon aſtronomy with mathematicians, upon anatomy with ſurgeons, upon medicine with phyſicians, and with chemiſts upon the analyſis of metals, not as a ſuperficial enquirer, but as a complete maſter.

But the hours of repoſe, that he employed ſo well, were interrupted by a new information in the inquiſition, where a former acquaintance produced a letter written by him in cyphers, in which he ſaid, "that "he deteſted the court of Rome, and that no pre"ferment was obtained there but by diſhoneſt means." This accuſation, however dangerous, was paſſed over on account of his great reputation, but made ſuch impreſſion on that court, that he was afterwards denied a biſhoprick by Clement VIII. After theſe difficulties were ſurmounted, Father Paul again retired to his ſolitude, where he appears, by ſome writings drawn up by him at that time, to have turned his attention more

to improvements in piety than learning. Such was the care with which he read the ſcriptures, that, it being his cuſtom to draw a line under any paſſage which he intended more nicely to conſider, there was not a ſingle word in his New Teſtament but was underlined; the ſame marks of attention appeared in his Old Teſtament, Pſalter, and Breviary.

But the moſt active ſcene of his life began about the year 1615, when Pope Paul Vth, exaſperated by ſome decrees of the ſenate of Venice that interfered with the pretended rights of the church, laid the whole ſtate under an interdict.

The ſenate, filled with indignation at this treatment, forbade the biſhops to receive or publiſh the Pope's bull; and convening the rectors of the churches, commanded them to celebrate divine ſervice in the accuſtomed manner, with which moſt them readily complied; but the Jeſuits and ſome others refuſing, were by a ſolemn edict expelled the ſtate.

Both parties, having proceeded to extremities, employed their ableſt writers to defend their meaſures: on the Pope's ſide, among others, Cardinal Bellarmine entered the liſts, and with his confederate authors defended the papal claims with great ſcurrility of expreſſion, and very ſophiſtical reaſonings, which were confuted by the Venetian apologiſts in much more decent language, and with much greater ſolidity of argument.

On this occaſion Father Paul was moſt eminently diſtinguiſhed, by his *Defence of the Rights of the ſupreme Magiſtrate*, his *Treatiſe of Excommunication* tranſlated from Gerſon, with an *Apology*, and other writings, for which he was cited before the inquiſition at Rome;

Rome; but it may be eaſily imagined that he did not obey the ſummons.

The Venetian writers, whatever might be the abilities of their adverſaries, were at leaſt ſuperior to them in the juſtice of their cauſe. The propoſitions maintained on the ſide of Rome were theſe: That the Pope is inveſted with all the authority of heaven and earth. That all princes are his vaſſals, and that he may annul their laws at pleaſure. That kings may appeal to him, as he is temporal monarch of the whole earth. That he can diſcharge ſubjects from their oaths of allegiance, and make it their duty to take up arms againſt their ſovereign. That he may depoſe kings without any fault committed by them, if the good of the church requires it: that the clergy are exempt from all tribute to kings, and are not accountable to them even in caſes of high-treaſon. That the Pope cannot err: that his deciſions are to be received and obeyed on pain of ſin, though all the world ſhould judge them to be falſe: that the Pope is God upon earth; that his ſentence and that of God are the ſame; and that to call *his* power in queſtion, is to call in queſtion the power of God: maxims equally ſhocking, weak, pernicious, and abſurd! which did not require the abilities or learning of Father Paul, to demonſtrate their falſhood, and deſtructive tendency.

It may be eaſily imagined that ſuch principles were quickly overthrown, and that no court but that of Rome thought it for its intereſt to favour them. The Pope, therefore, finding his authors confuted, and his cauſe abandoned, was willing to conclude the affair by treaty, which, by the mediation of Henry IV. of France, was accommodated upon terms very much to the honour of the Venetians.

But the defenders of the Venetian rights were, though comprehended in the treaty, excluded by the Romans from the benefit of it; ſome upon different pretences were impriſoned, ſome ſent to the galleys, and all debarred from preferment. But their malice was chiefly aimed againſt Father Paul, who ſoon found the effects of it; for as he was going one night to his convent, about ſix months after the accommodation, he was attacked by five ruffians armed with ſtilettoes, who gave him no leſs than fifteen ſtabs, three of which wounded him in ſuch a manner, that he was left for dead. The murderers fled for refuge to the nuncio, and were afterwards received into the Pope's dominions, but were purſued by divine juſtice, and all, except one man who died in priſon, periſhed by violent deaths.

This and other attempts upon his life obliged him to confine himſelf to his convent, where he engaged in writing the Hiſtory of the Council of Trent, a work unequalled for the judicious diſpoſition of the matter, and artful texture of the narration, commended by Dr. Burnet as the completeſt model of hiſtorical writing, and celebrated by Mr. Wotton as equivalent to any production of antiquity; in which the reader finds "Liberty without licentiouſneſs, piety without hypo-"criſy, freedom of ſpeech without neglect of decency, "ſeverity without rigour, and extenſive learning with-"out oſtentation."

In this, and other works of leſs conſequence, he ſpent the remaining part of his life, to the beginning of the year 1622, when he was ſeized with a cold and fever, which he neglected till it became incurable. He languiſhed more than twelve months, which he ſpent almoſt wholly in a preparation for his paſſage into

eternity;

eternity; and among his prayers and aſpirations was often heard to repeat, *Lord! now let thy ſervant depart in peace.*

On Sunday the eighth of January of the next year, he roſe, weak as he was, to maſs, and went to take his repaſt with the reſt, but on Monday was ſeized with a weakneſs that threatened immediate death; and on Thurſday prepared for his change by receiving the *Viaticum* with ſuch marks of devotion, as equally melted and edified the beholders.

Through the whole courſe of his illneſs to the laſt hour of his life, he was conſulted by the ſenate in publick affairs, and returned anſwers, in his greateſt weakneſs, with ſuch preſence of mind as could only ariſe from the conſciouſneſs of innocence.

On Sunday, the day of his death, he had the paſſion of our bleſſed Saviour read to him out of St. [illegible] goſpel, as on every other day of that week, and ſpoke of the mercy of his Redeemer, and his confidence in his merits.

As his end evidently approached, the brethren of the convent came to pronounce the laſt prayers, with which he could only join in his thoughts, being able to pronounce no more than theſe words, *Eſto perpetua*, *Mayſt thou laſt for ever*; which was underſtood to be a prayer for the proſperity of his country.

Thus died Father Paul, in the 71ſt year of his age: hated by the Romans as their moſt formidable enemy, and honoured by all the learned for his abilities, and by the good for his integrity. His deteſtation of the corruption of the Roman church appears in all his writings, but particularly in this memorable paſſage of one of his letters: "There is nothing more eſſential

" than to ruin the reputation of the Jeſuits: by the " ruin of the Jeſuits, Rome will be ruined; and if " Rome is ruined, religion will reform of itſelf."

He appears by many paſſages of his life to have had a high eſteem of the church of England; and his friend, Father Fulgentio, who had adopted all his notions, made no ſcruple of adminiſtering to Dr. Duncomb, an Engliſh gentleman that fell ſick at Venice, the communion in both kinds, according to the Common Prayer which he had with him in Italian.

He was buried with great pomp at the publick charge, and a magnificent monument was erected to his memory.

BOERHAAVE.

THE following account of the late Dr. BOERHAAVE, ſo loudly celebrated, and ſo univerſally lamented through the whole learned world, will, we hope, be not unacceptable to our readers: We could have made it much larger, by adopting flying reports, and inſerting unatteſted facts; a cloſe adherence to certainty has contracted our narrative, and hindered it from ſwelling to that bulk, at which modern hiſtories generally arrive.

Dr. Herman Boerhaave was born on the laſt day of December, 1668, about one in the morning, at Voorhout, a village two miles diſtant from Leyden: his father, James Boerhaave, was miniſter of Voorhout, of whom his ſon *, in a ſmall account of his own life,

* "Erat Hermanni Genitor Latine, Græce, Hebraice ſciens: peritus valde hiſtoriarum & gentium. Vir apertus, candidus, ſimplex: paterfamilias optimus amore, cura, diligentia, frugalitate, prudentia. Qui non magna in re, ſed plenus virtutis, novem liberis educandis exemplum præbuit ſingulare, quid exacta parſimonia polleat, & frugalitas." *Orig. Edit.*

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has given a very amiable character, for the ſimplicity and openneſs of his behaviour, for his exact frugality in the management of a narrow fortune, and the prudence, tenderneſs, and diligence, with which he educated a numerous family of nine children. He was eminently ſkilled in hiſtory and genealogy, and verſed in the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages.

His mother was Hagar Daelder, a tradeſman's daughter of Amſterdam, from whom he might, perhaps, derive an hereditary inclination to the ſtudy of phyſick, in which ſhe was very inquiſitive, and had obtained a knowledge of it not common in female ſtudents.

This knowledge, however, ſhe did not live to communicate to her ſon; for ſhe died in 1673, ten years after her marriage.

His father, finding himſelf encumbered with the care of ſeven children, thought it neceſſary to take a ſecond wife, and in July 1674, was married to Eve du Bois, daughter of a miniſter of Leyden, who, by her prudent and impartial conduct, ſo endeared herſelf to her huſband's children, that they all regarded her as their own mother.

Herman Boerhaave was always deſigned by his father for the miniſtry, and with that view inſtructed by him in grammatical learning, and the firſt elements of languages; in which he made ſuch a proficiency, that he was, at the age of eleven years, not only maſter of the rules of grammar, but capable of tranſlating with tolerable accuracy, and not wholly ignorant of critical niceties.

At intervals, to recreate his mind, and ſtrengthen his conſtitution, it was his father's cuſtom to ſend him

into the fields, and employ him in agriculture, and ſuch kind of rural occupations, which he continued through all his life to love and practiſe: and by this viciſſitude of ſtudy and exerciſe preſerved himſelf, in a great meaſure, from thoſe diſtempers and depreſſions which are frequently the conſequences of indiſcreet diligence, and uninterrupted application; and from which ſtudents, not well acquainted with the conſtitution of the human body, ſometimes fly for relief to wine inſtead of exerciſe, and purchaſe temporary eaſe by the hazard of the moſt dreadful conſequences.

The ſtudies of young Boerhaave were, about this time, interrupted by an accident, which deſerves a particular mention, as it firſt inclined him to that ſcience, to which he was by nature ſo well adapted, and which he afterwards carried to ſo great perfection.

In the twelfth year of his age, a ſtubborn, painful, and malignant ulcer, broke out upon his left thigh; which, for near five years, defeated all the art of the ſurgeons and phyſicians, and not only afflicted him with moſt excruciating pains, but expoſed him to ſuch ſharp and tormenting applications, that the diſeaſe and remedies were equally inſufferable. Then it was that his own pain taught him to compaſſionate others, and his experience of the inefficacy of the methods then in uſe incited him to attempt the diſcovery of others more certain.

He began to practiſe at leaſt honeſtly, for he began upon himſelf; and his firſt eſſay was a prelude to his future ſucceſs, for, having laid aſide all the preſcriptions of his phyſicians, and all the applications of his ſurgeons, he, at laſt, by tormenting the part with ſalt and urine, effected a cure.

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That he might, on this occaſion, obtain the aſſiſtance of ſurgeons with leſs inconvenience and expence, he was brought, by his father, at fourteen, to Leyden, and placed in the fourth claſs of the publick ſchool, after being examined by the maſter: here his application and abilities were equally conſpicuous. In ſix months, by gaining the firſt prize in the fourth claſs, he was raiſed to the fifth; and in ſixth months more, upon the ſame proof of the ſuperiority of his genius, rewarded with another prize, and tranſlated to the ſixth; from whence it is uſual in ſix months more to be removed to the univerſity.

Thus did our young ſtudent advance in learning and reputation, when, as he was within view of the univerſity, a ſudden and unexpected blow threatened to defeat all his expectations.

On the 12th of November, in 1682, his father died, and left behind him a very ſlender proviſion for his widow and nine children, of which the eldeſt was not yet ſeventeen years old.

This was a moſt afflicting loſs to the young ſcholar, whoſe fortune was by no means ſufficient to bear the expences of a learned education, and who therefore ſeemed to be now ſummoned by neceſſity to ſome way of life more immediately and certainly lucrative; but, with a reſolution equal to his abilities, and a ſpirit not ſo depreſſed and ſhaken, he determined to break through the obſtacles of poverty, and ſupply, by diligence, the want of fortune.

He therefore aſked and obtained the conſent of his guardians to proſecute his ſtudies as long as his patrimony would ſupport him; and, continuing his wonted induſtry, gained another prize.

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He was now to quit the ſchool for the univerſity, but, on account of the weakneſs yet remaining in his thigh, was, at his own entreaty, continued ſix months longer under the care of his maſter, the learned Winſchotan, where he once more was honoured with the prize.

At his removal to the univerſity, the ſame genius and induſtry met with the ſame encouragement and applauſe. The learned Triglandius, one of his father's friends, made ſoon after profeſſor of divinity at Leyden, diſtinguiſhed him in a particular manner, and recommended him to the friendſhip of Mr. Van Apphen, in whom he found a generous and conſtant patron.

He became now a diligent hearer of the moſt celebrated profeſſors, and made great advances in all the ſciences; ſtill regulating his ſtudies with a view principally to divinity, for which he was originally intended by his father, and for that reaſon exerted his utmoſt application to attain an exact knowledge of the Hebrew tongue.

Being convinced of the neceſſity of mathematical learning, he began to ſtudy thoſe ſciences in 1687, but without that intenſe induſtry with which the pleaſure he found in that kind of knowledge induced him afterwards to cultivate them.

In 1690, having performed the exerciſes of the univerſity with uncommon reputation, he took his degree in philoſophy; and on that occaſion diſcuſſed the important and arduous ſubject of the diſtinct natures of the ſoul and body, with ſuch accuracy, perſpicuity, and ſubtilty, that he entirely confuted all the ſophiſ-

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try of Epicurus, Hobbes, and Spinoſa, and equally raiſed the characters of his piety and erudition.

Divinity was ſtill his great employment, and the chief aim of all his ſtudies. He read the ſcriptures in their original languages, and, when difficulties occurred, conſulted the interpretations of the moſt antient fathers, whom he read in order of time, beginning with Clemens Romanus.

In the peruſal of thoſe early writers *, he was ſtruck with the profoundeſt veneration of the ſimplicity and purity of their doctrine, the holineſs of their lives, and the ſanctity of the diſcipline practiſed by them; but, as he deſcended to the lower ages, found the peace of Chriſtianity broken by uſeleſs controverſies, and its doctrines ſophiſticated by the ſubtleties of the ſchools. He found the holy writers interpreted according to the notions of philoſophers, and the chimeras of metaphy-

* "Jungebat his exercitiis quotidianam patrum lectionem, ſecundum chronologiam, a Clemente Romano exorſus, & juxta ſeriem ſeculorum deſcendens: ut *Jeſu Chriſti* doctrinam in *N. T.* traditam, primis patribus interpretantibus addiſceret.

"Horum ſimplicitatem ſinceræ doctrinæ, diſciplinæ ſanctitatem, vitæ Deo dicatæ integritatem adorabat. Subtilitatem ſcholarum divina poſtmodum inquinaſſe dolebat. Ægerrime tulit, Sacrorum interpretationem ex ſectis ſophiſtarum peti; & *Platonis*, *Ariſtotelis*, *Thomæ Aquinatis*, *Scoti*; ſuoque tempore Carteſii, cogitata metaphyſica adhiberi pro legibus, ad quas caſtigarentur ſacrorum ſcriptorum de Deo ſententiæ. Experiebatur acerba diſſidia, ingeniorumque ſubtiliſſimorum acerrima certamina, odia, ambitiones, inde ortas, foveri: adeo contraria pacis cum Deo & homine. Nihil hic magis illi obſtabat; quam quod omnes aſſerant ſacram ſcripturam ἀνθρωπίνως loquentem, θεοπρεπῶς explicandam; & θεοπρεπῶς ſinguli definiunt ex placitis ſuæ metaphyſices. Horrebat, inde dominantis ſectæ prævalentem opinionem, orthodoxiæ modum, & regulas, unice duci juxta dictata metaphyſicorum, non ſacrarum literarum; unde tam variæ ſententiæ de doctrina ſimpliciſſima." *Orig. Edit.*

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ſicians adopted as articles of faith. He found difficulties raiſed by niceties, and fomented to bitterneſs and rancour. He ſaw the ſimplicity of the chriſtian doctrine corrupted by the private fancies of particular parties, while each adhered to its own philoſophy, and orthodoxy was confined to the ſect in power.

Having now exhauſted his fortune in the purſuit of his ſtudies, he found the neceſſity of applying to ſome profeſſion, that, without engroſſing all his time, might enable him to ſupport himſelf; and having obtained a very uncommon knowledge of the mathematicks, he read lectures in thoſe ſciences to a ſelect number of young gentlemen in the univerſity.

At length, his propenſion to the ſtudy of phyſick grew too violent to be reſiſted; and, though he ſtill intended to make divinity the great employment of his life, he could not deny himſelf the ſatisfaction of ſpending ſome time upon the medical writers, for the peruſal of which he was ſo well qualified by his acquaintance with the mathematicks and philoſophy.

But this ſcience correſponded ſo much with his natural genius, that he could not forbear making that his buſineſs which he intended only as his diverſion; and ſtill growing more eager, as he advanced further, he at length determined wholly to maſter that profeſſion, and to take his degree in phyſick, before he engaged in the duties of the miniſtry.

It is, I believe, a very juſt obſervation, that men's ambition is generally proportioned to their capacity. Providence ſeldom ſends any into the world with an inclination to attempt great things, who have not abilities likewiſe to perform them. To have formed the deſign of gaining a complete knowledge of medi-

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cine by way of digreſſion from theological ſtudies, would have been little leſs than madneſs in moſt men, and would have only expoſed them to ridicule and contempt. But Boerhaave was one of thoſe mighty geniuſes, to whom ſcarce any thing appears impoſſible, and who think nothing worthy of their efforts but what appears inſurmountable to common underſtandings.

He began this new courſe of ſtudy by a diligent peruſal of Veſalius, Bartholine, and Fallopius; and, to acquaint himſelf more fully with the ſtructure of bodies, was a conſtant attendant upon Nuck's publick diſſections in the theatre, and himſelf very accurately inſpected the bodies of different animals.

Having furniſhed himſelf with this preparatory knowledge, he began to read the ancient phyſicians in the order of time, purſuing his enquiries downwards from Hippocrates through all the Greek and Latin writers.

Finding, as he tells us himſelf, that Hippocrates was the original ſource of all medical knowledge, and that all the later writers were little more than tranſcribers from him, he returned to him with more attention, and ſpent much time in making extracts from him, digeſting his treatiſes into method, and fixing them in his memory.

He then deſcended to the moderns, among whom none engaged him longer, or improved him more, than Sydenham, to whoſe merit he has left this atteſtation, "that he frequently peruſed him, and always "with greater eagerneſs."

His inſatiable curioſity after knowledge engaged him now in the practice of chemiſtry, which he proſecuted

ſecuted with all the ardour of a philoſopher, whoſe induſtry was not to be wearied, and whoſe love of truth was too ſtrong to ſuffer him to acquieſce in the reports of others.

Yet did he not ſuffer one branch of ſcience to withdraw his attention from others: anatomy did not withhold him from chemiſtry, nor chemiſtry, enchanting as it is, from the ſtudy of botany, in which he was no leſs ſkilled than in other parts of phyſick. He was not only a careful examiner of all the plants in the garden of the univerſity, but made excurſions for his further improvement into the woods and fields, and left no place unviſited where any increaſe of botanical knowledge could be reaſonably hoped for.

In conjunction with all theſe enquiries he ſtill purſued his theological ſtudies, and ſtill, as we are informed by himſelf, "propoſed when he had made himſelf maſter of the whole art of phyſick, and obtained the honour of a degree in that ſcience, to petition regularly for a licence to preach, and to engage in the cure of ſouls," and intended in his theological exerciſe to diſcuſs this queſtion, "why ſo many were formerly converted to Chriſtianity by illiterate perſons, and ſo few at preſent by men of learning."

In purſuance of this plan, he went to Hardewich, in order to take the degree of doctor in phyſick, which he obtained in July 1693, having performed a publick diſputation, "de utilitate explorandorum excrementorum in ægris, ut ſignorum."

Then returning to Leyden, full of his pious deſign of undertaking the miniſtry, he found to his ſurpriſe unexpected obſtacles thrown in his way; and an inſinuation diſperſed through the univerſity that made

him ſuſpected, not of any ſlight deviation from received opinions, not of any pertinacious adherence to his own notions in doubtful and diſputable matters, but of no leſs than Spinoſiſm, or, in plainer terms, of Atheiſm itſelf.

How ſo injurious a report came to be raiſed, circulated, and credited, will be doubtleſs very eagerly inquired: we ſhall therefore give the relation, not only to ſatisfy the curioſity of mankind, but to ſhew that no merit, however exalted, is exempt from being not only attacked, but wounded, by the moſt contemptible whiſpers. Thoſe who cannot ſtrike with force, can however poiſon their weapon, and, weak as they are, give mortal wounds, and bring a hero to the grave: ſo true is that obſervation, that many are able to do hurt, but few to do good.

This deteſtable calumny owed its riſe to an incident from which no conſequence of importance could be poſſibly apprehended. As Boerhaave was ſitting in a common boat, there aroſe a converſation among the paſſengers upon the impious and pernicious doctrine of Spinoſa, which, as they all agreed, tends to the utter overthrow of all religion. Boerhaave ſat, and attended ſilently to this diſcourſe for ſome time, till one of the company, willing to diſtinguiſh himſelf by his zeal, inſtead of confuting the poſitions of Spinoſa by argument, began to give a looſe to contumelious language, and virulent invectives, which Boerhaave was ſo little pleaſed with, that at laſt he could not forbear aſking him, whether he had ever read the author he declaimed againſt.

The orator, not being able to make much anſwer, was checked in the midſt of his invectives, but not

without feeling a ſecret reſentment againſt the perſon who had at once interrupted his harangue, and expoſed his ignorance.

This was obſerved by a ſtranger who was in the boat with them; he enquired of his neighbour the name of the young man, whoſe queſtion had put an end to the diſcourſe, and having learned it, ſet it down in his pocket-book, as it appears, with a malicious deſign, for in a few days it was the common converſation at Leyden, that Boerhaave had revolted to Spinoſa.

It was in vain that his advocates and friends pleaded his learned and unanſwerable confutation of all atheiſtical opinions, and particularly of the ſyſtem of Spinoſa, in his diſcourſe of the diſtinction between ſoul and body. Such calumnies are not eaſily ſuppreſſed, when they are once become general. They are kept alive and ſupported by the malice of bad, and ſometimes by the zeal of good men, who, though they do not abſolutely believe them, think it yet the ſecureſt method to keep not only guilty but ſuſpected men out of publick employments, upon this principle, that the ſafety of many is to be preferred before the advantage of few.

Boerhaave, finding this formidable oppoſition raiſed againſt his pretenſions to eccleſiaſtical honours or preferments, and even againſt his deſign of aſſuming the character of a divine, thought it neither neceſſary nor prudent to ſtruggle with the torrent of popular prejudice, as he was equally qualified for a profeſſion, not indeed of equal dignity or importance, but which muſt undoubtedly claim the ſecond place among thoſe which are of the greateſt benefit to mankind.

He therefore applied himſelf to his medical ſtudies with new ardour and alacrity, reviewed all his former obſervations and enquiries, and was continually employed in making new acquiſitions.

Having now qualified himſelf for the practice of phyſick, he began to viſit patients, but without that encouragement which others, not equally deſerving, have ſometimes met with. His buſineſs was, at firſt, not great, and his circumſtances by no means eaſy; but ſtill, ſuperior to any diſcouragement, he continued his ſearch after knowledge, and determined that proſperity, if ever he was to enjoy it, ſhould be the conſequence, not of mean art, or diſingenuous ſolicitations, but of real merit, and ſolid learning.

His ſteady adherence to his reſolutions appears yet more plainly from this circumſtance: he was, while he yet remained in this unpleaſing ſituation, invited by one of the firſt favourites of king William III. to ſettle at the Hague, upon very advantageous conditions; but declined the offer. For having no ambition but after knowledge, he was deſirous of living at liberty, without any reſtraint upon his looks, his thoughts, or his tongue, and at the utmoſt diſtance from all contentions, and ſtate-parties. His time was wholly taken up in viſiting the ſick, ſtudying, making chemical experiments, ſearching into every part of medicine with the utmoſt diligence, teaching the mathematicks, and reading the ſcriptures, and thoſe authors who profeſs to teach a certain method of loving God *.

This

* "Circa hoc tempus, lautis conditionibus, lautioribus promiſſis, *invitatus*, plus vice ſimplici, a viro primariæ dignationis, qui gratia

This was his method of living to the year 1701, when he was recommended by Van Berg to the univerſity, as a proper perſon to ſucceed Drelincurtius in the profeſſorſhip of phyſick, and elected without any ſolicitations on his part, and almoſt without his conſent, on the 18th of May.

On this occaſion, having obſerved, with grief, that Hippocrates, whom he regarded not only as the father but as the prince of phyſicians, was not ſufficiently read or eſteemed by young ſtudents, he pronounced an oration, "de commendando Studio Hippocratico;" by which he reſtored that great author to his juſt and ancient reputation.

He now began to read publick lectures with great applauſe, and was prevailed upon by his audience to enlarge his original deſign, and inſtruct them in chemiſtry.

This he undertook, not only to the great advantage of his pupils, but to the great improvement of the art itſelf, which had been hitherto treated only in a confuſed and irregular manner, and was little more than a hiſtory of particular experiments, not reduced to certain principles, nor connected one with another:

flagrantiſſima florebat regis Gulielmi III, ut Hagam-comitum ſedem caperet fortunarum, declinavit conſtans. Contentus videlicet vita libera, remota a turbis, ſtudiiſque porro percolendis unice impenſa, ubi non cogeretur alia dicere & ſimulare, alia ſentire & diſſimulare: affectuum ſtudiis rapi, regi. Sic tum vita erat, ægros viſere, mox domi in muſæo ſe condere, officinam Vulcaniam exercere; omnes medicinæ partes acerrime perſequi; mathematica etiam aliis tradere; ſacra legere, & auctores qui profitentur docere rationem certam amandi Deum." *Orig. Edit.*

this vaſt chaos he reduced to order, and made that clear and eaſy which was before to the laſt degree difficult and obſcure.

His reputation began now to bear ſome proportion to his merit, and extended itſelf to diſtant univerſities; ſo that, in 1703, the profeſſorſhip of phyſick being vacant at Groningen, he was invited thither; but he refuſed to leave Leyden, and choſe to continue his preſent courſe of life.

This invitation and refuſal being related to the governors of the univerſity of Leyden, they had ſo grateful a ſenſe of his regard for them, that they immediately voted an honorary increaſe of his ſalary, and promiſed him the firſt profeſſorſhip that ſhould be vacant.

On this occaſion he pronounced an oration upon the uſe of mechanicks in the ſcience of phyſick, in which he endeavoured to recommend a rational and mathematical enquiry into the cauſes of diſeaſes, and the ſtructure of bodies; and to ſhew the follies and weakneſſes of the jargon introduced by Paracelſus, Helmont, and other chemical enthuſiaſts, who have obtruded upon the world the moſt airy dreams, and, inſtead of enlightening their readers with explications of nature, have darkened the plaineſt appearances, and bewildered mankind in error and obſcurity.

Boerhaave had now for nine years read phyſical lectures, but without the title or dignity of a profeſſor, when, by the death of profeſſor Hotten, the profeſſorſhip of phyſick and botany fell to him of courſe.

On this occaſion he aſſerted the ſimplicity and facility of the ſcience of phyſick, in oppoſition to thoſe that

that think obſcurity contributes to the dignity of learning, and that to be admired it is neceſſary not to be underſtood.

His profeſſion of botany made it part of his duty to ſuperintend the phyſical garden, which improved ſo much by the immenſe number of new plants which he procured, that it was enlarged to twice its original extent.

In 1714 he was deſervedly advanced to the higheſt dignities of the univerſity, and in the ſame year made phyſician of St. Auguſtin's hoſpital in Leyden, into which the ſtudents are admitted twice a week, to learn the practice of phyſick.

This was of equal advantage to the ſick and to the ſtudents, for the ſucceſs of his practice was the beſt demonſtration of the ſoundneſs of his principles.

When he laid down his office of governor of the univerſity in 1715, he made an oration upon the ſubject of "attaining to certainty in natural philoſophy;" in which he declares, in the ſtrongeſt terms, in favour of experimental knowledge, and reflects with juſt ſeverity upon thoſe arrogant philoſophers, who are too eaſily diſguſted with the ſlow methods of obtaining true notions by frequent experiments, and who, poſſeſt with too high an opinion of their own abilities, rather chuſe to conſult their own imaginations, than enquire into nature, and are better pleaſed with the charming amuſement of forming hypotheſes, than the toilſome drudgery of making obſervations.

The emptineſs and uncertainty of all thoſe ſyſtems, whether venerable for their antiquity or agreeable for their novelty, he has evidently ſhewn; and not only

declared, but proved, that we are entirely ignorant of the principles of things, and that all the knowledge we have is of ſuch qualities alone as are diſcoverable by experience, or ſuch as may be deduced from them by mathematical demonſtration.

This diſcourſe, filled as it was with piety, and a true ſenſe of the greatneſs of the Supreme Being, and the incomprehenſibility of his works, gave ſuch offence to a profeſſor of Franeker, who profeſſed the utmoſt eſteem for Des Cartes, and conſidered his principles as the bulwark of orthodoxy, that he appeared in vindication of his darling author, and ſpoke of the injury done him with the utmoſt vehemence, declaring little leſs than that the Carteſian ſyſtem and the Chriſtian muſt inevitably ſtand and fall together, and that to ſay we were ignorant of the principles of things, was not only to enliſt among the Sceptics, but ſink into Atheiſm itſelf.

So far can prejudice darken the underſtanding, as to make it conſider precarious ſyſtems as the chief ſupport of ſacred and unvariable truth.

This treatment of Boerhaave was ſo far reſented by the governors of his univerſity, that they procured from Franeker a recantation of the invective that had been thrown out againſt him; this was not only complied with, but offers were made him of more ample ſatisfaction; to which he returned an anſwer not leſs to his honour than the victory he gained, "that he "ſhould think himſelf ſufficiently compenſated, if "his adverſary received no farther moleſtation on his "account."

So far was this weak and injudicious attack from ſhaking a reputation not caſually raiſed by fashion or caprice,

caprice, but founded upon ſolid merit, that the ſame year his correſpondence was deſired upon Botany and Natural Philoſophy by the Academy of Sciences at Paris, of which he was, upon the death of count Marſigli, in the year 1728, elected a member.

Nor were the French the only nation by which this great man was courted and diſtinguiſhed, for two years after he was elected fellow of our Royal Society.

It cannot be doubted but, thus careſſed and honoured with the higheſt and moſt publick marks of eſteem by other nations, he became more celebrated in the univerſity; for Boerhaave was not one of thoſe learned men, of whom the world has ſeen too many, that diſgrace their ſtudies by their vices, and by unaccountable weakneſſes make themſelves ridiculous at home, while their writings procure them the veneration of diſtant countries, where their learning is known, but not their follies.

Not that his countrymen can be charged with being inſenſible of his excellencies till other nations taught them to admire him; for in 1718 he was choſen to ſucceed Le Mort in the profeſſorſhip of chemiſtry; on which occaſion he pronounced an oration "De Chemia errores ſuos expurgante," in which he treated that ſcience with an elegance of ſtyle not often to be found in chemical writers, who ſeem generally to have affected not only a barbarous, but unintelligible phraſe, and to have, like the Pythagoreans of old, wrapt up their ſecrets in ſymbols and ænigmatical expreſſions, either becauſe they believed that mankind would reverence moſt what they leaſt underſtood, or becauſe

becauſe they wrote not from benevolence but vanity, and were deſirous to be praiſed for their knowledge, though they could not prevail upon themſelves to communicate it.

In 1722, his courſe both of lectures and practice was interrupted by the gout, which, as he relates it in his ſpeech after his recovery, he brought upon himſelf, by an imprudent confidence in the ſtrength of his own conſtitution, and by tranſgreſſing thoſe rules which he had a thouſand times inculcated to his pupils and acquaintance. Riſing in the morning before day, he went immediately, hot and ſweating, from his bed into the open air, and expoſed himſelf to the cold dews.

The hiſtory of his illneſs can hardly be read without horror: he was for five months confined to his bed, where he lay upon his back without daring to attempt the leaſt motion, becauſe any effort renewed his torments, which were ſo exquiſite, that he was at length not only deprived of motion, but of ſenſe. Here Art was at a ſtand, nothing could be attempted, becauſe nothing could be propoſed with the leaſt proſpect of ſucceſs. At length having, in the ſixth month of his illneſs, obtained ſome remiſſion, he took ſimple medicines * in large quantities, and at length wonderfully recovered.

His recovery, ſo much deſired, and ſo unexpected, was celebrated on Jan. 11, 1723, when he opened his ſchool again with general joy and publick illuminations.

* "Succos preſſos bibit Notter herbarum Cichoreæ, Endiviæ, Fumariæ, Naſturtii aquatici, Veronicæ aquaticæ latifoliæ, copia ingenti; ſimul deglutiens abundantiſſimè gummi ferulacea Aſſanea." *Orig. Edit.*

It

It would be an injury to the memory of Boerhaave not to mention what was related by himſelf to one of his friends, that when he lay whole days and nights without ſleep, he found no method of diverting his thoughts ſo effectual as meditation upon his ſtudies, and that he often relieved and mitigated the ſenſe of his torments by the recollection of what he had read, and by reviewing thoſe ſtores of knowledge which he had repoſited in his memory.

This is perhaps an inſtance of fortitude and ſteady compoſure of mind, which would have been for ever the boaſt of the Stoick ſchools, and increaſed the reputation of Seneca or Cato. The patience of Boerhaave, as it was more rational, was more laſting than theirs; it was that *patientia Chriſtiana* which Lipſius, the great maſter of the Stoical Philoſophy, begged of God in his laſt hours; it was founded on religion, not vanity, not on vain reaſonings, but on confidence in God.

In 1727 he was ſeized with a violent burning fever, which continued ſo long that he was once more given up by his friends.

From this time he was frequently afflicted with returns of his diſtemper, which yet did not ſo far ſubdue him, as to make him lay aſide his ſtudies or his lectures, till in 1726 he found himſelf ſo worn out, that it was improper for him to continue any longer the profeſſorſhips of botany and chemiſtry, which he therefore reſigned April 28, and upon his reſignation ſpoke a "Sermo Academicus," or oration, in which he aſſerts the power and wiſdom of the Creator from the wonderful fabric of the human body; and confutes all

thoſe

thoſe idle reaſoners, who pretend to explain the formation of parts, or the animal operations, to which he proves that Art can produce nothing equal, nor any thing parallel. One inſtance I ſhall mention, which is produced by him, of the vanity of any attempt to rival the work of God. Nothing is more boaſted by the admirers of chemiſtry, than that they can, by artificial heats and digeſtion, imitate the productions of Nature. "Let all theſe heroes of ſcience meet together," ſays Boerhaave; "let them take bread and wine, the food that forms the blood of man, and by aſſimilation contributes to the growth of the body: let them try all their arts, they ſhall not be able from theſe materials to produce a ſingle drop of blood. So much is the moſt common act of Nature beyond the utmoſt efforts of the moſt extended Science!"

From this time Boerhaave lived with leſs publick employment indeed, but not an idle or an uſeleſs life; for, beſides his hours ſpent in inſtructing his ſcholars, a great part of his time was taken up by patients which came, when the diſtemper would admit it, from all parts of Europe to conſult him, or by letters which, in more urgent caſes, were continually ſent, to enquire his opinion, and aſk his advice.

Of his ſagacity, and the wonderful penetration with which he often diſcovered and deſcribed, at the firſt ſight of a patient, ſuch diſtempers as betray themſelves by no ſymptoms to common eyes, ſuch wonderful relations have been ſpread over the world, as, though attested beyond doubt, can ſcarcely be credited. I mention none of them, becauſe I have no opportunity of collecting teſtimonies, or diſtinguiſhing between thoſe

thoſe accounts which are well proved, and thoſe which owe their riſe to fiction and credulity.

Yet I cannot but implore, with the greateſt earneſtneſs, ſuch as have been converſant with this great man, that they will not ſo far neglect the common intereſt of mankind, as to ſuffer any of theſe circumſtances to be loſt to poſterity. Men are generally idle, and ready to ſatisfy themſelves, and intimidate the induſtry of others, by calling that impoſſible which is only difficult. The ſkill to which Boerhaave attained, by a long and unwearied obſervation of nature, ought therefore to be tranſmitted in all its particulars to future ages, that his ſucceſſors may be aſhamed to fall below him, and that none may hereafter excuſe his ignorance by pleading the impoſſibility of clearer knowledge.

Yet ſo far was this great maſter from preſumptuous confidence in his abilities, that, in his examinations of the ſick, he was remarkably circumſtantial and particular. He well knew that the originals of diſtempers are often at a diſtance from their viſible effects; that to conjecture, where certainty may be obtained, is either vanity or negligence; and that life is not to be ſacrificed, either to an affectation of quick diſcernment, or of crowded practice, but may be required, if trifled away, at the hand of the phyſician.

About the middle of the year 1737, he felt the firſt approaches of that fatal illneſs that brought him to the grave, of which we have inſerted an account, written by himſelf Sept. 8, 1738, to a friend at London *; which

* "Ætas, labor, corporiſque opima pinguetudo, effecerant, ante annum, ut inertibus refertum, grave, hebes, plenitudine turgens corpus,

which deſerves not only to be preſerved as an hiſtorical relation of the diſeaſe which deprived us of ſo great a man, but as a proof of his piety and reſignation to the divine will.

In this laſt illneſs, which was to the laſt degree lingering, painful, and afflictive, his conſtancy and firmneſs did not forſake him. He neither intermitted the neceſſary cares of life, nor forgot the proper preparations for death. Though dejection and lowneſs of ſpirit was, as he himſelf tells us, part of his diſtemper, yet even this, in ſome meaſure, gave way to that vigour which the ſoul receives from a conſciouſneſs of innocence.

About three weeks before his death he received a viſit at his country houſe from the rev. Mr. Schultens, his intimate friend, who found him ſitting without-door, with his wife, ſiſter, and daughter: after the compliments of form, the ladies withdrew, and left them to private converſation; when Boerhaave took occaſion to tell him what had been, during his illneſs, the chief ſubject of his thoughts. He had never

corpus, anhelum ad motus minimos, cum ſenſu ſuffocationis, pulſu mirificè anomalo, ineptum evaderet ad ullum motum. Urgebat præcipuè ſubſiſtens prorſus & intercepta reſpiratio ad prima ſomni initia: unde ſomnus prorſus prohibebatur, cum formidabili ſtrangulationis moleſtia. Hinc hydrops pedum, crurum, femorum, ſcroti, præputii, & abdominis. Quæ tamen omnia ſublata. Sed dolor manet in abdomine, cum anxietate ſumma, anhelitu ſuffocante, & debilitate incredibili: ſomno pauco, eoque vago, per ſomnia turbatiſſimo: animus vero rebus agendis impar. Cum his luctor feſſus nec emergo: patienter expectans Dei juſſa, quibus reſigno data, quæ ſola amo, & honoro unicè." *Orig. Edit.*

doubted

doubted of the ſpiritual and immaterial nature of the ſoul; but declared that he had lately had a kind of experimental certainty of the diſtinction between corporeal and thinking ſubſtances, which mere reaſon and philoſophy cannot afford, and opportunities of contemplating the wonderful and inexplicable union of ſoul and body, which nothing but long ſickneſs can give. This he illuſtrated by a deſcription of the effects which the infirmities of his body had upon his faculties, which yet they did not ſo oppreſs or vanquiſh, but his ſoul was always maſter of itſelf, and always reſigned to the pleaſure of its Maker.

He related with great concern, that once his patience ſo far gave way to extremity of pain, that, after having lain fifteen hours in exquiſite tortures, he prayed to God that he might be ſet free by death.

Mr. Schultens, by way of conſolation, anſwered, that he thought ſuch wiſhes, when forced by continued and exceſſive torments, unavoidable in the preſent ſtate of human nature; that the beſt men, even Job himſelf, were not able to refrain from ſuch ſtarts of impatience. This he did not deny; but ſaid, "He that loves God, ought to think nothing deſirable but what is moſt pleaſing to the ſupreme goodneſs."

Such were his ſentiments, and ſuch his conduct, in this ſtate of weakneſs and pain: as death approached nearer, he was ſo far from terror or confuſion, that he ſeemed even leſs ſenſible of pain, and more chearful under his torments, which continued till the 23d day of September 1738, on which he died, between four and five in the morning, in the 70th year of his age.

Thus

Thus died Boerhaave, a man formed by nature to great deſigns, and guided by religion in the exertion of his abilities. He was of a robuſt and athletic conſtitution of body, ſo hardened by early ſeverities, and wholeſome fatigue, that he was inſenſible of any ſharpneſs of air, or inclemency of weather. He was tall, and remarkable for extraordinary ſtrength. There was in his air and motion ſomething rough and artleſs, but ſo majeſtick and great at the ſame time, that no man ever looked upon him without veneration, and a kind of tacit ſubmiſſion to the ſuperiority of his genius.

The vigour and activity of his mind ſparkled viſibly in his eyes; nor was it ever obſerved, that any change of his fortune, or alteration in his affairs, whether happy or unfortunate, affected his countenance.

He was always chearful, and deſirous of promoting mirth by a facetious and humourous converſation; he was never ſoured by calumny and detraction, nor ever thought it neceſſary to confute them; "for they are ſparks," ſaid he, "which, if you do not blow them, will go out of themſelves."

Yet he took care never to provoke enemies by ſeverity of cenſure, for he never dwelt on the faults or defects of others, and was ſo far from inflaming the envy of his rivals by dwelling on his own excellencies, that he rarely mentioned himſelf or his writings.

He was not to be over-awed or depreſſed by the preſence, frowns, or inſolence of great men, but perſiſted on all occaſions in the right, with a reſolution always preſent and always calm. He was modeſt, but not timorous, and firm without rudeneſs.

He

He could, with uncommon readineſs and certainty, make a conjecture of mens inclinations and capacity by their aſpect.

His method of life was, to ſtudy in the morning and evening, and to allot the middle of the day to his publick buſineſs. His uſual exerciſe was riding, till, in his latter years, his diſtempers made it more proper for him to walk; when he was weary, he amuſed himſelf with playing on the violin.

His greateſt pleaſure was to retire to his houſe in the country, where he had a garden ſtored with all the herbs and trees which the climate would bear; here he uſed to enjoy his hours unmoleſted, and proſecute his ſtudies without interruption.

The diligence with which he purſued his ſtudies, is ſufficiently evident from his ſucceſs. Stateſmen and generals may grow great by unexpected accidents, and a fortunate concurrence of circumſtances, neither procured nor foreſeen by themſelves: but reputation in the learned world muſt be the effect of induſtry and capacity. Boerhaave loſt none of his hours, but, when he had attained one ſcience, attempted another: he added phyſick to divinity, chemiſtry to the mathematicks, and anatomy to botany. He examined ſyſtems by experiments, and formed experiments into ſyſtems. He neither neglected the obſervations of others, nor blindly ſubmitted to celebrated names. He neither thought ſo highly of himſelf as to imagine he could receive no light from books, nor ſo meanly as to believe he could diſcover nothing but what was to be learned from them. He examined the obſervations of other men, but truſted only to his own.

Nor was he unacquainted with the art of recommending truth by elegance, and embelliſhing the philoſopher with polite literature; he knew that but a ſmall part of mankind will ſacrifice their pleaſure to their improvement, and thoſe authors, who would find many readers, muſt endeavour to pleaſe while they inſtruct.

He knew the importance of his own writings to mankind, and leſt he might by a roughneſs and barbarity of ſtyle, too frequent among men of great learning, diſappoint his own intentions, and make his labours leſs uſeful, he did not neglect the politer arts of eloquence and poetry. Thus was his learning at once various and exact, profound and agreeable.

But his knowledge, however uncommon, holds, in his character, but the ſecond place; his virtue was yet much more uncommon than his learning. He was an admirable example of temperance, fortitude, humility, and devotion. His piety, and a religious ſenſe of his dependance on God, was the baſis of all his virtues, and the principle of his whole conduct. He was too ſenſible of his weakneſs to aſcribe any thing to himſelf, or to conceive that he could ſubdue paſſion, or withſtand temptation, by his own natural power; he attributed every good thought, and every laudable action, to the Father of goodneſs. Being once aſked by a friend, who had often admired his patience under great provocations, whether he knew what it was to be angry, and by what means he had ſo entirely ſuppreſſed that impetuous and ungovernable paſſion? he anſwered, with the utmoſt frankneſs and ſincerity, that he was naturally quick of reſentment, but that he had,

by

by daily prayer and meditation, at length attained to this maſtery over himſelf.

As ſoon as he roſe in the morning, it was, throughout his whole life, his daily practice to retire for an hour to private prayer and meditation; this, he often told his friends, gave him ſpirit and vigour in the buſineſs of the day, and this he therefore commended as the beſt rule of life; for nothing, he knew, could ſupport the ſoul in all diſtreſſes but a confidence in the Supreme Being, nor can a ſteady and rational magnanimity flow from any other ſource than a conſciouſneſs of the divine favour.

He aſſerted on all occaſions the divine authority, and ſacred efficacy of the holy ſcriptures; and maintained that they alone taught the way of ſalvation, and that they only could give peace of mind. The excellency of the Chriſtian religion was the frequent ſubject of his converſation. A ſtrict obedience to the doctrine, and a diligent imitation of the example of our Bleſſed Saviour, he often declared to be the foundation of true tranquillity. He recommended to his friends a careful obſervation of the precept of Moſes concerning the love of God and man. He worſhiped God as he is in himſelf, without attempting to enquire into his nature. He deſired only to think of God, what God knows of himſelf. There he ſtopped, leſt, by indulging his own ideas, he ſhould form a Deity from his own imagination, and ſin by falling down before him. To the will of God he paid an abſolute ſubmiſſion, without endeavouring to diſcover the reaſon of his determinations; and this he accounted the firſt and moſt inviolable duty of a Chriſtian. When he

heard of a criminal condemned to die, he used to think, who can tell whether this man is not better than I? or, if I am better, it is not to be ascribed to myself, but to the goodness of God.

Such were the sentiments of Boerhaave, whose words we have added in the note *. So far was this man from being made impious by philosophy, or vain by knowledge, or by virtue, that he ascribed all his abilities to the bounty, and all his goodness to the grace of God. May his example extend its influence to his admirers and followers! May those who study his writings imitate his life! and those who endeavour after his knowledge aspire likewise to his piety!

He married, September 17, 1710, Mary Drolenveaux, the only daughter of a burgo-master of Leyden, by whom he had Joanna Maria, who survives her father, and three other children who died in their infancy.

The works of this great writer are so generally known, and so highly esteemed, that, though it may

* "Doctrinam sacris literis Hebraicè & Græcè traditam, solam animæ salutarem & agnovit & sensit. Omni opportunitate profitebatur disciplinam, quam Jesus Christus ore & vita expressit, unicè tranquillitatem dare menti. Semperque dixit amicis, pacem animi [illegible] reperiundam nisi in magno Mosis præcepto de sincero amore Dei & hominis bene observato. Neque extra sacra monumenta ipsam inveniri, quod mentem serenet. Deum pius adoravit, qui est. Intelligere de Deo unicè volebat id, quod Deus de se intelligit. Eo contentus ultra nihil requisivit, ne idololatria erraret. In voluntate Dei sic requiescebat, ut illius nullam omnino rationem indagandam putaret. Hanc unicè supremam omnium legem esse contendebat: deliberata constantia perfectissimè colendam. De aliis & scripto sentiebat: ut quoties criminis reos ad poenas letales damnatos audiret, semper cogitaret, sæpe diceret; "Quis dixerat annon me sint "meliores? Utique [illegible] ipse melior, id non mihi auctori tribuendum "esse palam aio, confiteor; sed ita largienti Deo." Orig. Edit.

[illegible]

not be improper to enumerate them in the order of time in which they were publiſhed, it is wholly unneceſſary to give any other account of them.

He publiſhed in 1707, "Inſtitutiones Medicæ," to which he added in 1708 "Aphoriſmi de cognoſcendis "& curandis morbis."

1710, "Index ſtirpium in horto academico."

1719, "De materia medica, & remediorum for- "mulis liber;" and in 1727 a ſecond edition.

1720, "Alter index ſtirpium," &c. adorned with plates, and containing twice the number of plants as the former.

1722, "Epiſtola ad cl. Ruiſchium, quâ ſententiam "Malpighianam de glandulis defendit."

1724, "Atrocis nec prius deſcripti morbi hiſtoria "illuſtriſſimi baronis Waſſenariæ."

1725, "Opera anatomica & chirurgica Andreæ "Veſalii," with the life of Veſalius.

1728, "Altera atrocis rariſſimique morbi mar- "chionis de Sancto Albano hiſtoria."

"Auctores de lue Aphrodiſiaca, cum tractatu "præfixo."

1731, "Aretaei Cappadocis nova editio."

1732, "Elementa chemiæ."

1734, "Obſervata de argento vivo, ad reg. ſoc. & "acad. ſcient."

Theſe are the writings of the great Boerhaave, which have made all encomiums uſeleſs and vain, ſince no man can attentively peruſe them without admiring the abilities, and reverencing the virtue of the author *.

* Gent. Mag. 1739, p. 176.

BLAKE.

AT a time when a nation is engaged in a war with an enemy, whoſe inſults, ravages, and barbarities, have long called for vengeance, an account of ſuch Engliſh commanders as have merited the acknowledgements of poſterity, by extending the power, and raiſing the honour of their country, ſeem to be no improper entertainment for our readers *. We ſhall therefore attempt a ſuccinct narration of the life and actions of admiral Blake, in which we have nothing farther in view than to do juſtice to his bravery and conduct, without intending any parallel between his atchievements and thoſe of our preſent admirals.

ROBERT BLAKE was born at Bridgwater, in Somerſetſhire, in Auguſt 1598, his father being a merchant of that place, who had acquired a conſiderable fortune by the Spaniſh trade. Of his earlieſt years we have no account, and therefore can amuſe the reader with none of thoſe prognoſticks of his future actions, ſo often met with in memoirs.

In 1615 he entered into the univerſity of Oxford, where he continued till 1623, though without being

* This Life was firſt printed in the Gentleman's Magazine for *the year* 1740.

much

much countenanced or careſſed by his ſuperiors, for he was more than once diſappointed in his endeavours after academical preferments. It is obſervable that Mr. Wood (in his Athenæ Oxonienſes) aſcribes the repulſe he met with at Wadham College, where he was competitor for a fellowſhip, either to want of learning, or of ſtature. With regard to the firſt objection, the ſame writer had before imformed us, that he was an *early riſer*, and *ſtudious*, though he ſometimes relieved his attention by the amuſements of fowling and fiſhing. As it is highly probable that he did not want capacity, we may therefore conclude, upon this confeſſion of his diligence, that he could not fail of being learned, at leaſt in the degree requiſite to the enjoyment of a fellowſhip; and may ſafely aſcribe his diſappointment to his want of ſtature, it being the cuſtom of Sir Henry Savil, then warden of that college, to pay much regard to the outward appearance of thoſe who ſolicited preferment in that ſociety. So much do the greateſt events owe ſometimes to accident or folly!

He afterwards retired to his native place, where "he "lived," ſays Clarendon, "without any appearance of "ambition to be a greater man than he was, but in-"veighed with great freedom againſt the licence of "the times, and power of the court."

In 1640 he was choſen burgeſs for Bridgwater by the Puritan party, to whom he had recommended himſelf by his diſapprobation of biſhop Laud's violence and ſeverity, and his non-compliance with thoſe new ceremonies which he was then endeavouring to introduce.

When the civil war broke out, Blake, in conformity with his avowed principles, declared for the parliament; and, thinking a bare declaration for right not all the duty of a good man, raiſed a troop of dragoons

for his party, and appeared in the field with ſo much bravery, that he was in a ſhort time advanced, without meeting any of thoſe obſtructions which he had encountered in the univerſity.

In 1645 he was governor of Taunton, when the Lord Goring came before it with an army of 10,000 men. The town was ill fortified, and unſupplied with almoſt every thing neceſſary for ſupporting a ſiege. The ſtate of this garriſon encouraged Colonel Windham, who was acquainted with Blake, to propoſe a capitulation; which was rejected by Blake with indignation and contempt: nor were either menaces or perſuaſions of any effect, for he maintained the place under all its diſadvantages, till the ſiege was raiſed by the parliament's army.

He continued, on many other occaſions, to give proofs of an inſuperable courage, and a ſteadineſs of reſolution not to be ſhaken; and, as a proof of his firm adherence to the parliament, joined with the borough of Taunton in returning thanks for their reſolution to make no more addreſſes to the king. Yet was he ſo far from approving the death of Charles I. that he made no ſcruple of declaring, that he would venture his life to ſave him, as willingly as he had done to ſerve the parliament.

In February 1648-9, he was made a commiſſioner of the navy, and appointed to ſerve on that element, for which he ſeems by nature to have been deſigned. He was ſoon afterwards ſent in purſuit of prince Rupert, whom he ſhut up in the harbour of Kingſale in Ireland for ſeveral months, till want of proviſions, and deſpair of relief, excited the prince to make a daring effort for his eſcape, by forcing through the parliament's fleet: this

this deſign he executed with his uſual intrepidity, and ſucceeded in it, though with the loſs of three ſhips. He was purſued by Blake to the coaſt of Portugal, where he was received into the Tagus, and treated with great diſtinction by the Portugueſe.

Blake, coming to the mouth of that river, ſent to the king a meſſenger, to inform him, that, the fleet in his port belonging to the publick enemies of the commonwealth of England, he demanded leave to fall upon it. This being refuſed, though the refuſal was in very ſoft terms, and accompanied with declarations of eſteem, and a preſent of proviſions, ſo exaſperated the admiral, that, without any heſitation, he fell upon the Portugueſe fleet, then returning from Braſil, of which he took ſeventeen ſhips, and burnt three. It was to no purpoſe that the king of Portugal, alarmed at ſo unexpected a deſtruction, ordered prince Rupert to attack him, and retake the Braſil ſhips. Blake carried home his prizes without moleſtation, the prince not having force enough to purſue him, and well pleaſed with the opportunity of quitting a port where he could no longer be protected.

Blake ſoon ſupplied his fleet with proviſion, and received orders to make repriſals upon the French, who had ſuffered their privateers to moleſt the Engliſh trade; an injury which, in thoſe days, was always immediately reſented, and, if not repaired, certainly puniſhed. Sailing with this commiſſion, he took in his way a French man of war valued at a million. How this ſhip happened to be ſo rich, we are not informed; but as it was a cruiſer, it is probable the rich lading was the accumulated plunder of many prizes. Then following the unfortunate Rupert, whoſe fleet by ſtorms

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and battles was now reduced to five ſhips, into Carthagena, he demanded leave of the Spaniſh governor to attack him in the harbour, but received the ſame anſwer which had been returned before by the Portugueſe: "That they had a right to protect all ſhips that "came into their dominions; that if the admiral were "forced in thither, he ſhould find the ſame ſecurity; and "that he required him not to violate the peace of a "neutral port." Blake withdrew upon this anſwer into the Mediterranean; and Rupert then leaving Carthagena entered the port of Malaga, where he burnt and ſunk ſeveral Engliſh merchant ſhips. Blake, judging this to be an infringement of the neutrality profeſſed by the Spaniards, now made no ſcruple to fall upon Rupert's fleet in the harbour of Malaga, and, having deſtroyed three of his ſhips, obliged him to quit the ſea, and take ſanctuary at the Spaniſh court.

In February, 1650-1, Blake, ſtill continuing to cruiſe in the Mediterranean, met a French ſhip of conſiderable force, and commanded the captain to come on board, there being no war declared between the two nations. The captain, when he came, was aſked by him, whether "he was willing to lay down his ſword, "and yield;" which he gallantly refuſed, though in his enemy's power. Blake, ſcorning to take advantage of an artifice, and deteſting the appearance of treachery, told him, "that he was at liberty to go back "to his ſhip, and defend it as long as he could." The captain willingly accepted his offer, and after a fight of two hours confeſſed himſelf conquered, kiſſed his ſword, and ſurrendered it.

In 1652 broke out the memorable war between the two commonwealths of England and Holland; a war,

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in which the greateſt admirals, that perhaps any age has produced, were engaged on each ſide, in which nothing leſs was conteſted than the dominion of the ſea, and which was carried on with vigour, animoſity, and reſolution, proportioned to the importance of the diſpute. The chief commanders of the Dutch fleets were Van Trump, De Ruyter, and De Witt, the moſt celebrated names of their own nations, and who had been perhaps more renowned, had they been oppoſed by any other enemies. The States of Holland having carried on their trade without oppoſition, and almoſt without competition, not only during the unactive reign of James I. but during the commotions of England, had arrived to that height of naval power, and that affluence of wealth, that, with the arrogance which a long-continued proſperity naturally produces, they began to invent new claims, and to treat other nations with inſolence, which nothing can defend but ſuperiority of force. They had for ſome time made uncommon preparations at a vaſt expence, and had equipped a large fleet, without any apparent danger threatening them, or any avowed deſign of attacking their neighbours. This unuſual armament was not beheld by the Engliſh without ſome jealouſy, and care was taken to fit out ſuch a fleet, as might ſecure the trade from interruption, and the coaſts from inſults: of this Blake was conſtituted admiral for nine months. In this ſituation the two nations remained, keeping a watchful eye upon each other, without acting hoſtilities on either ſide, till the 18th of May, 1652, when Van Trump appeared in the Downs with a fleet of forty-five men of war. Blake, who had then but twenty ſhips, upon the approach of the Dutch admiral ſaluted him with

three

three ſingle ſhots, to require that he ſhould, by ſtriking his flag, ſhew that reſpect to the Engliſh, which is due to every nation in their own dominions: to which the Dutchman anſwered with a broadſide; and Blake, perceiving that he intended to diſpute the point of honour, advanced with his own ſhips before the reſt of his fleet, that, if it were poſſible, a general battle might be prevented. But the Dutch, inſtead of admitting him to treat, fired upon him from their whole fleet, without any regard to the cuſtoms of war, or the law of nations. Blake for ſome time ſtood alone againſt their whole force, till the reſt of his ſquadron coming up, the fight was continued from between four and five in the afternoon till nine at night, when the Dutch retired with the loſs of two ſhips, having not deſtroyed a ſingle veſſel, nor more than fifteen men, moſt of which were on board the admiral, who, as he wrote to the parliament, was himſelf engaged for four hours with the main body of the Dutch fleet, being the mark at which they aimed; and, as Whitlock relates, received above a thouſand ſhot. Blake, in his letter, acknowledges the particular bleſſing and preſervation of God, and aſcribes his ſucceſs to the juſtice of the cauſe, the Dutch having firſt attacked him upon the Engliſh coaſt. It is indeed little leſs than miraculous that a thouſand great ſhot ſhould not do more execution; and thoſe who will not admit the interpoſition of Providence, may draw at leaſt this inference from it, that *the braveſt man is not always in the greateſt danger.*

In July he met the Dutch fiſhery fleet with a convoy of twelve men of war, all which he took, with 100 of their herring-buſſes. And in September, being ſtationed in the Downs with about ſixty ſail, he diſcovered

overed the Dutch admirals De Witt and De Ruyter vith near the ſame number, and advanced towards hem; but the Dutch being obliged, by the nature of heir coaſt, and ſhallowneſs of their rivers, to build heir ſhips in ſuch a manner that they require leſs epth of water than the Engliſh veſſels, took advantage f the form of their ſhipping, and ſheltered themſelves ehind a flat, called *Kentiſh knock*; ſo that the Engliſh, inding ſome of their ſhips aground, were obliged to lter their courſe; but perceiving early the next morning that the Hollanders had forſaken their ſtation, they urſued them with all the ſpeed that the wind, which vas weak and uncertain, allowed, but found themſelves inable to reach them with the bulk of their fleet, and herefore detached ſome of the lighteſt frigates to chaſe hem. Theſe came ſo near as to fire upon them about hree in the afternoon; but the Dutch, inſtead of tacking about, hoiſted their ſails, ſteered toward their own oaſt, and finding themſelves the next day followed by he whole Engliſh fleet, retired into Goree. The ſailors vere eager to attack them in their own harbours; but a ouncil of war being convened, it was judged imprudent to hazard the fleet upon the ſhoals, or to engage n any important enterprize without a freſh ſupply of roviſions.

That in this engagement the victory belonged to the Engliſh is beyond diſpute, ſince, without the loſs of one ſhip, and with no more than forty men killed, they drove the enemy into his own ports, took the rear admiral and another veſſel, and ſo diſcouraged the Dutch admirals, who had not agreed in their meaſures, that De Ruyter, who had declared againſt hazarding a battle, deſired to reſign his commiſſion, and De Witt, who

who had inſiſted upon fighting, fell ſick, as it was ſuppoſed, with vexation. But how great the loſs of the Dutch was, is not certainly known; that two ſhips were taken they are too wiſe to deny, but affirm that thoſe two were all that were deſtroyed. The Engliſh, on the other ſide, affirm that three of their veſſels were diſabled at the firſt encounter, that their numbers on the ſecond day were viſibly diminiſhed, and that on the laſt day they ſaw three or four ſhips ſink in their flight.

De Witt being now diſcharged by the Hollanders as unfortunate, and the chief command reſtored to Van Trump, great preparations were made for retrieving their reputation, and repairing their loſſes. Their endeavours were aſſiſted by the Engliſh themſelves, now made factious by ſucceſs; the men who were intruſted with the civil adminiſtration being jealous of thoſe whoſe military commands had procured ſo much honour, leſt they who raiſed them ſhould be eclipſed by them. Such is generally the revolution of affairs in every ſtate; danger and diſtreſs produce unanimity and bravery, virtues which are ſeldom unattended with ſucceſs; but ſucceſs is the parent of pride, and pride of jealouſy and faction; faction makes way for calamity, and happy is that nation whoſe calamities renew their unanimity. Such is the rotation of intereſts, that equally tend to hinder the total deſtruction of a people, and to obſtruct an exorbitant increaſe of power.

Blake had weakened his fleet by many detachments, and lay with no more than forty ſail in the Downs, very ill provided both with men and ammunition, and expecting new ſupplies from thoſe whoſe animoſity hindered them from providing them, and who choſe rather

rather to ſee the trade of their country diſtreſſed, than the ſea-officers exalted by a new acquiſition of honour and influence.

Van Trump, deſirous of diſtinguiſhing himſelf at the reſumption of his command by ſome remarkable action, had aſſembled eighty ſhips of war, and ten fireſhips, and ſteered towards the Downs, where Blake, with whoſe condition and ſtrength he was probably acquainted, was then ſtationed. Blake, not able to reſtrain his natural ardour, or perhaps not fully informed of the ſuperiority of his enemies, put out to encounter them, though his fleet was ſo weakly manned, that half of his ſhips were obliged to lie idle without engaging, for want of ſailors. The force of the whole Dutch fleet was therefore ſuſtained by about twenty-two ſhips. Two of the Engliſh frigates, named the Vanguard and the Victory, after having for a long time ſtood engaged amidſt the whole Dutch fleet, broke through without much injury, nor did the Engliſh loſe any ſhips till the evening, when the Garland carrying forty guns was boarded at once by two great ſhips, which were oppoſed by the Engliſh till they had ſcarcely any men left to defend the decks; then, retiring into the lower part of the veſſel, they blew up their decks, which were now poſſeſſed by the enemy, and at length were overpowered and taken. The Bonaventure, a ſtout well-built merchant-ſhip, going to relieve the Garland, was attacked by a man of war, and, after a ſtout reſiſtance, in which the captain, who defended her with the utmoſt bravery, was killed, was likewiſe carried off by the Dutch. Blake, in the Triumph, ſeeing the Garland in diſtreſs, preſſed forward to relieve her, but in his way had his foremaſt ſhattered, and was himſelf boarded;

boarded; but beating off the enemies he diſengaged himſelf, and retired into the Thames with the loſs only of two ſhips of force, and four ſmall frigates, but with his whole fleet much ſhattered. Nor was the victory gained at a cheap rate, notwithſtanding the unuſual diſproportion of ſtrength; for of the Dutch flagſhips one was blown up, and the other two diſabled; a proof of the Engliſh bravery, which ſhould have induced Van Trump to have ſpared the inſolence of carrying a broom at his topmaſt in his triumphant paſſage through the channel, which he intended as a declaration that he would ſweep the ſeas of the Engliſh ſhipping; this, which he had little reaſon to think of accompliſhing, he ſoon after periſhed in attempting.

There are ſometimes obſervations and enquiries, which all hiſtorians ſeem to decline by agreement, of which this action may afford us an example: nothing appears at the firſt view more to demand our curioſity, or afford matter for examination, than this wild encounter of twenty-two ſhips with a force, according to their accounts who favour the Dutch, three times ſuperior. Nothing can juſtify a commander in fighting under ſuch diſadvantages, but the impoſſibility of retreating. But what hindered Blake from retiring as well before the fight as after it? To ſay he was ignorant of the ſtrength of the Dutch fleet, is to impute to him a very criminal degree of negligence; and, at leaſt, it muſt be confeſſed that, from the time he ſaw them, he could not but know that they were too powerful to be oppoſed by him, and even then there was time for retreat. To urge the ardour of his ſailors, is to diveſt him of the authority of a commander, and to charge him with the moſt reproachful weakneſs that can enter

into the character of a general. To mention the impetuoſity of his own courage, is to make the blame of his temerity equal to the praiſe of his valour; which ſeems indeed to be the moſt gentle cenſure that the truth of hiſtory will allow. We muſt then admit, amidſt our elogies and applauſes, that the great, the wiſe, and the valiant Blake was once betrayed to an inconſiderate and deſperate enterprize, by the reſiſtleſs ardour of his own ſpirit, and a noble jealouſy of the honour of his country.

It was not long before he had an opportunity of revenging his loſs, and reſtraining the inſolence of the Dutch. On the 18th of February, 1652-3, Blake being at the head of eighty ſail, and aſſiſted, at his own requeſt, by colonels Monk and Dean, eſpied Van Trump with a fleet of above 100 men of war as Clarendon relates, of 70 by their own publick accounts, and 300 merchantſhips under his convoy. The Engliſh, with their uſual intrepidity, advanced towards them; and Blake in the Triumph, in which he always led his fleet, with twelve ſhips more, came to an engagement with the main body of the Dutch fleet, and by the diſparity of their force was reduced to the laſt extremity, having received in his hull no fewer than 700 ſhots, when Lawſon in the Fairfax came to his aſſiſtance. The reſt of the Engliſh fleet now came in, and the fight was continued with the utmoſt degree of vigour and reſolution, till the night gave the Dutch an opportunity of retiring, with the loſs of one flag-ſhip, and ſix other men of war. The Engliſh had many veſſels damaged, but none loſt. On board Lawſon's ſhip were killed 100 men, and as many on board Blake's, who loſt his captain and ſecretary, and himſelf received a wound in the thigh.

Blake having ſet aſhore his wounded men, ſailed in purſuit of Van Trump, who ſent his convoy before, and himſelf retired fighting towards Bulloign. Blake ordered his light frigates to follow the merchants, ſtill continued to harraſs Van Trump, and on the third day, the 20th of February, the two fleets came to another battle, in which Van Trump once more retired before the Engliſh, and, making uſe of the peculiar form of his ſhipping, ſecured himſelf in the ſhoals. The accounts of this fight, as of all the others, are various; but the Dutch writers themſelves confeſs that they loſt eight men of war, and more than twenty merchant-ſhips; and it is probable that they ſuffered much more than they are willing to allow, for theſe repeated defeats provoked the common people to riots and inſurrections, and obliged the States to aſk, though ineffectually, for peace.

In April following the form of government in England was changed, and the ſupreme authority aſſumed by Cromwell; upon which occaſion Blake, with his aſſociates, declared that, notwithſtanding the change in the adminiſtration, they ſhould ſtill be ready to diſcharge their truſt, and to defend the nation from inſults, injuries, and encroachments. "It is not," ſays Blake, "the buſineſs of a ſeaman to mind ſtate-affairs, "but to hinder foreigners from fooling us." This was the principle from which he never deviated, and which he always endeavoured to inculcate in the fleet, as the ſureſt foundation of unanimity and ſteadineſs. "Diſturb not one another with domeſtic diſputes, but "remember that we are Engliſh, and our enemies are "foreigners. Enemies! which, let what party ſoever "prevail, it is equally the intereſt of our country to "*humble* and reſtrain."

After

After the 30th of April 1653, Blake, Monk, and Dean, ſailed out of the Engliſh harbours with 100 men of war, and, finding the Dutch with ſeventy ſail on their own coaſts, drove them to the Texel, and took fifty doggers. Then they ſailed northward in purſuit of Van Trump; who, having a fleet of merchants under his convoy, durſt not enter the channel, but ſteered towards the Sound, and by great dexterity and addreſs eſcaped the three Engliſh admirals, and brought all his ſhips into their harbour; then, knowing that Blake was ſtill in the North, came before Dover, and fired upon that town, but was driven off by the caſtle.

Monk and Dean ſtationed themſelves again at the mouth of the Texel, and blocked up the Dutch in their own ports with eighty ſail; but hearing that Van Trump was at Goree with 120 men of war, they ordered all ſhips of force in the river and ports to repair to them.

On June 3d, the two fleets came to an engagement, in the beginning of which Dean was carried off by a cannon ball; yet the fight continued from about twelve to ſix in the afternoon, when the Dutch gave way, and retreated fighting.

On the 4th, in the afternoon, Blake came up with eighteen freſh ſhips, and procured the Engliſh a complete victory; nor could the Dutch any otherwiſe preſerve their ſhips than by retiring once more into the flats and ſhallows, where the largeſt of the Engliſh veſſels could not approach.

In this battle Van Trump boarded vice-admiral Pen; but was beaten off, and himſelf boarded, and reduced to blow up his decks, of which the Engliſh had gotten poſſeſſion. He was then entered at once by Pen

and another; nor could poſſibly have eſcaped, had not De Ruyter and De Witt arrived at that inſtant and reſcued him.

However the Dutch may endeavour to extenuate their loſs in this battle, by admitting no more than eight ſhips to have been taken or deſtroyed, it is evident that they muſt have received much greater damages, not only by the accounts of more impartial hiſtorians, but by the remonſtrances and exclamations of their admirals themſelves; Van Trump declaring before the States, that "without a numerous reinforce-"ment of large men of war he could ſerve them no "more;" and De Witt crying out before them, with the natural warmth of his character, "Why ſhould I "be ſilent before my lords and maſters? The Engliſh "are our maſters, and by conſequence maſters of the "ſea."

In November, 1654, Blake was ſent by Cromwell into the Mediterranean with a powerful fleet, and may be ſaid to have received the homage of all that part of the world; being equally courted by the haughty Spaniards, the ſurly Dutch, and the lawleſs Algerines.

In Mach, 1656, having forced Algiers to ſubmiſſion, he entered the harbour of Tunis, and demanded reparation for the robberies practiſed upon the Engliſh by the pirates of that place, and inſiſted that the captives of his nation ſhould be ſet at liberty. The governor having planted batteries along the ſhore, and drawn up his ſhips under the caſtles, ſent Blake an haughty and inſolent anſwer, "There are our caſtles of Golletta and "Porto Ferino," ſaid he, "upon which you may do "your worſt;" adding other menaces and inſults, and mentioning in terms of ridicule the inequality of a

fight

fight between ſhips and caſtles. Blake had likewiſe demanded leave to take in water, which was refuſed him. Fired with this inhuman and inſolent treatment, he curled his whiſkers, as was his cuſtom when he was angry, and entering Porto Ferino with his great ſhips, diſcharged his ſhot ſo faſt upon the batteries and caſtles, that in two hours the guns were diſmounted, and the works forſaken, though he was at firſt expoſed to the fire of ſixty cannon. He then ordered his officers to ſend out their long boats well manned to ſeize nine of the piratical ſhips lying in the road, himſelf continuing to fire upon the caſtle. This was ſo bravely executed, that with the loſs of only twenty-five men killed, and forty-eight wounded, all the ſhips were fired in the ſight of Tunis. Thence ſailing to Tripoli, he concluded a peace with that nation; then returning to Tunis, he found nothing but ſubmiſſion. And ſuch indeed was his reputation, that he met with no farther oppoſition, but collected a kind of tribute from the princes of thoſe countries, his buſineſs being to demand reparation for all the injuries offered to the Engliſh during the civil wars. He exacted from the duke of Tuſcany 60,000 *l.* and, as it is ſaid, ſent home ſixteen ſhips laden with the effects which he had received from ſeveral ſtates.

The reſpect with which he obliged all foreigners to treat his countrymen, appears from a ſtory related by biſhop Burnet. When he lay before Malaga, in a time of peace with Spain, ſome of his ſailors went aſhore, and meeting a proceſſion of the hoſt, not only refuſed to pay any reſpect to it, but laughed at thoſe that did. The people, being put by one of the prieſts upon reſenting this indignity, fell upon them, and beat them

ſeverely. When they returned to their ſhip, they complained of their ill treatment; upon which Blake ſent to demand the prieſt who had procured it. The viceroy anſwered that, having no authority over the prieſts, he could not ſend him: to which Blake replied, "that "he did not enquire into the extent of the viceroy's "authority, but that if the prieſt were not ſent within "three hours, he would burn the town." The viceroy then ſent the prieſt to him, who pleaded the provocation given by the ſeamen. Blake bravely and rationally anſwered, that, if he had complained to him, he would have puniſhed them ſeverely, for he would not have his men affront the eſtabliſhed religion of any place; but that he was angry that the Spaniards ſhould aſſume that power, for he would have all the world know "that an Engliſhman was only to be puniſhed by an "Engliſhman." So having uſed the prieſt civilly, he ſent him back, being ſatisfied that he was in his power. This conduct ſo much pleaſed Cromwell, that he read the letter in council with great ſatisfaction, and ſaid, "he hoped to make the name of an Engliſhman as "great as ever that of a Roman had been."

In 1656, the Protector having declared war againſt Spain, diſpatched Blake with twenty-five men of war to infeſt their coaſts, and intercept their ſhipping. In purſuance of theſe orders he cruiſed all winter about the Streights, and then lay at the mouth of the harbour of Cales, where he received intelligence that the Spaniſh plate-fleet lay at anchor in the bay of Santa-Cruz in the iſle of Teneriffe. On the 13th of April, 1657, he departed from Cales, and on the 20th arrived at Santa-Cruz, where he found ſixteen Spaniſh veſſels. The bay was defended on the northſide by a caſtle well mounted with

with cannon, and in other parts with ſeven forts with cannon proportioned to the bigneſs, all united by a line of communication manned with muſqueteers. The Spaniſh admiral drew up his ſmall ſhips under the cannon of the caſtle, and ſtationed ſix great galleons with their broad-ſides to the ſea: an advantageous and prudent diſpoſition, but of little effect againſt the Engliſh commander; who determining to attack them, ordered Stayner to enter the bay with his ſquadron; then, poſting ſome of his largeſt ſhips to play upon the fortifications, himſelf attacked the galleons, which, after a gallant reſiſtance, were at length abandoned by the Spaniards, though the leaſt of them was bigger than the biggeſt of Blake's ſhips. The forts and ſmaller veſſels being now ſhattered and forſaken, the whole fleet was ſet on fire, the galleons by Blake, and the ſmalleſt veſſels by Stayner, the Engliſh veſſels being too much ſhattered in the fight to bring them away. Thus was the whole plate-fleet deſtroyed, "and the Spa-"niards," according to Rapin's remark, "ſuſtained a "great loſs of ſhips, money, men, and merchandize, "while the Engliſh gained nothing but glory." As if he that increaſes the military reputation of a people did not increaſe their power, and he that weakens his enemy in effect ſtrengthens himſelf.

"The whole action," ſays Clarendon, "was ſo incre-"dible, that all men, who knew the place, wondered "that any ſober man, with what courage ſoever en-"dued, would ever have undertaken it, and they could "hardly perſuade themſelves to believe what they had "done: while the Spaniards comforted themſelves "with the belief, that they were devils and not men "who had deſtroyed them in ſuch a manner. So much

" imagined.——He was the firſt man that brought " ſhips to contemn caſtles on ſhore, which had ever " been thought very formidable, but were diſcovered " by him to make a noiſe only, and to fright thoſe, " who could rarely be hurt by them. He was the firſt " that infuſed that proportion of courage into ſeamen, " by making them ſee, by experience, what mighty " things they could do if they were reſolved, and " taught them to fight in fire as well as upon the " water; and, though he has been very well imitated " and followed, was the firſt that gave the example of " that kind of naval courage, and bold and reſolute " atchievements."

To this atteſtation of his military excellence, it may be proper to ſubjoin an account of his moral character from the author of *Lives Engliſh and Foreign*. " He " was jealous," ſays that writer, " of the liberty of the " ſubject, and the glory of his nation; and as he made " uſe of no mean artifices to raiſe himſelf to the high- " eſt command at ſea, ſo he needed no intereſt but his " merit to ſupport him in it. He ſcorned nothing " more than money, which, as faſt as it came in, was " laid out by him in the ſervice of the ſtate, and to " ſhew that he was animated by that brave, publick " ſpirit, which has ſince been reckoned rather roman- " tick than heroick. And he was ſo diſintereſted, that " though no man had more opportunities to enrich " himſelf than he, who had taken ſo many millions " from the enemies of England, yet he threw it all into " the publick treaſury, and did not die 500 *l.* richer " than his father left him; which the author avers " from his perſonal knowledge of his family and their " circumſtances, having been bred up in it, and often " heard

"heard his brother give this account of him. He was "religious according to the pretended purity of theſe "times, but would frequently allow himſelf to be "merry with his officers, and by his tenderneſs and "generoſity to the ſeamen had ſo endeared himſelf to "them, that when he died they lamented his loſs as "that of a common father."

Inſtead of more teſtimonies, his character may be properly concluded with one incident of his life, by which it appears how much the ſpirit of Blake was ſuperior to all private views. His brother, in the laſt action with the Spaniards, having not done his duty, was at Blake's deſire diſcarded, and the ſhip was given to another; yet was he not leſs regardful of him as a brother, for when he died he left him his eſtate, knowing him well qualified to adorn or enjoy a private fortune, though he had found him unfit to ſerve his country in a publick character, and had therefore not ſuffered him to rob it.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE*.

FRANCIS DRAKE was the ſon of a clergyman in Devonſhire, who being inclined to the doctrine of the Proteſtants, at that time much oppoſed by Henry VIII. was obliged to fly from his place of reſidence into Kent for refuge, from the perſecution raiſed againſt him, and thoſe of the ſame opinion, by the law of the ſix articles.

How long he lived there, or how he was ſupported, was not known; nor have we any account of the firſt years of Sir Francis Drake's life, of any diſpoſition to hazards and adventures which might have been diſcovered in his childhood, or of the education which qualified him for ſuch wonderful attempts.

We are only informed, that he was put apprentice by his father to the maſter of a ſmall veſſel that traded to France and the Low Countries, under whom he probably learned the rudiments of navigation, and familiariſed himſelf to the dangers and hardſhips of the ſea.

But how few opportunities ſoever he might have in this part of his life for the exerciſe of his courage, he

* This Life was firſt printed in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1740.

gave

gave ſo many proofs of diligence and fidelity, that his maſter dying unmarried left him his little veſſel in reward of his ſervices; a circumſtance that deſerves to be remembered, not only as it may illuſtrate the private character of this brave man, but as it may hint, to all thoſe who may hereafter propoſe his conduct for their imitation, That virtue is the ſureſt foundation both of reputation and fortune, and that the firſt ſtep to greatneſs is to be honeſt.

If it were not improper to dwell longer on an incident at the firſt view ſo inconſiderable, it might be added, That it deſerves the reflection of thoſe, who, when they are engaged in affairs not adequate to their abilities, paſs them over with a contemptuous neglect, and while they amuſe themſelves with chimerical ſchemes, and plans of future undertakings, ſuffer every opportunity of ſmaller advantage to ſlip away as unworthy their regard. They may learn from the example of Drake, that diligence in employments of leſs conſequence is the moſt ſucceſsful introduction to greater enterprizes.

After having followed for ſome time his maſter's profeſſion, he grew weary of ſo narrow a province, and, having ſold his little veſſel, ventured his effects in the new trade to the Weſt-Indies, which, having not been long diſcovered, and very little frequented by the Engliſh till that time, were conceived ſo much to abound in wealth, that no voyage thither could fail of being recompenſed by great advantages. Nothing was talked of among the mercantile or adventurous part of mankind, but the beauty and riches of this new world. Freſh diſcoveries were frequently made, new countries and nations never heard of before were daily deſcribed, *and it* may eaſily be concluded that the relaters did

not diminiſh the merit of their attempts, by ſuppreſſing or diminiſhing any circumſtance that might produce wonder, or excite curioſity. Nor was their vanity only engaged in raiſing admirers, but their intereſt likewiſe in procuring adventurers, who were indeed eaſily gained by the hopes which naturally ariſe from new proſpects, though through ignorance of the American ſeas, and by the malice of the Spaniards, who from the firſt diſcovery of thoſe countries conſidered every other nation that attempted to follow them as invaders of their rights, the beſt concerted deſigns often miſcarried.

Among thoſe who ſuffered moſt from the Spaniſh injuſtice, was Capt. John Hawkins, who, having been admitted by the viceroy to traffic in the bay of Mexico, was, contrary to the ſtipulation then made between them, and in violation of the peace between Spain and England, attacked without any declaration of hoſtilities, and obliged, after an obſtinate reſiſtance, to retire with the loſs of four ſhips, and a great number of his men, who were either deſtroyed or carried into ſlavery.

In this voyage Drake had adventured almoſt all his fortune, which he in vain endeavoured to recover, both by his own private intereſt, and by obtaining letters from Queen Elizabeth; for the Spaniards, deaf to all remonſtrances, either vindicated the injuſtice of the viceroy, or at leaſt forbore to redreſs it.

Drake, thus oppreſſed and impoveriſhed, retained at leaſt his courage and his induſtry, that ardent ſpirit that prompted him to adventures, and that indefatigable patience that enabled him to ſurmount difficulties. He did not ſit down idly to lament misfortunes which

heaven had put it in his power to remedy, or to repine at poverty while the wealth of his enemies was to be gained. But having made two voyages to America for the ſake of gaining intelligence of the ſtate of the Spaniſh ſettlements, and acquainted himſelf with the ſeas and coaſts, he determined on a third expedition of more importance, by which the Spaniards ſhould find how imprudently they always act who injure and inſult a brave man.

On the 24th of May, 1572, Francis Drake ſet ſail from Plymouth in the Paſcha of ſeventy tons, accompanied by the Swan of twenty-five tons, commanded by his brother John Drake, having in both the veſſels ſeventy three men and boys, with a year's proviſion, and ſuch artillery and ammunition as was neceſſary for his undertaking, which, however incredible it may appear to ſuch as conſider rather his force than his fortitude, was no leſs than to make repriſals upon the moſt powerful nation in the world.

The wind continuing favourable, they entered June 29, between Guadalupe and Dominica, and on July 6th ſaw the highland of Santa Martha; then continuing their courſe, after having been becalmed for ſome time, they arrived at Port Pheaſant, ſo named by Drake in a former voyage to the Eaſt of Nombre de Dios. Here he propoſed to build his pinnaces, which he had brought in pieces ready-framed from Plymouth, and was going aſhore with a few men unarmed, but, diſcovering a ſmoke at a diſtance, ordered the other boat to follow him with a greater force.

Then marching towards the fire, which was in the top of a high tree, he found a plate of lead nailed to another tree, with an inſcription engraved upon it by one Garret an Engliſhman, who had left that place but

five

five days before, and had taken this method of informing him that the Spaniards had been advertiſed of his intention to anchor at that place, and that it therefore would be prudent to make a very ſhort ſtay there.

But Drake knowing how convenient this place was for his deſigns, and conſidering that the hazard and waſte of time, which could not be avoided in ſeeking another ſtation, was equivalent to any other danger which was to be apprehended from the Spaniards, determined to follow his firſt reſolution; only, for his greater ſecurity, he ordered a kind of paliſade, or fortification, to be made, by felling large trees, and laying the trunks and branches one upon another by the ſide of the river.

On July 20, having built their pinnaces, and being joined by one Capt. Rauſe, who happened to touch at the ſame place with a bark of fifty men, they ſet ſail towards Nombre de Dios, and, taking two frigates at the iſland of Pines, were informed by the Negroes which they found in them, that the inhabitants of that place were in expectation of ſome ſoldiers, which the governor of Panama had promiſed, to defend them from the Symerons, or fugitive Negroes, who, having eſcaped from the tyranny of their maſters in great numbers, had ſettled themſelves under two kings, or leaders, on each ſide of the way between Nombre de Dios and Panama, and not only aſſerted their natural right to liberty and independence, but endeavoured to revenge the cruelties they had ſuffered, and had lately put the inhabitants of Nombre de Dios into the utmoſt conſternation.

Thoſe Negroes the captain ſet on ſhore on the main land, ſo that they might, by joining the Symerons, recover

recover their liberty, or at leaſt might not have it in their power to give the people of Nombre de Dios any ſpeedy information of his intention to invade them.

Then ſelecting fifty-three men from his own company, and twenty from the crew of his new aſſociate captain Rauſe, he embarked with them in his pinnaces, and ſet ſail for Nombre de Dios.

On July the 28th, at night, he approached the town undiſcovered, and dropt his anchors under the ſhore, intending, after his men were refreſhed, to begin the attack; but finding that they were terrifying each other with formidable accounts of the ſtrength of the place, and the multitude of the inhabitants, he determined to hinder the panic from ſpreading farther, by leading them immediately to action; and therefore ordering them to their oars, he landed without any oppoſition, there being only one gunner upon the bay, though it was ſecured with ſix braſs cannons of the largeſt ſize ready-mounted. But the gunner, while they were throwing the cannons from their carriages, alarmed the town, as they ſoon diſcovered by the bell, the drums, and the noiſe of the people.

Drake, leaving twelve men to guard the pinnaces, marched round the town with no great oppoſition, the men being more hurt by treading on the weapons left on the ground by the flying enemy, than by the reſiſtance which they encountered.

At length having taken ſome of the Spaniards, Drake commanded them to ſhew him the governor's houſe, where the mules that bring the ſilver from Panama were unloaded; there they found the door open, and entering the room where the ſilver was repoſited, found it heaped up in bars in ſuch quantities as almoſt

exceed

exceed belief, the pile being, they conjectured, ſeventy feet in length, ten in breadth, and twelve in height, each bar weighing between thirty and forty-five pounds.

It is eaſy to imagine that, at the ſight of this treaſure, nothing was thought on by the Engliſh, but by what means they might beſt convey it to their boats; and doubtleſs it was not eaſy for Drake, who, conſidering their diſtance from the ſhore, and the numbers of their enemies, was afraid of being intercepted in his retreat, to hinder his men from encumbering themſelves with ſo much ſilver as might have retarded their march, and obſtructed the uſe of their weapons; however, by promiſing to lead them to the king's treaſure-houſe, where there was gold and jewels to a far greater value, and where the treaſure was not only more portable, but nearer the coaſt, he perſuaded them to follow him, and rejoin the main body of his men then drawn up under the command of his brother in the market-place.

Here he found his little troop much diſcouraged by the imagination, that if they ſtayed any longer the enemy would gain poſſeſſion of their pinnaces, and that they ſhould then, without any means of ſafety, be left to ſtand alone againſt the whole power of that country. Drake, not indeed eaſily terrified, but ſufficiently cautious, ſent to the coaſt to enquire the truth, and ſee if the ſame terror had taken poſſeſſion of the men whom he had left to guard his boats; but, finding no foundation for theſe dreadful apprehenſions, he perſiſted in his firſt deſign, and led the troop forward to the treaſure-houſe. In their way there fell a violent ſhower of rain, which wet ſome of their bow-ſtrings, and extinguiſhed many of their matches; a misfortune which might

ſoon have been repaired, and which perhaps the enemy might ſuffer in common with them, but which however on this occaſion very much embarraſſed them, as the delay produced by it repreſſed that ardour which ſometimes is only to be kept up by continued action, and gave time to the timorous and ſlothful to ſpread their inſinuations, and propagate their cowardice. Some, whoſe fear was their predominant paſſion, were continually magnifying the numbers and courage of their enemies, and repreſented whole nations as ready to ruſh upon them; others, whoſe avarice mingled with their concern for their own ſafety, were more ſolicitous to preſerve what they had already gained, than to acquire more; and others, brave in themſelves, and reſolute, began to doubt of ſucceſs in an undertaking in which they were aſſociated with cowardly companions. So that ſcarcely any man appeared to proceed in their enterprize with that ſpirit and alacrity which could give Drake a proſpect of ſucceſs.

This he perceived, and with ſome emotion told them, that if, after having had the chief treaſure of the world within their reach, they ſhould go home and languiſh in poverty, they could blame nothing but their own cowardice; that he had performed his part, and was ſtill deſirous to lead them on to riches and to honour.

Then finding that either ſhame or conviction made them willing to follow him, he ordered the treaſure-houſe to be forced, and commanding his brother, and Oxenham of Plymouth, a man known afterwards for his bold adventures in the ſame parts, to take charge of the treaſure, he commanded the other body to follow him to the market-place, that he might be ready

ready to oppoſe any ſcattered troops of the Spaniards, and hinder them from uniting into one body.

But as he ſtepped forward, his ſtrength failed him on a ſudden, and he fell down ſpeechleſs. Then it was that his companions perceived a wound in his leg, which he had received in the firſt encounter, but hitherto concealed, leſt his men, eaſily diſcouraged, ſhould make their concern for his life a pretence for returning to their boats. Such had been his loſs of blood, as was diſcovered upon nearer obſervation, that it had filled the prints of his footſteps, and it appeared ſcarce credible that, after ſuch effuſion of blood, life ſhould remain.

The braveſt were now willing to retire: neither the deſire of honour nor of riches was thought enough to prevail in any man over his regard for his leader. Drake, whom cordials had now reſtored to his ſpeech, was the only man who could not be prevailed on to leave the enterprize unfiniſhed. It was to no purpoſe that they adviſed him to ſubmit to go on board to have his wound dreſſed, and promiſed to return with him and complete their deſign; he well knew how impracticable it was to regain the opportunity when it was once loſt, and could eaſily foreſee that a reſpite, of but a few hours, would enable the Spaniards to recover from their conſternation, to aſſemble their forces, refit their batteries, and remove their treaſure. What he had undergone ſo much danger to obtain was now in his hands, and the thoughts of leaving it untouched was too mortifying to be patiently born.

However, as there was little time for conſultation, and the ſame danger attended their ſtay in that per-

plexity and confuſion, as their return, they bound up his wound with his ſcarf, and partly by force, partly by entreaty, carried him to the boats, in which they all embarked by break of day.

Then taking with them, out of the harbour, a ſhip loaded with wines, they went to the Baſtimentes, an iſland about a league from the town, where they ſtaid two days to repoſe the wounded men, and to regale themſelves with the fruits which grew in great plenty in the gardens of that iſland.

During their ſtay here, there came over from the main land a Spaniſh gentleman, ſent by the governor, with inſtructions to enquire whether the captain was that Drake who had been before on their coaſt, whether the arrows with which many of their men were wounded were not poiſoned, and whether they wanted proviſions or other neceſſaries. The meſſenger likewiſe extolled their courage with the higheſt encomiums, and expreſſed his admiration of their daring undertaking. Drake, though he knew the civilities of an enemy are always to be ſuſpected, and that the meſſenger, amidſt all his profeſſions of regard, was no other than a ſpy, yet knowing that he had nothing to apprehend, treated him with the higheſt honours that his condition admitted of. In anſwer to his enquiries, he aſſured him that he was the ſame Drake with whoſe character they were before acquainted, that he was a rigid obſerver of the laws of war, and never permitted his arrows to be poiſoned: he then diſmiſſed him with conſiderable preſents, and told him that, though he had unfortunately failed in this attempt, he would never deſiſt from this deſign, till he had ſhared with Spain the treaſures of America.

They

They then reſolved to return to the iſle of Pines, where they had left their ſhips, and conſult about the meaſures they were now to take, and having arrived, Auguſt 1, at their former ſtation, they diſmiſſed captain Rauſe, who, judging it unſafe to ſtay any longer on the coaſt, deſired to be no longer engaged in their deſigns.

But Drake, not to be diſcouraged from his purpoſe by a ſingle diſappointment, after having enquired of a negro, whom he took aboard at Nombre de Dios, the moſt wealthy ſettlements, and weakeſt parts of the coaſt, reſolved to attack Carthagena; and, ſetting ſail without loſs of time, came to anchor, Auguſt 13, between Chareſha and St. Barnards, two iſlands at a little diſtance from the harbour of Carthagena; then paſſing with his boats round the iſland he entered the harbour, and in the mouth of it found a frigate with only an old man in it, who voluntarily informed them, that about an hour before a pinnace had paſſed by with ſails and oars, and all the appearance of expedition and importance; that, as ſhe paſſed, the crew on board her bid them take care of themſelves; and that, as ſoon as ſhe touched the ſhore, they heard the noiſe of cannon fired as a warning, and ſaw the ſhipping in the port drawn up under the guns of the caſtle.

The captain, who had himſelf heard the diſcharge of the artillery, was ſoon convinced that he was diſcovered, and that therefore nothing could be attempted with any probability of ſucceſs. He therefore contented himſelf with taking a ſhip of Seville, of two hundred and forty tons, which the relater of this voyage mentions as a very large ſhip, and two ſmall frigates, in which he found letters of advice

from Nombre de Dios, intended to alarm that part of the coaſt.

Drake now finding his pinnaces of great uſe, and not having a ſufficient number of ſailors for all his veſſels, was deſirous of deſtroying one of his ſhips, that his pinnaces might be better manned: this, neceſſary as it was, could not eaſily be done without diſguſting his company, who, having made ſeveral proſperous voyages in that veſſel, would be unwilling to have it deſtroyed. Drake well knew that nothing but the love of their leaders could animate his followers to encounter ſuch hardſhips as he was about to expoſe them to, and therefore rather choſe to bring his deſigns to paſs by artifice than authority. He ſent for the carpenter of the Swan, took him into his cabbin, and, having firſt engaged him to ſecrecy, ordered him in the middle of the night to go down into the well of the ſhip, and bore three holes through the bottom, laying ſomething againſt them that might hinder the bubbling of the water from being heard. To this the carpenter, after ſome expoſtulation, conſented, and the next night performed his promiſe.

In the morning, Auguſt 15, Drake going out with his pinnace a-fiſhing rowed up to the Swan, and, having invited his brother to partake of his diverſion, enquired, with a negligent air, why their bark was ſo deep in the water; upon which the ſteward going down, returned immediately with an account that the ſhip was leaky, and in danger of ſinking in a little time. They had recourſe immediately to the pump; but, having laboured till three in the afternoon, and gained very little upon the water, they willingly, according

cording to Drake's advice, ſet the veſſel on fire, and went on board the pinnaces.

Finding it now neceſſary to lie concealed for ſome time, till the Spaniards ſhould forget their danger and remit their vigilance, they ſet ſail for the Sound of Darien, and without approaching the coaſt, that their courſe might not be obſerved, they arrived there in ſix days.

This being a convenient place for their reception, both on account of privacy, as it was out of the road of all trade, and as it was well ſupplied with wood, water, wild fowl, hogs, deer, and all kinds of proviſions, he ſtayed here 15 days to clean his veſſels, and refreſh his men, who worked interchangeably, on one day the one half, and on the next the other.

On the fifth day of September, Drake left his brother with the ſhip at Darien, and ſet out with two pinnaces towards the Rio Grande, which it reached in three days, and on the ninth were diſcovered by a Spaniard from the bank, who, believing them to be his countrymen, made a ſignal to them to come on ſhore, with which they very readily complied; but he ſoon finding his miſtake abandoned his plantation, where they found great plenty of proviſions, with which having laden their veſſels, they departed. So great was the quantity of proviſions which they amaſſed here and in other places, that in different parts of the coaſt they built four magazines or ſtorehouſes, which they filled with neceſſaries for the proſecution of their voyage. Theſe they placed at ſuch a diſtance from each other, that the enemy, if he ſhould ſurpriſe one, might yet not diſcover the reſt.

In the mean time, his brother, captain John Drake, went, according to the inſtructions that had been left him, in ſearch of the Symerons or fugitive negroes, from whoſe aſſiſtance alone they had now any proſpect of a ſucceſsful voyage; and touching upon the main land, by means of the negro whom they had taken from Nombre de Dios, engaged two of them to come on board his pinnace, leaving two of their own men as hoſtages for their returning. Theſe men, having aſſured Drake of the affection of their nation, appointed an interview between them and their leaders. So leaving Port Plenty, in the iſle of Pines, ſo named by the Engliſh from the great ſtores of proviſions which they had amaſſed at that place, they came, by the direction of the Symerons, into a ſecret bay among beautiful iſlands covered with trees, which concealed their ſhip from obſervation, and where the channel was ſo narrow and rocky, that it was impoſſible to enter it by night; ſo that there was no danger of a ſudden attack.

Here they met, and entered into engagements, which common enemies and common dangers preſerved from violation. But the firſt converſation informed the Engliſh that their expectations were not immediately to be gratified; for upon their enquiries after the moſt probable means of gaining gold and ſilver, the Symerons told them, that, had they known ſooner the chief end of their expedition, they could eaſily have gratified them; but that, during the rainy ſeaſon, which was now begun, and which continues ſix months, they could not recover the treaſure, which they had taken from the Spaniards, out of the rivers in which they had concealed it.

Drake,

Drake, therefore, propoſing to wait in this place till the rains were paſt, built, with the aſſiſtance of the Symerons, a fort of earth and timber, and, leaving part of his company with the Symerons, ſet out with three pinnaces towards Carthagena, being of a ſpirit too active to lie ſtill patiently, even in a ſtate of plenty and ſecurity, and with the moſt probable expectations of immenſe riches.

On the 16th of October, he anchored within ſight of Carthagena without landing; and on the 17th, going out to ſea, took a Spaniſh bark, with which they entered the harbour, where they were accoſted by a Spaniſh Gentleman, whom they had ſome time before taken, and ſet at liberty, who coming to them in a boat, as he pretended, without the knowledge of the governor, made them great promiſes of refreſhment and profeſſions of eſteem; but Drake, having waited till the next morning without receiving the proviſions he had been prevailed upon to expect, found that all this pretended kindneſs was no more than a ſtratagem to amuſe him, while the governor was raiſing forces for his deſtruction.

October 20, they took two frigates coming out of Carthagena without lading. Why the Spaniards, knowing Drake to lie at the mouth of the harbour, ſent out their veſſels on purpoſe to be taken, does not appear. Perhaps they thought that, in order to keep poſſeſſion of his prizes, he would divide his company, and by that diviſion be more eaſily deſtroyed.

In a few hours afterwards, they ſent out two frigates well manned, which Drake ſoon forced to retire, and having ſunk one of his prizes, and burnt the other in their ſight, leaped afterwards aſhore, ſingle, in defiance

ance of their troops, which hovered at a diſtance in the woods and on the hills, without ever venturing to approach within reach of the ſhot from the pinnaces.

To leap upon an enemy's coaſt in ſight of a ſuperior force, only to ſhew how little they were feared, was an act that would in theſe times meet with little applauſe, nor can the general be ſeriouſly commended, or rationally vindicated, who expoſes his perſon to deſtruction, and, by conſequence, his expedition to miſcarriage, only for the pleaſure of an idle inſult, an inſignificant bravado. All that can be urged in his defence is, that perhaps it might contribute to heighten the eſteem of his followers, as few men, eſpecially of that claſs, are philoſophical enough to ſtate the exact limits of prudence and bravery, or not to be dazzled with an intrepidity how improperly ſoever exerted. It may be added, that perhaps the Spaniards, whoſe notions of courage are ſufficiently romantic, might look upon him as a more formidable enemy, and yield more eaſily to a hero of whoſe fortitude they had ſo high an idea.

However, finding the whole country advertiſed of his attempts, and in arms to oppoſe him, he thought it not proper to ſtay longer where there was no probability of ſucceſs, and where he might in time be overpowered by multitudes, and therefore determined to go forwards to Rio de Heha.

This reſolution, when it was known by his followers, threw them into aſtoniſhment; and the company of one of his pinnaces remonſtrated to him, that, though they placed the higheſt confidence in his conduct, they could not think of undertaking ſuch a voyage without proviſions, having only a gammon of bacon,

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and a ſmall quantity of bread, for ſeventeen men. Drake anſwered them, that there was on board his veſſel even a greater ſcarcity; but yet, if they would adventure to ſhare his fortune, he did not doubt of extricating them from all their difficulties.

Such was the heroic ſpirit of Drake, that he never ſuffered himſelf to be diverted from his deſigns by any difficulties, nor ever thought of relieving his exigences, but at the expence of his enemies.

Reſolution and ſucceſs reciprocally produce each other. He had not ſailed more than three leagues, before they diſcovered a large ſhip, which they attacked with all the intrepidity that neceſſity inſpires, and happily found it laden with excellent proviſions.

But finding his crew growing faint and ſickly with their manner of living in the pinnaces, which was leſs commodious than on board the ſhips, he determined to go back to the Symerons, with whom he left his brother and part of his force, and attempt by their conduct to make his way over, and invade the Spaniards in the inland parts, where they would probably never dream of an enemy.

When they arrived at Port Diego, ſo named from the negro who had procured them their intercourſe with the Symerons, they found Captain John Drake and one of his company dead, being killed, in attempting, almoſt unarmed, to board a frigate well provided with all things neceſſary for its defence. The captain was unwilling to attack it, and repreſented to them the madneſs of their propoſal; but, being overborn by their clamours and importunities, to avoid the imputation of cowardice, complied to his deſtruction. So dangerous is it for the chief commander to be abſent!

Nor was this their only misfortune, for, in a very ſhort time, many of them were attacked by the calenture, a malignant fever, very frequent in the hot climates, which carried away, among ſeveral others, Joſeph Drake, another brother of the commander.

While Drake was employed in taking care of the ſick men, the Symerons, who ranged the country for intelligence, brought him an account, that the Spaniſh fleet was arrived at Nombre de Dios, the truth of which was confirmed by a pinnace, which he ſent out to make obſervations.

This, therefore, was the time for their journey, when the treaſures of the American mines were to be tranſported from Panama, over land, to Nombre de Dios. He therefore, by the direction of the Symerons, furniſhed himſelf with all things neceſſary, and on February 3, ſet out from port Diego.

Having loſt already twenty-eight of his company, and being under a neceſſity of leaving ſome to guard his ſhip, he took with him only eighteen Engliſh, and thirty Symerons, who not only ſerved as guides to ſhew the way, but as purveyors to procure proviſions.

They carried not only arrows for war, but for hunting and fowling; the heads of which are proportioned in ſize to the game which they are purſuing: for oxen, ſtags, or wild boars, they have arrows, or javelins, with heads weighing a pound and half, which they diſcharge near hand, and which ſcarcely ever fail of being mortal. The ſecond ſort are about half as heavy as the other, and are generally ſhot from their bows; theſe are intended for ſmaller beaſts. With the third ſort, of which the heads are an ounce in weight, they kill birds. As this nation is in a ſtate that does not

ſet them above continual cares for the immediate neceſſaries of life, he that can temper iron beſt is among them moſt eſteemed, and, perhaps, it would be happy for every nation, if honours and applauſes were as juſtly diſtributed, and he were moſt diſtinguiſhed whoſe abilities were moſt uſeful to ſociety. How many chimerical titles to precedence, how many falſe pretences to reſpect, would this rule bring to the ground!

Every day, by ſun-riſing, they began to march, and, having travelled till ten, reſted near ſome river till twelve, then travelling again till four, they repoſed all night in houſes, which the Symerons had either left ſtanding in their former marches, or very readily erected for them, by ſetting up three or four poſts in the ground, and laying poles from one to another in form of a roof, which they thatched with palmetto boughs and plantane leaves. In the valleys, where they were ſheltered from the winds, they left three or four feet below open; but on the hills, where they were more expoſed to the chill blaſts of the night, they thatched them cloſe to the ground, leaving only a door for entrance, and a vent in the middle of the room, for the ſmoke of three fires, which they made in every houſe.

In their march they met not only with plenty of fruits upon the banks of the rivers, but with wild ſwine in great abundance, of which the Symerons, without difficulty, killed, for the moſt part, as much as was wanted. One day, however, they found an otter, and were about to dreſs it; at which Drake expreſſing his wonder, was aſked by Pedro, the chief Symeron, "Are you a man of war, and in want, and yet doubt "whether this be meat that hath blood in it?" For

which Drake in private rebuked him, ſays the relator; whether juſtly or not, it is not very important to determine. There ſeems to be in Drake's ſcruple ſomewhat of ſuperſtition, perhaps not eaſily to be juſtified; and the negro's anſwer was, at leaſt, martial, and will, I believe, be generally acknowledged to be rational.

On the third day of their march, Feb. 26, they came to a town of the Symerons, ſituated on the ſide of a hill, and encompaſſed with a ditch and a mud wall, to ſecure it from a ſudden ſurprize: here they lived with great neatneſs and plenty, and ſome obſervation of religion, paying great reverence to the croſs; a practice, which Drake prevailed upon them to change for the uſe of the Lord's prayer. Here they importuned Drake to ſtay for a few days, promiſing to double his ſtrength; but he either thinking greater numbers unneceſſary, or fearing that, if any difference ſhould ariſe, he ſhould be overborn by the number of Symerons, or that they would demand to ſhare the plunder, that ſhould be taken, in common, or for ſome other reaſon that might eaſily occur, refuſed any addition to his troop, endeavouring to expreſs his refuſal in ſuch terms as might heighten their opinion of his bravery.

He then proceeded on his journey through cool ſhades, and lofty woods, which ſheltered them ſo effectually from the ſun, that their march was leſs toilſome than if they had travelled in England during the heat of the ſummer. Four of the Symerons, that were acquainted with the way, went about a mile before the troop, and ſcattered branches to direct them; then followed twelve Symerons, after whom came the Engliſh, with the two leaders, and the other Symerons cloſed the rear.

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On February 11, they arrived at the top of a very high hill, on the ſummit of which grew a tree of wonderful greatneſs, in which they had cut ſteps for the more eaſy aſcent to the top, where there was a kind of tower, to which they invited Drake, and from thence ſhewed him not only the north ſea, from whence they came, but the great South Sea, on which no Engliſh veſſel had ever ſailed. This proſpect exciting his natural curioſity and ardour for adventures and diſcoveries, he lifted up his hands to God, and implored his bleſſing upon the reſolution, which he then formed, of ſailing in an Engliſh ſhip on that ſea.

Then continuing their march, they came, after two days, into an open, level country, where their paſſage was ſomewhat incommoded with the graſs, which is of a peculiar kind, conſiſting of a ſtalk like that of wheat, and a blade, on which the oxen and other cattle feed, till it grows too high for them to reach; then the inhabitants ſet it on fire, and in three days it ſprings up again; this they are obliged to do thrice a year, ſo great is the fertility of the ſoil.

At length, being within view of Panama, they left all frequented roads, for fear of being diſcovered, and poſted themſelves in a grove near the way between Panama and Nombre de Dios; then they ſent a Symeron, in the habit of a negro of Panama, to enquire on what night the recoes, or drivers of mules, on which the treaſure is carried, were to ſet forth. The meſſenger was ſo well qualified for his undertaking, and ſo induſtrious in the proſecution of it, that he ſoon returned with an account that the treaſurer of Lima, intending to return to Europe, would paſs that night, with eight mules laden with gold, and one with jewels.

Having

Having received this information, they immediately marched towards Venta Cruz, the firſt town on the way to Nombre de Dios, ſending, for ſecurity, two Symerons before, who, as they went, perceived, by the ſcent of a match, that ſome Spaniard was before them, and going ſilently forwards ſurpriſed a ſoldier aſleep upon the ground. They immediately bound him, and brought him to Drake, who, upon enquiry, found that their ſpy had not deceived them in his intelligence. The ſoldier, having informed himſelf of the captain's name, conceived ſuch a confidence in his well-known clemency, that, after having made an ample diſcovery of the treaſure that was now at hand, he petitioned not only that he would command the Symerons to ſpare his life, but that, when the treaſure ſhould fall into his hands, he would allow him as much as might maintain him and his miſtreſs, ſince they were about to gain more than their whole company could carry away.

Drake then ordered his men to lie down in the long graſs, about fifty paces from the road, half on one ſide, with himſelf, and half on the other, with Oxenham and the captain of the Symerons, ſo much behind, that one company might ſeize the foremoſt recoe, and the other the hindermoſt, for the mules of theſe recoes, or drivers, being tied together, travel on a line, and are all guided by leading the firſt.

When they had lain about an hour in this place, they began to hear the bells of the mules on each hand; upon which orders were given, that the droves which came from Venta Cruz ſhould paſs unmoleſted, becauſe they carried nothing of great value, and thoſe only be intercepted which were travelling thither, and that none of the men ſhould riſe up till the ſignal ſhould be given.

given. But one Robert Pike, heated with ſtrong liquor, left his company, and prevailed upon one of the Symerons to creep with him to the way ſide, that they might ſignalize themſelves by ſeizing the firſt mule, and hearing the trampling of a horſe, as he lay, could not be reſtrained by the Symeron from riſing up to obſerve who was paſſing by. This he did ſo imprudently, that he was diſcovered by the paſſenger, for by Drake's order the Engliſh had put their ſhirts on over their coats, that the night and the tumult might not hinder them from knowing one another.

The gentleman was immediately obſerved by Drake to change his trot into a gallop; but, the reaſon of it not appearing, it was imputed to his fear of the robbers that uſually infeſt that road, and the Engliſh ſtill continued to expect the treaſure.

In a ſhort time one of the recoes, that were paſſing towards Venta Cruz, came up, and was eagerly ſeized by the Engliſh, who expected nothing leſs than half the revenue of the Indies; nor is it eaſy to imagine their mortification and perplexity when they found only two mules laden with ſilver, the reſt having no other burthen than proviſions.

The driver was brought immediately to the captain, and informed him that the horſeman, whom he had obſerved paſs by with ſo much precipitation, had informed the treaſurer of what he had obſerved, and adviſed him to ſend back the mules that carried his gold and jewels, and ſuffer only the reſt to proceed, that he might by that cheap experiment diſcover whether there was any ambuſh on the way.

That Drake was not leſs diſguſted than his followers at the diſappointment, cannot be doubted; but there

was now no time to be ſpent in complaints. The whole country was alarmed, and all the force of the Spaniards was ſummoned to overwhelm him. He had no fortreſs to retire to, every man was his enemy, and every retreat better known to the Spaniards than to himſelf.

This was an occaſion that demanded all the qualities of an hero, an intrepidity never to be ſhaken, and a judgement never to be perplexed. He immediately conſidered all the circumſtances of his preſent ſituation, and found that it afforded him only the choice of marching back by the ſame way through which he came, or of forcing his paſſage to Venta Cruz.

To march back, was to confeſs the ſuperiority of his enemies, and to animate them to the purſuit; the woods would afford opportunities of ambuſh, and his followers muſt often diſperſe themſelves in ſearch of proviſions, who would become an eaſy prey, diſpirited by their diſappointment, and fatigued by their march. On the way to Venta Cruz he ſhould have nothing to fear but from open attacks, and expected enemies.

Determining therefore to paſs forward to Venta Cruz, he aſked Pedro, the leader of the Symerons, whether he was reſolved to follow him; and, having received from him the ſtrongeſt aſſurances that nothing ſhould ſeparate them, commanded his men to refreſh themſelves, and prepare to ſet forward.

When they came within a mile of the town, they diſmiſſed the mules which they had made uſe of for their more eaſy and ſpeedy paſſage, and continued their march along a road cut through thick woods, in which a company of ſoldiers, who were quartered in the place to defend it againſt the Symerons, had poſted themſelves, together with a convent of friars headed

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by one of their brethren, whoſe zeal againſt the Northern hereſy had incited him to hazard his perſon, and aſſume the province of a general.

Drake, who was advertiſed by two Symerons, whom he ſent before, of the approach of the Spaniards, commanded his followers to receive the firſt volley without firing.

In a ſhort time he heard himſelf ſummoned by the Spaniſh captain to yield, with a promiſe of protection and kind treatment; to which he anſwered with defiance, contempt, and the diſcharge of his piſtol.

Immediately the Spaniards poured in their ſhot, by which only one man was killed, and Drake, with ſome others, ſlightly wounded; upon which the ſignal was given by Drake's whiſtle to fall upon them. The Engliſh, after diſcharging their arrows and ſhot, preſſed furiouſly forward, and drove the Spaniards before them, which the Symerons, whom the terror of the ſhot had driven to ſome diſtance, obſerved, and recalling their courage, animated each other with ſongs in their own language, and ruſhed forward with ſuch impetuoſity, that they overtook them near the town, and, ſupported by the Engliſh, diſperſed them with the loſs of only one man, who, after he had received his wound, had ſtrength and reſolution left to kill his aſſailant.

They purſued the enemy into the town, in which they met with ſome plunder, which was given to the Symerons, and treated the inhabitants with great clemency, Drake himſelf going to the Spaniſh ladies to aſſure them that no injuries ſhould be offered them; ſo inſeparable is humanity from true courage.

Having thus broken the ſpirits, and ſcattered the forces of the Spaniards, he purſued his march to his ſhip, without any apprehenſion of danger, yet with great ſpeed, being very ſolicitous about the ſtate of the crew; ſo that he allowed his men, harraſſed as they were, but little time for ſleep or refreſhment, but by kind exhortations, gentle authority, and a chearful participation of all their hardſhips, prevailed upon them to bear, without murmurs, not only the toil of travelling, but on ſome days the pain of hunger.

In this march he owed much of his expedition to the aſſiſtance of the Symerons, who being accuſtomed to the climate, and naturally robuſt, not only brought him intelligence, and ſhewed the way, but carried neceſſaries, provided victuals, and built lodgings, and, when any of the Engliſh fainted in the way, two of them would carry him between them for two miles together; nor was their valour leſs than their induſtry, after they had learned, from their Engliſh companions, to deſpiſe the fire-arms of the Spaniards.

When they were within five leagues of the ſhips, they found a town built in their abſence by the Symerons, at which Drake conſented to halt, ſending a Symeron to the ſhip with his gold tooth-pick as a token, which, though the maſter knew it, was not ſufficient to gain the meſſenger credit, till upon examination he found that the captain, having ordered him to regard no meſſenger without his handwriting, had engraven his name upon it with the point of his knife. He then ſent the pinnace up the river, which they met, and afterwards ſent to the town for thoſe whoſe wearineſs had made them unable to march farther. On February 23, the whole company was re-united; and

Drake, whose good or ill fortune never prevailed over his piety, celebrated their meeting with thanks to God.

Drake, not yet discouraged, now turned his thoughts to new prospects, and, without languishing in melancholy reflections upon his past miscarriages, employed himself in forming schemes for repairing them. Eager of action, and acquainted with man's nature, he never suffered idleness to infect his followers with cowardice, but kept them from sinking under any disappointment by diverting their attention to some new enterprize.

Upon consultation with his own men and the Symerons, he found them divided in their opinions: some declaring, that, before they engaged in any new attempt, it was necessary to increase their stores of provisions; and others urging, that the ships in which the treasure was conveyed should be immediately attacked. The Symerons proposed a third plan, and advised him to undertake another march over land to the house of one Pezoro near Veregua, whose slaves brought him every day more than two hundred pounds sterling from the mines, which he heaped together in a strong stone house, which might by the help of the English be easily forced.

Drake, being unwilling to fatigue his followers with another journey, determined to comply with both the other opinions; and manning his two pinnaces, the Bear and the Minion, he sent John Oxenham in the Bear towards Tolon, to seize upon provisions; and went himself in the Minion to the Cabezas, to intercept the treasure that was to be transported from Veragua and that coast to the fleet at Nombre de

Dios, firſt diſmiſſing with preſents thoſe Symerons that deſired to return to their wives, and ordering thoſe that choſe to remain to be entertained in the ſhip.

Drake took at the Cabezas a frigate of Nicaragua, the pilot of which informed him that there was, in the harbour of Veragua, a ſhip freighted with more than a million of gold, to which he offered to conduct him (being well acquainted with the ſoundings) if he might be allowed his ſhare of the prize; ſo much was his avarice ſuperior to his honeſty.

Drake, after ſome deliberation, complying with the pilot's importunities, ſailed towards the harbour, but had no ſooner entered the mouth of it than he heard the report of artillery, which was anſwered by others at a greater diſtance; upon which the pilot told him that they were diſcovered, this being the ſignal appointed by the governor to alarm the coaſt.

Drake now thought it convenient to return to the ſhip, that he might enquire the ſucceſs of the other pinnace, which he found, with a frigate that ſhe had taken, with twenty-eight fat hogs, two hundred hens, and great ſtore of maiz, or Indian corn. The veſſel itſelf was ſo ſtrong and well built, that he fitted it out for war, determining to attack the fleet at Nombre de Dios.

On March the 21ſt he ſet ſail with the new frigate and the Bear towards the Cabezas, at which he arrived in about two days, and found there Tetu, a Frenchman, with a ſhip of war, who, after having received from him a ſupply of water and other neceſſaries, intreated that he might join with him in his attempt; which Drake conſenting to, admitted him to accompany

pany him with twenty of his men, ſtipulating to allow them an equal ſhare of whatever booty they ſhould gain. Yet were they not without ſome ſuſpicions of danger from this new ally, he having eighty men, and they being now reduced to thirty-one.

Then manning the frigate and two pinnaces, they ſet ſail for the Cabezas, where they left the frigate, which was too large for the ſhallows over which they were to paſs, and proceeded to Rio Franciſco. Here they landed, and, having ordered the pinnaces to return to the ſame place on the 4th day following, travelled through the woods towards Nombre de Dios, with ſuch ſilence and regularity, as ſurpriſed the French, who did not imagine the Symerons ſo diſcreet or obedient as they appeared, and were therefore in perpetual anxiety about the fidelity of their guides, and the probability of their return. Nor did the Symerons treat them with that ſubmiſſion and regard which they paid to the Engliſh, whoſe bravery and conduct they had already tried.

At length, after a laborious march of more than ſeven leagues, they began to hear the hammers of the carpenters in the bay, it being the cuſtom in that hot ſeaſon to work in the night; and in a ſhort time they perceived the approach of the recoes, or droves of mules, from Panama. They now no longer doubted that their labours would be rewarded, and every man imagined himſelf ſecure from poverty and labour for the remaining part of his life. They, therefore, when the mules came up, ruſhed out and ſeized them, with an alacrity proportioned to their expectations. The three droves conſiſted of one hundred and nine mules, each of which carried three hundred pounds weight of

ſilver. It was to little purpoſe that the ſoldiers, ordered to guard the treaſure, attempted reſiſtance. After a ſhort combat, in which the French captain, and one of the Symerons, were wounded, it appeared with how much greater ardour men are animated by intereſt than fidelity.

As it was poſſible for them to carry away but a ſmall part of this treaſure, after having wearied themſelves with hiding it in holes and ſhallow waters, they determined to return by the ſame way, and, without being purſued, entered the woods, where the French captain, being diſabled by his wound, was obliged to ſtay, two of his company continuing with him.

When they had gone forward about two leagues, the Frenchmen miſſed another of their company, who upon enquiry was known to be intoxicated with wine, and ſuppoſed to have loſt himſelf in the woods, by neglecting to obſerve the guides.

But common prudence not allowing them to hazard the whole company by too much ſolicitude for a ſingle life, they travelled on towards Rio Franciſco, at which they arrived April the 3d; but, looking out for their pinnaces, were ſurprized with the ſight of ſeven Spaniſh ſhallops, and immediately concluded that ſome intelligence of their motions had been carried to Nombre de Dios, and that theſe veſſels had been fitted out to purſue them, which might undoubtedly have overpowered the pinnaces and their feeble crew. Nor did their ſuſpicion ſtop here; but immediately it occurred to them, that their men had been compelled by torture to diſcover where their frigate and ſhip were ſtationed, which being weakly manned, and without the preſence of the chief commander, would fall into

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their hands, almoſt without reſiſtance, and all poſſibility of eſcaping be entirely cut off.

Theſe reflections ſunk the whole company into deſpair; and every one, inſtead of endeavouring to break through the difficulties that ſurrounded him, reſigned up himſelf to his ill fortune; when Drake, whoſe intrepidity was never to be ſhaken, and whoſe reaſon was never to be ſurprized or embarraſſed, repreſented to them that, though the Spaniards ſhould have made themſelves maſters of their pinnaces, they might yet be hindered from diſcovering the ſhips. He put them in mind that the pinnaces could not be taken, the men examined, their examinations compared, the reſolutions formed, their veſſels ſent out, and the ſhips taken, in an inſtant. Some time muſt neceſſarily be ſpent before the laſt blow could be ſtruck; and, if that time were not negligently loſt, it might be poſſible for ſome of them to reach the ſhips before the enemy, and direct them to change their ſtation.

They were animated with this diſcourſe, by which they diſcovered that their leader was not without hope; but, when they came to look more nearly into their ſituation, they were unable to conceive upon what it was founded. To paſs by land was impoſſible, as the way lay over high mountains, through thick woods and deep rivers; and they had not a ſingle boat in their power, ſo that a paſſage by water ſeemed equally impracticable. But Drake, whoſe penetration immediately diſcovered all the circumſtances and inconveniences of every ſcheme, ſoon determined upon the only means of ſucceſs which their condition afforded them; and, ordering his men to make a raft out of the trees that were then floating on the river, offered himſelf to

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put off to ſea upon it, and chearfully aſked who would accompany him. John Owen, John Smith, and two Frenchmen, who were willing to ſhare his fortune, embarked with him on the raft, which was fitted out with a ſail made of a biſket ſack, and an oar to direct its courſe inſtead of a rudder.

Then, having comforted the reſt with aſſurances of his regard for them, and reſolution to leave nothing unattempted for their deliverance, he put off, and after having, with much difficulty, ſailed three leagues, deſcried two pinnaces haſting towards him, which, upon a nearer approach, he diſcovered to be his own, and perceiving that they anchored behind a point that jutted out into the ſea, he put to ſhore, and, croſſing the land on foot, was received by his company with that ſatisfaction which is only known to thoſe that have been acquainted with dangers and diſtreſſes.

The ſame night they rowed to Rio Franciſco, where they took in the reſt, with what treaſure they had been able to carry with them through the woods; then ſailing back with the utmoſt expedition, they returned to their frigate, and ſoon after to their ſhip, where Drake divided the gold and ſilver equally between the French and the Engliſh.

Here they ſpent about fourteen days in fitting out their frigate more completely, and then, diſmiſſing the Spaniards with their ſhip, lay a few days among the Cabezas; while twelve Engliſh and ſixteen Symerons travelled once more into the country, as well to recover the French captain, whom they had left wounded, as to bring away the treaſure which they had hid in the ſands. Drake, whom his company would

would not ſuffer to hazard his perſon in another land expedition, went with them to Rio Franciſco, where he found one of the Frenchmen who had ſtayed to attend their captain, and was informed by him, upon his enquiries after his fortune, that, half an hour after their ſeparation, the Spaniards came upon them, and eaſily ſeized upon the wounded captain; but that his companions might have eſcaped with him, had he not preferred money to life; for ſeeing him throw down a box of jewels that retarded him, he could not forbear taking it up, and with that, and the gold which he had already, was ſo loaded that he could not eſcape. With regard to the bars of gold and ſilver, which they had concealed in the ground, he informed them that two thouſand men had been employed in digging for them.

The men, however, either miſtruſting the informer's veracity, or confident that what they had hidden could not be found, purſued their journey; but, upon their arrival at the place, found the ground turned up for two miles round, and were able to recover no more than thirteen bars of ſilver, and a ſmall quantity of gold. They diſcovered afterwards that the Frenchman who was left in the woods, falling afterwards into the hands of the Spaniards, was tortured by them till he confeſſed where Drake had concealed his plunder. So fatal to Drake's expedition was the drunkenneſs of his followers.

Then, diſmiſſing the French, they paſſed by Carthagena with their colours flying, and ſoon after took a frigate laden with proviſions and honey, which they valued as a great reſtorative, and then ſailed away to the Cabezas.

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Here they ſtayed about a week, to clean their veſſels, and fit them for a long voyage, determining to ſet ſail for England; and, that the faithful Symerons might not go away unrewarded, broke up their pinnaces, and gave them the iron, the moſt valuable preſent in the world to a nation whoſe only employments were war and hunting, and amongſt whom ſhow and luxury had no place.

Pedro, their captain, being deſired by Drake to go through the ſhip, and to chooſe what he moſt deſired, fixed his eye upon a ſcymeter ſet with diamonds, which the French captain had preſented to Drake; and, being unwilling to aſk for ſo valuable a preſent, offered for it four large quoits, or thick plates of gold, which he had hitherto concealed; but Drake, deſirous to ſhew him that fidelity ſeldom is without a recompence, gave it him with the higheſt profeſſions of ſatisfaction and eſteem. Pedro, receiving it with the utmoſt gratitude, informed him, that by beſtowing it he had conferred greatneſs and honour upon him: for, by preſenting it to his king, he doubted not of obtaining the higheſt rank amongſt the Symerons. He then perſiſted in his reſolution of leaving the gold, which was generouſly thrown by Drake into the common ſtock; for he ſaid, that thoſe, at whoſe expences he had been ſent out, ought to ſhare in all the gain of the expedition, whatever pretence cavil and chicanery might ſupply for the appropriation of any part of it. Thus was Drake's character conſiſtent with itſelf; he was equally ſuperior to avarice and fear, and, through whatever danger he might go in queſt of gold, he thought it not valuable enough to be obtained by artifice or diſhoneſty.

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They now forſook the coaſt of America, which for many months they had kept in perpetual alarms, having taking more than two hundred ſhips of all ſizes between Carthagena and Nombre de Dios, of which they never deſtroyed any, unleſs they were fitted out againſt them, nor ever detained the priſoners longer than was neceſſary for their own ſecurity or concealment, providing for them in the ſame manner as for themſelves, and protecting them from the malice of the Symerons; a behaviour, which humanity dictates, and which, perhaps, even policy cannot diſapprove. He muſt certainly meet with obſtinate oppoſition, who makes it equally dangerous to yield as to reſiſt, and who leaves his enemies no hopes but from victory.

What riches they acquired is not particularly related; but it is not to be doubted, that the plunder of ſo many veſſels, together with the ſilver which they ſeized at Nombre de Dios, muſt amount to a very large ſum, though the part that was allotted to Drake was not ſufficient to lull him in effeminacy, or to repreſs his natural inclination to adventures.

They arrived at Plymouth on the 9th of Auguſt, 1573, on Sunday in the afternoon; and ſo much were the people delighted with the news of their arrival, that they left the preacher, and ran in crowds to the key with ſhouts and congratulations.

Drake having, in his former expedition, had a view of the South ſea, and formed a reſolution to ſail upon it, did not ſuffer himſelf to be diverted from his deſign by the proſpect of any difficulties that might obſtruct the attempt, nor any dangers that might attend the

the execution; obſtacles which brave men often find is much more eaſy to overcome, than ſecret envy and domeſtick treachery.

Drake's reputation was now ſufficiently advanced to incite detraction and oppoſition; and it is eaſy to imagine that a man by nature ſuperior to mean artifices, and bred, from his earlieſt years, to the labour and hardſhips of a ſea life, was very little acquainted with policy and intrigue, very little verſed in the methods of application to the powerful and great, and unable to obviate the practices of thoſe whom his merit had made his enemies.

Nor are ſuch the only opponents of great enterpriſes: there are ſome men, of narrow views and grovelling conceptions, who, without the inſtigation of perſonal malice, treat every new attempt as wild and chimerical, and look upon every endeavour to depart from the beaten track as the raſh effort of a warm imagination, or the glittering ſpeculation of an exalted mind, that may pleaſe and dazzle for a time, but can produce no real or laſting advantage.

Theſe men value themſelves upon a perpetual ſcepticiſm, upon believing nothing but their own ſenſes, upon calling for demonſtration where it cannot poſſibly be obtained, and ſometimes upon holding out againſt it when it is laid before them; upon inventing arguments againſt the ſucceſs of any new undertaking, and, where arguments cannot be found, upon treating it with contempt and ridicule.

Such have been the moſt formidable enemies of the great benefactors to mankind, and to theſe we can hardly doubt but that much of the oppoſition which Drake met with is to be attributed; for their notions and diſcourſe are ſo agreeable to the lazy, the envious,

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and the timorous, that they ſeldom fail of becoming popular, and directing the opinions of mankind.

Whatſoever were his obſtacles, and whatſoever the motives that produced them, it was not till the year 1577, that he was able to aſſemble a force proportioned to his deſign, and to obtain a commiſſion from the queen, by which he was conſtituted captain general of a fleet conſiſting of five veſſels, of which the Pelican Admiral, of an hundred tuns, was commanded by himſelf; the Elizabeth, vice-admiral, of eighty tuns, by John Winter; the Marigold, of thirty tuns, by John Thomas; the Swan, fifty tuns, by John Cheſter; the Chriſtopher, of fifteen tuns, by Thomas Moche, the ſame, as it ſeems, who was carpenter in the former voyage, and deſtroyed one of the ſhips by Drake's direction.

Theſe ſhips, equipped partly by himſelf, and partly by other private adventurers, he manned with 164 ſtout ſailors, and furniſhed with ſuch proviſions as he judged neceſſary for the long voyage in which he was engaged. Nor did he confine his concern to naval ſtores, or military preparations; but carried with him whatever he thought might contribute to raiſe in thoſe nations, with which he ſhould have any intercourſe, the higheſt ideas of the politeneſs and magnificence of his native country. He therefore not only procured a compleat ſervice of ſilver for his own table, and furniſhed the cook-room with many veſſels of the ſame metal, but engaged ſeveral muſicians to accompany him; rightly judging that nothing would more excite the admiration of any ſavage and uncivilized people.

Having been driven back by a tempeſt in their firſt attempt, and obliged to return to Plymouth, to repair

the damages which they had ſuffered, they ſet ſail again from thence on the 13th of December, 1577, and on the 25th had ſight of Cape Cantire in Barbary, from whence they coaſted on ſouthward to the iſland of Mogadore, which Drake had appointed for the firſt place of rendezvous, and on the 27th brought the whole fleet to anchor in a harbour on the main land.

They were ſoon after their arrival diſcovered by the Moors that inhabited thoſe coaſts, who ſent two of the principal men amongſt them on board Drake's ſhip, receiving at the ſame time two of his company as hoſtages. Theſe men he not only treated in the moſt ſplendid manner, but preſented with ſuch things as they appeared moſt to admire; it being with him an eſtabliſhed maxim, to endeavour to ſecure in every country a kind reception to ſuch Engliſhmen as might come after him, by treating the inhabitants with kindneſs and generoſity; a conduct at once juſt and politick, to the neglect of which may be attributed many of the injuries ſuffered by our ſailors in diſtant countries, which are generally aſcribed, rather to the effects of wickedneſs and folly of our own commanders, than the barbarity of the natives, who ſeldom fall upon any unleſs they have been firſt plundered or inſulted; and, in revenging the ravages of one crew upon another of the ſame nation, are guilty of nothing but what is countenanced by the example of the Europeans themſelves.

But this friendly intercourſe was in appearance ſoon broken; for, on the next day obſerving the Moors making ſignals from the land, they ſent out their boat, as before, to fetch them to the ſhip, and one John Fry leaped aſhore, intending to become an hoſtage as on

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the former day, when immediately he was ſeized by the Moors; and the crew, obſerving great numbers to ſtart up from behind the rock with weapons in their hands, found it madneſs to attempt his reſcue, and therefore provided for their own ſecurity by returning to the ſhip.

Fry was immediately carried to the king, who, being then in continual expectation of an invaſion from Portugal, ſuſpected that theſe ſhips were ſent only to obſerve the coaſt, and diſcover a proper harbour for the main fleet; but being informed who they were, and whither they were bound, not only diſmiſſed his captive, but made large offers of friendſhip and aſſiſtance, which Drake, however, did not ſtay to receive, but being diſguſted at this breach of the laws of commerce, and afraid of farther violence, after having ſpent ſome days in ſearching for his man, in which he met with no reſiſtance, left the coaſt on December 31, ſome time before Fry's return, who, being obliged by this accident to ſomewhat a longer reſidence among the Moors, was afterwards ſent home in a merchant's ſhip.

On January 16, they arrived at Cape Blanc, having in their paſſage taken ſeveral Spaniſh veſſels. Here while Drake was employing his men in catching fiſh, of which this coaſt affords great plenty, and various kinds, the inhabitants came down to the ſea-ſide with their aliſorges, or leather-bottles, to traffick for water, which they were willing to purchaſe with ambergriſe and other gums. But Drake, compaſſionating the miſery of their condition, gave them water whenever they aſked for it, and left them their commodities to traffick with, when they ſhould be again reduced to the ſame diſtreſs, without finding the ſame generoſity to relieve them.

Here having diſcharged ſome Spaniſh ſhips which they had taken, they ſet ſail towards the iſles of Cape Verd, and on January 28 came to anchor before Mayo, hoping to furniſh themſelves with freſh water; but, having landed, they found the town by the water's ſide entirely deſerted, and, marching farther up the country, ſaw the vallies extremely fruitful, and abounding with ripe figs, cocoes, and plantains, but could by no means prevail upon the inhabitants to converſe or traffick with them: however, they were ſuffered by them to range the country without moleſtation, but found no water, except at ſuch a diſtance from the ſea that the labour of conveying it to their ſhips was greater than it was at that time neceſſary for them to undergo. Salt, had they wanted it, might have been obtained with leſs trouble, being left by the ſea upon the ſand, and hardened by the ſun during the ebb, in ſuch quantities, that the chief traffick of their iſland is carried on with it.

January 31, they paſſed by St. Jago, an iſland at that time divided between the natives and the Portugueſe, who, firſt entering theſe iſlands under the ſhew of trade, by degrees eſtabliſhed themſelves, obtained a ſuperiority over the original inhabitants, and harraſſed them with ſuch cruelty, that they obliged them either to fly to the woods and mountains, and periſh with hunger, or to take arms againſt their oppreſſors, and, under the inſuperable diſadvantages with which they contended, to die almoſt without a battle in defence of their natural rights, and ancient poſſeſſions.

Such treatment had the natives of St. Jago received, which had driven them into the rocky parts of the iſland, from whence they made incurſions into the plantations of the Portugueſe, ſometimes with loſs, but generally with that ſucceſs which deſperation naturally

procures,

procures; ſo that the Portugueſe were in continual alarms, and lived with the natural conſequences of guilt, terror and anxiety. They were wealthy, but not happy, and poſſeſſed the iſland, but not enjoyed it.

They then ſailed on within ſight of Fogo, an iſland ſo called from a mountain, about the middle of it, continually burning, and like the reſt inhabited by the Portugueſe, two leagues to the ſouth of which lies Brava, which has received its name from its fertility, abounding, though uninhabited, with all kinds of fruits, and watered with great numbers of ſprings and brooks, which would eaſily invite the poſſeſſors of the adjacent iſlands to ſettle in it, but that it affords neither harbour nor anchorage. Drake, after having ſent out his boats with plummets, was not able to find any ground about it; and it is reported, that many experiments have been made with the ſame ſucceſs; however, he took in water ſufficient, and on the 2d of February ſet ſail for the Straits of Magellan.

On February 17, they paſſed the equator, and continued their voyage with ſometimes calms, and ſometimes contrary winds, but without any memorable accident, to March 28, when one of their veſſels, with twenty-eight men, and the greateſt part of their freſh water on board, was, to their great diſcouragement, ſeparated from them; but their perplexity laſted not long, for on the next day they diſcovered and rejoined their aſſociates.

In their long courſe, which gave them opportunities of obſerving ſeveral animals, both in the air and water, at that time very little known, nothing entertained, or ſurprized them more, than the Flying Fiſh, which is near of the ſame ſize with a herring, and has

fins of the length of his whole body, by the help of which, when he is purſued by the bonito, or great mackerel, as ſoon as he finds himſelf upon the point of being taken, he ſprings up into the air, and flies forward as long as his wings continue wet, moiſture being, as it ſeems, neceſſary to make them pliant and moveable; and when they become dry and ſtiff, he falls down into the water, unleſs ſome bark or ſhip intercept him, and dips them again for a ſecond flight. This unhappy animal is not only purſued by fiſhes in his natural element, but attacked in the air, where he hopes for ſecurity, by the don, or ſparkite, a great bird that preys upon fiſh; and their ſpecies muſt ſurely be deſtroyed, were not their increaſe ſo great, that the young fry, in one part of the year, covers the ſea.

There is another fiſh, named the cuttil, of which whole ſhoals will ſometimes riſe at once out of the water, and of which a great multitude fell into their ſhip.

At length, having ſailed without ſight of land ſixty-three days, they arrived, April 5, at the coaſt of Braſil, where, on the 7th, the Chriſtopher was ſeparated again from them by a ſtorm; after which they ſailed near the land to the ſouthward, and on the 14th anchored under a cape, which they afterwards called Cape Joy, becauſe in two days the veſſel which they had loſt returned to them.

Having ſpent a fortnight in the river of Plate, to refreſh his men after their long voyage, and then ſtanding out to ſea, he was again ſurprized by a ſudden ſtorm, in which they loſt ſight of the Swan. This accident determined Drake to contract the number of his fleet, that he might not only avoid the inconvenience

of ſuch frequent ſeparations, but eaſe the labour of his men, by having more hands in each veſſel.

For this purpoſe he ſailed along the coaſt in queſt of a commodious harbour, and, on May 13, diſcovered a bay, which ſeemed not improper for their purpoſe, but which they durſt not enter till it was examined; an employment in which Drake never truſted any, whatever might be his confidence in his followers on other occaſions. He well knew how fatal one moment's inattention might be, and how eaſily almoſt every man ſuffers himſelf to be ſurprized by indolence and ſecurity. He knew the ſame credulity, that might prevail upon him to truſt another, might induce another to commit the ſame office to a third; and it muſt be, at length, that ſome of them would be deceived. He therefore, as at other times, ordered the boat to be hoiſted out, and, taking the line into his hand, went on ſounding the paſſage till he was three leagues from his ſhip; when, on a ſudden, the weather changed, the ſkies blackened, the winds whiſtled, and all the uſual forerunners of a ſtorm began to threaten them: nothing was now deſired but to return to the ſhip, but the thickneſs of the fog intercepting it from their ſight, made the attempt little other than deſperate. By ſo many unforeſeen accidents is prudence itſelf liable to be embarraſſed! So difficult is it ſometimes for the quickeſt ſagacity, and moſt enlightened experience, to judge what meaſures ought to be taken! To truſt another to ſound an unknown coaſt, appeared to Drake folly and preſumption; to be abſent from his fleet, though but for an hour, proved nothing leſs than to hazard the ſucceſs of all their labours, hardſhips, and dangers.

In this perplexity, which Drake was not more ſenſible of than thoſe whom he had left in the ſhips, nothing was to be omitted, however dangerous, that might contribute to extricate them from it, as they could venture nothing of equal value with the life of their general. Captain Thomas, therefore, having the lighteſt veſſel, ſteered boldly into the bay, and taking the general aboard, dropped anchor, and lay out of danger, while the reſt that were in the open ſea ſuffered much from the tempeſt, and the Mary, a Portugueſe prize, was driven away before the wind; the others, as ſoon as the tempeſt was over, diſcovering by the fires which were made on ſhore where Drake was, repaired to him.

Here going on ſhore they met with no inhabitants, though there were ſeveral houſes or huts ſtanding, in which they found a good quantity of dried fowls, and among them a great number of oſtriches, of which the thighs were as large as thoſe of a ſheep. Theſe birds are too heavy and unwieldy to riſe from the ground, but with the help of their wings run ſo ſwiftly, that the Engliſh could never come near enough to ſhoot at them. The Indians, commonly, by holding a large plume of feathers before them, and walking gently forward, drive the oſtriches into ſome narrow neck, or point of land, then ſpreading a ſtrong net from one ſide to the other, to hinder them from returning back to the open fields, ſet their dogs upon them, thus confined between the net and the water, and when they are thrown on their backs, ruſh in and take them.

Not finding this harbour convenient, or well ſtored with wood and water, they left it on the 15th of May, and on the 16th entered another much ſafer, and more commodious,

commodious, which they no ſooner arrived at, than Drake, whoſe reſtleſs application never remitted, ſent Winter to the ſouthward, in queſt of thoſe ſhips which were abſent, and immediately after ſailed himſelf to the northward, and, happily meeting with the Swan, conducted it to the reſt of the fleet; after which, in purſuance of his former reſolution, he ordered it to be broken up, reſerving the iron work for a future ſupply. The other veſſel which they loſt in the late ſtorm could not be diſcovered.

While they were thus employed upon an iſland about a mile from the main land, to which, at low water, there was a paſſage on foot, they were diſcovered by the natives, who appeared upon a hill at a diſtance, dancing, and holding up their hands, as beckoning the Engliſh to them; which Drake obſerving, ſent out a boat, with knives, bells, and bugles, and ſuch things as, by their uſefulneſs or novelty, he imagined would be agreeable. As ſoon as the Engliſh landed, they obſerved two men running towards them, as deputed by the company, who came within a little diſtance, and then ſtanding ſtill could not be prevailed upon to come nearer. The Engliſh therefore tied their preſents to a pole, which they fixed in the ground, and then retiring, ſaw the Indians advance, who, taking what they found upon the pole, left, in return, ſuch feathers as they wear upon their heads, with a ſmall bone about ſix inches in length, carved round the top, and burniſhed.

Drake, obſerving their inclination to friendſhip and traffic, advanced with ſome of his company towards the hill, upon ſight of whom the Indians ranged themſelves in a line from eaſt to weſt, and one of them

running from one end of the rank to the other, backwards and forwards, bowed himſelf towards the riſing and ſetting of the ſun, holding his hands over his head, and, frequently ſtopping in the middle of the rank, leaped up towards the moon, which then ſhone directly over their heads; thus calling the ſun and moon, the deities they worſhip, to witneſs the ſincerity of their profeſſions of peace and friendſhip. While this ceremony was performed, Drake and his company aſcended the hill, to the apparent terror of the Indians, whoſe apprehenſions when the Engliſh perceived, they peaceably retired; which gave the natives ſo much encouragement, that they came forward immediately, and exchanged their arrows, feathers, and bones, for ſuch trifles as were offered them.

Thus they traded for ſome time; but by frequent intercourſe finding that no violence was intended, they became familiar, and mingled with the Engliſh without the leaſt diſtruſt.

They go quite naked, except a ſkin of ſome animal, which they throw over their ſhoulders when they lie in the open air. They knit up their hair, which is very long, with a roll of oſtrich feathers, and uſually carry their arrows wrapped up in it, that they may not encumber them, they being made with reeds, headed with flint, and therefore not heavy. Their bows are about an ell long.

Their chief ornament is paint, which they uſe of ſeveral kinds, delineating generally upon their bodies the figures of the ſun and moon, in honour of their deities.

It is obſervable, that moſt nations, amongſt whom the uſe of cloaths is unknown, paint their bodies. Such

was

was the practice of the firſt inhabitants of our own country. From this cuſtom did our earlieſt enemies, the Picts, owe their denomination. As it is not probable that caprice or fancy ſhould be uniform, there muſt be, doubtleſs, ſome reaſon for a practice ſo general and prevailing in diſtant parts of the world, which have no communication with each other. The original end of painting their bodies was, probably, to exclude the cold; an end, which, if we believe ſome relations, is ſo effectually produced by it, that the men thus painted never ſhiver at the moſt piercing blaſts. But doubtleſs any people ſo hardened by continual ſeverities would, even without paint, be leſs ſenſible of the cold than the civilized inhabitants of the ſame climate. However, this practice may contribute, in ſome degree, to defend them from the injuries of winter, and, in thoſe climates where little evaporates by the pores, may be uſed with no great inconvenience; but in hot countries, where perſpiration in greater degree is neceſſary, the natives only uſe unction to preſerve them from the other extreme of weather: ſo well do either reaſon or experience ſupply the place of ſcience in ſavage countries!

They had no canoes like the other Indians, nor any method of croſſing the water, which was probably the reaſon why the birds in the adjacent iſlands were ſo tame, that they might be taken with the hand, having never been before frighted or moleſted. The great plenty of fowls and ſeals, which crowded the ſhallows in ſuch numbers that they killed at their firſt arrival two hundred of them in an hour, contributed much to the refreſhment of the Engliſh, who named the place Seal Bay from that animal.

Theſe ſeals ſeem to be the chief food of the natives, for the Engliſh often found raw pieces of their fleſh half-eaten, and left, as they ſuppoſed, after a full meal by the Indians, whom they never knew to make uſe of fire, or any art, in dreſſing or preparing their victuals.

Nor were their other cuſtoms leſs wild or uncouth, than their way of feeding; one of them having received a cap off the general's head, and being extremely pleaſed as well with the honour as the gift, to expreſs his gratitude, and confirm the alliance between them, retired to a little diſtance, and thruſting an arrow into his leg, let the blood run upon the ground, teſtifying, as it is probable, that he valued Drake's friendſhip above life.

Having ſtaid fifteen days among theſe friendly ſavages in 47 deg. 30 min. S. Lat. on June 3, they ſet ſail towards the South ſea, and ſix days afterwards ſtopped at another little bay to break up the Chriſtopher. Then paſſing on, they caſt anchor in another bay, not more than 20 leagues diſtant from the Straits of Magellan.

It was now time ſeriouſly to deliberate in what manner they ſhould act with regard to the Portuguez prize, which, having been ſeparated from them by the ſtorm, had not yet rejoined them. To return in ſearch of it, was ſufficiently mortifying; to proceed without it, was not only to deprive themſelves of a conſiderable part of their force, but to expoſe their friends and companions, whom common hardſhips and dangers had endeared to them, to certain death or captivity. This conſideration prevailed; and therefore on the 18th, after prayers to God, with which Drake never forgot to begin an enterprize, he put to ſea, and the next day,

near

near Port Julian, diſcovered their aſſociates, whoſe ſhip was now grown leaky, having ſuffered much, both in the firſt ſtorm by which they were diſperſed, and afterwards in fruitleſs attempts to regain the fleet.

Drake therefore, being deſirous to relieve their fatigues, entered Port Julian, and, as it was his cuſtom always to attend in perſon when any important buſineſs was in hand, went aſhore with ſome of the chief of his company, to ſeek for water, where he was immediately accoſted by two natives, of whom Magellan left a very terrible account, having deſcribed them as a nation of giants and monſters; nor is his narrative entirely without foundation, for they are of the largeſt ſize, though not taller than ſome Engliſhmen; their ſtrength is proportioned to their bulk, and their voice loud, boiſterous, and terrible. What were their manners before the arrival of the Spaniards, it is not poſſible to diſcover; but the ſlaughter made of their countrymen, perhaps without provocation, by theſe cruel intruders, and the general maſſacre with which that part of the world had been depopulated, might have raiſed in them a ſuſpicion of all ſtrangers, and by conſequence made them inhoſpitable, treacherous, and bloody.

The two who aſſociated themſelves with the Engliſh appeared much pleaſed with their new gueſts, received willingly what was given them, and very exactly obſerved every thing that paſſed, ſeeming more particularly delighted with ſeeing Oliver, the maſter gunner, ſhoot an Engliſh arrow. They ſhot themſelves likewiſe in emulation, but their arrows always fell to the ground far ſhort of his.

Soon after this friendly conteſt came another, who obſerving the familiarity of his countrymen with the ſtrangers,

ſtrangers, appeared much diſpleaſed, and, as the Engliſhmen perceived, endeavoured to diſſuade them from ſuch an intercourſe. What effect his arguments had was ſoon after apparent, for another of Drake's companions, being deſirous to ſhow the third Indian a ſpecimen of the Engliſh valour and dexterity, attempted likewiſe to ſhoot an arrow, but drawing it with his full force burſt the bow-ſtring; upon which the Indians, who were unacquainted with their other weapons, imagined him diſarmed, followed the company, as they were walking negligently down towards their boat, and let fly their arrows, aiming particularly at Winter, who had the bow in his hand. He, finding himſelf wounded in the ſhoulder, endeavoured to refit his bow, and turning about was pierced with a ſecond arrow in the breaſt. Oliver, the gunner, immediately preſented his piece at the inſidious aſſailants, which failing to take fire gave them time to level another flight of arrows, by which he was killed; nor, perhaps, had any of them eſcaped, ſurprized and perplexed as they were, had not Drake, with his uſual preſence of mind, animated their courage, and directed their motions, ordering them, by perpetually changing their places, to elude, as much as they could, the aim of their enemies, and to defend their bodies with their targets; and inſtructing them, by his own example, to pick up, and break the arrows as they fell; which they did with ſo much diligence, that the Indians were ſoon in danger of being diſarmed. Then Drake himſelf taking the gun, which Oliver had ſo unſucceſsfully attempted to make uſe of, diſcharged it at the Indian that firſt began the fray, and had killed the gunner, aiming it ſo happily, that the hail ſhot, with which it

was

was loaded, tore open his belly, and forced him to ſuch terrible outcries, that the Indians, though their numbers increaſed, and many of their countrymen ſhowed themſelves from different parts of the adjoining wood, were too much terrified to renew the aſſault, and ſuffered Drake, without moleſtation, to withdraw his wounded friend, who, being hurt in his lungs, languiſhed two days, and then dying was interred with his companion, with the uſual ceremony of a military funeral.

They ſtayed here two months afterwards, without receiving any other injuries from the natives, who, finding the danger to which they expoſed themſelves by open hoſtilities, and not being able any more to ſurpriſe the vigilance of Drake, preferred their ſafety to revenge.

But Drake had other enemies to conquer or eſcape, far more formidable than theſe Barbarians, and inſidious practices to obviate, more artful and dangerous than the ambuſhes of the Indians; for in this place was laid open a deſign formed by one of the gentlemen of the fleet, not only to defeat the voyage, but to murder the general.

This tranſaction is related in ſo obſcure and confuſed a manner, that it is difficult to form any judgment upon it. The writer, who gives the largeſt account of it, has ſuppreſſed the name of the criminal, which we learn, from a more ſuccinct narrative, publiſhed in a collection of travels near that time, to have been Thomas Doughtie. What were his inducements to attempt the deſtruction of his leader, and the ruin of the expedition, or what were his views if his deſigns had ſucceeded, what meaſures he had hitherto

hitherto taken, whom he had endeavoured to corrupt, with what arts, or what ſucceſs, we are no where told.

The plot, as the narrative aſſures us, was laid before their departure from England, and diſcovered, in its whole extent, to Drake himſelf in his garden at Plymouth, who nevertheleſs not only entertained the perſon ſo accuſed as one of his company, but, this writer very particularly relates, treated him with remarkable kindneſs and regard, ſetting him always at his own table, and lodging him in the ſame cabbin with himſelf. Nor did he ever diſcover the leaſt ſuſpicion of his intentions, till they arrived at this place, but appeared, by the authority with which he inveſted him, to conſider him as one to whom, in his abſence, he could moſt ſecurely intruſt the direction of his affairs. At length, in this remote corner of the world, he found out a deſign formed againſt his life, called together all his officers, laid before them the evidence on which he grounded the accuſation, and ſummoned the criminal, who, full of all the horrors of guilt, and confounded at ſo clear a detection of his whole ſcheme, immediately confeſſed his crimes, and acknowledged himſelf unworthy of longer life: upon which the whole aſſembly, conſiſting of thirty perſons, after having conſidered the affair with the attention which it required, and heard all that could be urged in extenuation of his offence, unanimouſly ſigned the ſentence by which he was condemned to ſuffer death. Drake, however, unwilling, as it ſeemed, to proceed to extreme ſeverities, offered him his choice, either of being executed on the iſland, or ſet aſhore on the main land, or being ſent to England to be tried before the

the council; of which, after a day's conſideration, he choſe the firſt, alledging the improbability of perſuading any to leave the expedition for the ſake of tranſporting a criminal to England, and the danger of his future ſtate among ſavages and infidels. His choice, I believe, few will approve: to be ſet aſhore on the main land, was indeed only to be executed in a different manner; for what mercy could be expected from the natives ſo incenſed, but the moſt cruel and lingering death? But why he ſhould not rather have requeſted to be ſent to England it is not eaſy to conceive. In ſo long a voyage he might have found a thouſand opportunities of eſcaping, perhaps with the connivance of his keepers, whoſe reſentment muſt probably in time have given way to compaſſion, or at leaſt by their negligence, as it is eaſy to believe they would in times of eaſe and refreſhment have remitted their vigilance: at leaſt he would have gained longer life; and to make death deſirable ſeems not one of the effects of guilt. However, he was, as it is related, obſtinately deaf to all perſuaſions, and adhering to his firſt choice, after having received the communion, and dined chearfully with the general, was executed in the afternoon, with many proofs of remorſe, but none of fear.

How far it is probable that Drake, after having been acquainted with this man's deſigns, ſhould admit him into his fleet, and afterwards careſs, reſpect, and truſt him; or that Doughtie, who is repreſented as a man of eminent abilities, ſhould engage in ſo long and hazardous a voyage with no other view than that of defeating it; is left to the determination of the reader. What deſigns he could have formed with any hope of ſucceſs,

ſucceſs, or to what actions worthy of death he could have proceeded without accomplices, for none are mentioned, is equally difficult to imagine. Nor, on the other hand, though the obſcurity of the account, and the remote place choſen for the diſcovery of this wicked project, ſeem to give ſome reaſon for ſuſpicion, does there appear any temptation, from either hope, fear, or intereſt, that might induce Drake, or any commander in his ſtate, to put to death an innocent man upon falſe pretences.

After the execution of this man, the whole company, either convinced of the juſtice of the proceeding, or awed by the ſeverity, applied themſelves without any murmurs, or appearance of diſcontent, to the proſecution of the voyage; and having broken up another veſſel and reduced the number of their ſhips to three, they left the port, and on Auguſt the 20th entered the Straits of Magellan, in which they ſtruggled with contrary winds, and the various dangers to which the intricacy of that winding paſſage expoſed them till night, and then entered a more open ſea, in which they diſcovered an iſland with a burning mountain. On the 24th they fell in with three more iſlands to which Drake gave names, and, landing to take poſſeſſion of them in the name of his Sovereign, found in the largeſt ſo prodigious a number of birds, that they killed three thouſand of them in one day. This bird, of which they knew not the name, was ſomewhat leſs than a wild gooſe, without feathers, and covered with a kind of down, unable to fly or riſe from the ground, but capable of running and ſwimming with amazing celerity; they feed on the ſea, and come to land only to reſt at night or lay their eggs, which they depoſit in holes like thoſe of coneys.

From

From theſe iſlands to the South-ſea, the ſtrait becomes very crooked and narrow, ſo that ſometimes, by the interpoſition of headlands, the paſſage ſeems ſhut up, and the voyage entirely ſtopped. To double theſe capes is very difficult, on account of the frequent alterations to be made in the courſe. There are indeed, as Magellan obſerves, many harbours, but in moſt of them no bottom is to be found.

The land on both ſides riſes into innumerable mountains: the tops of them are encircled with clouds and vapours, which being congealed fall down in ſnow, and increaſe their height by hardening into ice, which is never diſſolved; but the valleys are, nevertheleſs, green, fruitful, and pleaſant.

Here Drake finding the ſtrait in appearance ſhut up, went in his boat to make farther diſcoveries, and, having found a paſſage towards the north, was returning to his ſhips; but curioſity ſoon prevailed upon him to ſtop, for the ſake of obſerving a canoe or boat, with ſeveral natives of the country in it. He could not at a diſtance forbear admiring the form of this little veſſel, which ſeemed inclining to a ſemicircle, the ſtern and prow ſtanding up, and the body ſinking inward; but much greater was his wonder, when, upon a nearer inſpection, he found it made only of the barks of trees ſewed together with thongs of ſeal-ſkin, ſo artificially, that ſcarcely any water entered the ſeams. The people were well-ſhaped and painted, like thoſe which have been already deſcribed. On the land they had a hut built with poles and covered with ſkins, in which they had water-veſſels and other utenſils, made likewiſe of the barks of trees.

Among theſe people they had an opportunity of remarking, what is frequently obſervable in ſavage countries, how natural ſagacity, and unwearied induſtry, may ſupply the want of ſuch manufactures, or natural productions, as appear to us abſolutely neceſſary for the ſupport of life. The inhabitants of theſe iſlands are wholly ſtrangers to iron and its uſe, but inſtead of it make uſe of the ſhell of a muſcle of prodigious ſize, found upon their coaſts; this they grind upon a ſtone to an edge, which is ſo firm and ſolid, that neither wood nor ſtone is able to reſiſt it.

September 6, they entered the great South-ſea, on which no Engliſh veſſel had ever been navigated before, and propoſed to have directed their courſe towards the line, that their men, who had ſuffered by the ſeverity of the climate, might recover their ſtrength in a warmer latitude. But their deſigns were ſcarce formed before they were fruſtrated; for on September 7, after an eclipſe of the moon, a ſtorm aroſe, ſo violent, that it left them little hopes of ſurviving it; nor was its fury ſo dreadful as its continuance, for it laſted with little intermiſſion till October 28, fifty-two days, during which time they were toſſed inceſſantly from one part of the ocean to another, without any power of ſpreading their ſails, or lying upon their anchors, amidſt ſhelving ſhores, ſcattered rocks, and unknown iſlands, the tempeſt continually roaring, and the waves daſhing over them.

In this ſtorm on the 30th of September, the Marigold, commanded by captain Thomas, was ſeparated from them. On the 7th of October, having entered a harbour, where they hoped for ſome intermiſſion of their fatigues, they were in a few hours forced out to

ſea

But for ſuch reflections as theſe they had no time; for, having ſpent three days in ſupplying themſelves with wood and water, they were by a new ſtorm driven to the latitude of fifty-ſix degrees, where they beheld the extremities of the American coaſt, and the confluence of the Atlantic and Southern ocean.

Here they arrived on the 28th of October, and at laſt were bleſſed with the ſight of a calm ſea, having for almoſt two months endured ſuch a ſtorm as no traveller has given an account of, and ſuch as in that part of the world, though accuſtomed to hurricanes, they were before unacquainted with.

On the 30th of October they ſteered away towards the place appointed for the rendezvous of the fleet, which was in thirty degrees, and on the next day diſcovered two iſlands ſo well ſtocked with fowls, that they victualled their ſhips with them, and then ſailed forwards, along the coaſt of Peru, till they came to thirty-ſeven degrees, where finding neither their ſhips, nor any convenient port, they came to anchor, November the 25th, at Mucho, an iſland inhabited by ſuch Indians as the cruelty of their Spaniſh conquerors had driven from the continent, to whom they applied for water and proviſions, offering them in return ſuch things as they imagined moſt likely to pleaſe them. The Indians ſeemed willing to traffick, and, having preſented them with fruits and two fat ſheep, would have ſhewed them a place whither they ſhould come for water.

The next morning, according to agreement, the Engliſh landed with their water-veſſels, and ſent two men forward towards the place appointed, who, about the

the middle of the way, were ſuddenly attacked by the Indians, and immediately ſlain. Nor were the reſt of the company out of danger; for behind the rocks was lodged an ambuſh of five hundred men, who, ſtarting up from their retreat, diſcharged their arrows into the boat with ſuch dexterity, that every one of the crew was wounded by them, the ſea being then high, and hindering them from either retiring or making uſe of their weapons. Drake himſelf received an arrow under his eye, which pierced him almoſt to the brain, and another in his head. The danger of theſe wounds was much increaſed by the abſence of their ſurgeon, who was in the vice-admiral, ſo that they had none to aſſiſt them but a boy, whoſe age did not admit of much experience or ſkill; yet ſo much were they favoured by Providence, that they all recovered.

No reaſon could be aſſigned for which the Indians ſhould attack them with ſo furious a ſpirit of malignity, but that they miſtook them for Spaniards, whoſe cruelties might very reaſonably incite them to revenge, whom they had driven by inceſſant perſecution from their country, waſting immenſe tracks of land by maſſacre and devaſtation.

On the afternoon of the ſame day, they ſet ſail, and on the 30th of November dropped anchor in Philips bay, where their boat having been ſent out to diſcover the country, returned with an Indian in his canoe, whom they had intercepted. He was of a graceful ſtature, dreſſed in a white coat or gown, reaching almoſt to his knees, very mild, humble, and docile, ſuch as perhaps were all the Indians, till the Spaniards taught them revenge, treachery, and cruelty.

This Indian, having been kindly treated, was diſmiſſed with preſents, and informed, as far as the Engliſh could make him underſtand, what they chiefly wanted, and what they were willing to give in return; Drake ordering his boat to attend him in his canoe, and to ſet him ſafe on the land,

When he was aſhore, he directed them to wait till his return, and, meeting ſome of his countrymen, gave them ſuch an account of his reception, that, within a few hours, ſeveral of them repaired with him to the boat, with fowls, eggs, and a hog, and with them one of their captains, who willingly came into the boat, and deſired to be conveyed by the Engliſh to their ſhip.

By this man Drake was informed, that no ſupplies were to be expected here; but that ſouthward, in a place to which he offered to be his pilot, there was great plenty. This propoſal was accepted, and on the 5th of December, under the direction of the good-natured Indian, they came to anchor in the harbour called, by the Spaniards, Valperizo, near the town of St. James of Chiuli, where they met not only with ſufficient ſtores of proviſion, and with ſtore-houſes full of the wines of Chili, but with a ſhip called the Captain of Morial, richly laden, having, together with large quantities of the ſame wines, ſome of the fine gold of Baldivia, and a great croſs of gold ſet with emeralds.

Having ſpent three days in ſtoring their ſhips with all kinds of proviſion in the utmoſt plenty, they departed, and landed their Indian pilot where they firſt received him, after having rewarded him much above his expectations or deſires.

They

They had now little other anxiety than for their friends who had been ſeparated from them, and whom they now determined to ſeek; but conſidering that, by entering every creek and harbour with their ſhip, they expoſed themſelves to unneceſſary dangers, and that their boat would not contain ſuch a number as might defend themſelves againſt the Spaniards, they determined to ſtation their ſhip at ſome place, where they might commodiouſly build a pinnace, which, being of light burthen, might eaſily ſail where the ſhip was in danger of being ſtranded, and at the ſame time might carry a ſufficient force to reſiſt the enemy, and afford better accommodation than could be expected in the boat.

To this end, on the 19th of December, they entered a bay near Cippo, a town inhabited by Spaniards, who, diſcovering them, immediately iſſued out, to the number of an hundred horſemen, with about two hundred naked Indians running by their ſides. The Engliſh, obſerving their approach, retired to their boat without any loſs, except of one man, whom no perſuaſions or entreaties could move to retire with the reſt, and who, therefore, was ſhot by the Spaniards, who, exulting at the victory, commanded the Indians to draw the dead carcaſe from the rock on which he fell, and in the ſight of the Engliſh beheaded it, then cut off the right hand, and tore out the heart, which they carried away, having firſt commanded the Indians to ſhoot their arrows all over the body. The arrows of the Indians were made of green wood, for the immediate ſervice of the day; the Spaniards, with the fear that always harraſſes oppreſſors, forbidding them to

have any weapons, when they do not want their preſent aſſiſtance.

Leaving this place, they ſoon found a harbour more ſecure and convenient, where they built their pinnace, in which Drake went to ſeek his companions, but, finding the wind contrary, he was obliged to return in two days.

Leaving this place ſoon after, they ſailed along the coaſt in ſearch of freſh water, and landing at Tarapaca, they found a Spaniard aſleep, with ſilver bars lying by him to the value of three thouſand ducats; not all the inſults which they had received from his countrymen could provoke them to offer any violence to his perſon, and therefore they carried away his treaſure, without doing him any farther harm.

Landing in another place, they found a Spaniard driving eight Peruvian ſheep, which are the beaſts of burthen in that country, each laden with an hundred pounds weight of ſilver, which they ſeized likewiſe, and drove to their boats.

Further along the coaſt lay ſome Indian towns, from which the inhabitants repaired to the ſhip, on floats made of ſeal-ſkins, blown full of wind, two of which they faſten together, and ſitting between them row with great ſwiftneſs, and carry conſiderable burthens. They very readily traded for glaſs, and ſuch trifles, with which the old and the young ſeemed equally delighted.

Arriving at Mormorena on the 26th of January, Drake invited the Spaniards to traffick with him, which they agreed to, and ſupplied him with neceſſaries, ſelling to him, among other proviſions, ſome of thoſe

thoſe ſheep which have been mentioned, whoſe bulk is equal to that of a cow, and whoſe ſtrength is ſuch, that one of them can carry three tall men upon his back, their necks are like a camel's, and their heads like thoſe of our ſheep. They are the moſt uſeful animals of this country, not only affording excellent fleeces, and wholeſome fleſh, but ſerving as carriages over rocks and mountains where no other beaſt can travel, for their foot is of a peculiar form, which enables them to tread firm in the moſt ſteep and ſlippery places.

On all this coaſt, the whole ſoil is ſo impregnated with ſilver, that five ounces may be ſeparated from an hundred pound weight of common earth.

Still coaſting in hopes of meeting their friends, they anchored on the 7th of February before Aria, where they took two barks with about eight hundred pound weight of ſilver, and, purſuing their courſe, ſeized another veſſel laden with linens.

On the 15th of February, 1578, they arrived at Lima, and entered the harbour without reſiſtance, though thirty ſhips were ſtationed there, of which ſeventeen were equipped for their voyage, and many of them are repreſented in the narrative as veſſels of conſiderable force; ſo that their ſecurity ſeems to have conſiſted not in their ſtrength, but in their reputation, which had ſo intimidated the Spaniards, that the ſight of their own ſuperiority could not rouſe them to oppoſition. Inſtances of ſuch panick terrors are to be met with in other relations; but as they are, for the moſt part, quickly diſſipated by reaſon and reflection, a wiſe commander will rarely found his hopes of ſucceſs on them; and, perhaps, on this occaſion, the Spaniards ſcarcely deſerve a ſeverer cenſure for their cowardice, than Drake for his temerity.

In one of theſe ſhips they found fifteen hundred bars of ſilver; in another a cheſt of money; and very rich lading in many of the reſt, of which the Spaniards tamely ſuffered them to carry the moſt valuable part away, and would have permitted them no leſs peaceably to burn their ſhips; but Drake never made war with a ſpirit of cruelty or revenge, or carried hoſtilities further than was neceſſary for his own advantage or defence.

They ſet ſail the next morning towards Panama, in queſt of the Caca Fuego, a very rich ſhip, which had ſailed fourteen days before, bound thither from Lima, which they overtook on the firſt of March, near Cape Franciſco, and, boarding it, found not only a quantity of jewels, and twelve cheſts of ryals of plate, but eighty pounds weight of gold, and twenty-ſix tuns of uncoined ſilver, with pieces of wrought plate to a great value. In unlading this prize, they ſpent ſix days, and then, diſmiſſing the Spaniards, ſtood off to ſea.

Being now ſufficiently enriched, and having loſt all hopes of finding their aſſociates, and perhaps beginning to be infected with that deſire of eaſe and pleaſure which is the natural conſequence of wealth obtained by dangers and fatigues, they began to conſult about their return home, and, in purſuance of Drake's advice, reſolved firſt to find out ſome convenient harbour, where they might ſupply themſelves with wood and water, and then endeavour to diſcover a paſſage from the South-ſea into the Atlantic ocean; a diſcovery which would not only enable them to return home with leſs danger, and in a ſhorter time, but would much facilitate the navigation in thoſe parts of the world.

For this purpoſe they had recourſe to a port in the iſland

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as their kings wear upon their heads, and a baſket of ruſhes filled with a particular herb, both which he faſtened to a ſhort ſtick, and threw into the boat; nor could he be prevailed upon to receive any thing in return, though puſhed towards him upon a board; only he took up a hat, which was flung into the water.

Three days afterwards, their ſhip, having received ſome damage at ſea, was brought nearer to land, that the lading might be taken out. In order to which, the Engliſh, who had now learned not too negligently to commit their lives to the mercy of ſavage nations, raiſed a kind of fortification with ſtones, and built their tents within it. All this was not beheld by the inhabitants without the utmoſt aſtoniſhment, which incited them to come down in crowds to the coaſt, with no other view, as it appeared, than to worſhip the new divinities that had condeſcended to touch upon their country.

Drake was far from countenancing their errors, or taking advantage of their weakneſs to injure or moleſt them; and therefore, having directed them to lay aſide their bows and arrows, he preſented them with linen, and other neceſſaries, of which he ſhewed them the uſe. They then returned to their habitations, about three quarters of a mile from the Engliſh camp, where they made ſuch loud and violent outcries, that they were heard by the Engliſh, who found that they ſtill perſiſted in their firſt notions, and were paying them their kind of melancholy adoration.

Two days afterwards, they perceived the approach of a far more numerous company, who ſtopped at the top of a hill which overlooked the Engliſh ſettlement, while one of them made a long oration, at the end of which

which all the aſſembly bowed their bodies, and pronounced the ſyllable *Ob* with a ſolemn tone, as by way of confirmation of what had been ſaid by the orator. Then the men, laying down their bows, and leaving the women and children on the top of the hill, came down towards the tents, and ſeemed tranſported in the higheſt degree at the kindneſs of the general, who received their gifts, and admitted them to his preſence. The women at a diſtance appeared ſeized with a kind of frenzy, ſuch as that of old among the Pagans in ſome of their religious ceremonies, and in honour, as it ſeemed, of their gueſts, tore their cheeks and boſoms with their nails, and threw themſelves upon the ſtones with their naked bodies till they were covered with blood.

Theſe cruel rites, and miſtaken honours, were by no means agreeable to Drake, whoſe predominant ſentiments were notions of piety; and therefore, not to make that criminal in himſelf by his concurrence, which, perhaps, ignorance might make guiltleſs in them, he ordered his whole company to fall upon their knees, and, with their eyes lifted up to heaven, that the ſavages might obſerve that their worſhip was addreſſed to a Being reſiding there, they all joined in praying that this harmleſs and deluded people might be brought to the knowledge of the true religion, and the doctrines of our bleſſed Saviour; after which they ſung pſalms, a performance ſo pleaſing to their wild audience, that in all their viſits they generally firſt accoſted them with a requeſt that they would ſing. They then returned all the preſents which they had received, and retired.

Three days after this, on June 25, 1579, our general received two embaſſadors from the Hioh, or king of the

vide the neceſſaries of life, with which the Engliſh were therefore obliged to ſupply them.

They had then ſufficient opportunity to remark the cuſtoms and diſpoſitions of theſe new allies, whom they found tractable and benevolent, ſtrong of body, far beyond the Engliſh, yet unfurniſhed with weapons either for aſſault or defence, their bows being too weak for any thing but ſport. Their dexterity in taking fiſh was ſuch, that, if they ſaw them ſo near the ſhore that they could come to them without ſwimming, they never miſſed them.

The ſame curioſity that had brought them in ſuch crowds to the ſhore, now induced Drake, and ſome of his company, to travel up into the country, which they found, at ſome diſtance from the coaſt, very fruitful, filled with large deer, and abounding with a peculiar kind of coneys, ſmaller than ours, with tails like that of a rat, and paws ſuch as thoſe of a mole; they have bags under their chin, in which they carry proviſions to their young.

The houſes of the inhabitants are round holes dug in the ground, from the brink of which they raiſe rafters, or piles ſhelving towards the middle, where they all meet, and are cramped together; they lie upon ruſhes, with the fire in the midſt, and let the ſmoak fly out at the door.

The men are generally naked; but the women make a kind of petticoat of bulruſhes, which they comb like hemp, and throw the ſkin of a deer over their ſhoulders. They are very modeſt, tractable, and obedient to their huſbands.

Such is the condition of this people; and not very different is, perhaps, the ſtate of the greateſt part of mankind.

mankind. Whether more enlightened nations ought to look upon them with pity, as leſs happy than themſelves, ſome ſceptics have made, very unneceſſarily, a difficulty of determining. More, they ſay, is loſt by the perplexities than gained by the inſtruction of ſcience; we enlarge our vices with our knowledge, and multiply our wants with our attainments, and the happineſs of life is better ſecured by the ignorance of vice than by the knowledge of virtue.

The fallacy, by which ſuch reaſoners have impoſed upon themſelves, ſeems to ariſe from the compariſon which they make, not between two men equally inclined to apply the means of happineſs in their power to the end for which Providence conferred them, but furniſhed in unequal proportions with the means of happineſs, which is the true ſtate of ſavage and poliſhed nations, but between two men, of which he to whom Providence has been moſt bountiful deſtroys the bleſſings by negligence, or obſtinate miſuſe; while the other, ſteady, diligent, and virtuous, employs his abilities and conveniencies to their proper end. The queſtion is not whether a good Indian, or bad Engliſhman, be moſt happy; but which ſtate is moſt deſirable, ſuppoſing virtue and reaſon the ſame in both.

Nor is this the only miſtake which is generally admitted in this controverſy, for theſe reaſoners frequently confound innocence with the mere incapacity of guilt. He that never ſaw, or heard, or thought of ſtrong liquors, cannot be propoſed as a pattern of ſobriety.

This land was named, by Drake, Albion, from its white cliffs, in which it bore ſome reſemblance to his native country; and the whole hiſtory of the reſigna-

tion of it to the Engliſh was engraven on a piece of braſs, then nailed on a poſt, and fixed up before their departure, which being now diſcovered by the people to be near at hand, they could not forbear perpetual lamentations. When the Engliſh on the 23d of July weighed anchor, they ſaw them climbing to the tops of hills, that they might keep them in ſight, and obſerved fires lighted up in many parts of the country, on which, as they ſuppoſed, ſacrifices were offered.

Near this harbour they touched at ſome iſlands, where they found great numbers of ſeals; and, deſpairing now to find any paſſage through the northern parts, he, after a general conſultation, determined to ſteer away to the Moluccas, and ſetting ſail July 25th, he ſailed for ſixty-eight days without ſight of land; and on September 30th arrived within view of ſome iſlands, ſituate about eight degrees northward from the line, from whence the inhabitants reſorted to them in canoes, hollowed out of the ſolid trunk of a tree, and raiſed at both ends ſo high above the water, that they ſeemed almoſt a ſemicircle; they were burniſhed in ſuch a manner, that they ſhone like ebony, and were kept ſteady by a piece of timber, fixed on each ſide of them, with ſtrong canes, that were faſtened at one end to the boat, and at the other to the end of the timber.

The firſt company that came brought fruits, potatoes, and other things of no great value, with an appearance of traffick, and exchanged their lading for other commodities, with great ſhew of honeſty and friendſhip; but, having as they imagined laid all ſuſpicion aſleep, they ſoon ſent another fleet of canoes, of which the crews behaved with all the inſolence of

tyrants,

tyrants, and all the rapacity of thieves; for whatever was ſuffered to come into their hands, they ſeemed to conſider as their own, and would neither pay for it nor reſtore it; and at length, finding the Engliſh reſolved to admit them no longer, they diſcharged a ſhower of ſtones from their boats, which inſult Drake prudently and generouſly returned by ordering a piece of ordnance to be fired without hurting them, at which they were ſo terrified, that they leaped into the water, and hid themſelves under the canoes.

Having for ſome time but little wind, they did not arrive at the Moluccas till the 3d of November, and then deſigning to touch at Tidore, they were viſited, as they ſailed by a little iſland belonging to the king of Ternate, by the viceroy of the place, who informed them, that it would be more advantageous for them to have recourſe to his maſter for ſupplies and aſſiſtance than to the king of Ternate, who was in ſome degree dependent on the Portugueze, and that he would himſelf carry the news of their arrival, and prepare their reception.

Drake was by the arguments of the viceroy prevailed upon to alter his reſolution, and on November 5, caſt anchor before Ternate; and ſcarce was he arrived, before the viceroy, with others of the chief nobles, came out in three large boats, rowed by forty men on each ſide, to conduct the ſhip into a ſafe harbour; and ſoon after the king himſelf, having received a velvet cloak by a meſſenger from Drake, as a token of peace, came with ſuch a retinue and dignity of appearance as was not expected in thoſe remote parts of the world. He was received with diſcharges of cannons and every kind of muſick, with which he was ſo much delighted,

that, deſiring the muſicians to come down into the boat, he was towed along in it at the ſtern of the ſhip.

The king was of a graceful ſtature, and regal carriage, of a mild aſpect, and low voice; his attendants were dreſſed in white cotton or calicoe, of whom ſome, whoſe age gave them a venerable appearance, ſeemed his counſellors, and the reſt officers or nobles; his guards were not ignorant of fire-arms, but had not many among them, being equipped for the moſt part with bows and darts.

The king, having ſpent ſome time in admiring the multitude of new objects that preſented themſelves, retired as ſoon as the ſhip was brought to anchor, and promiſed to return on the day following; and in the mean time the inhabitants, having leave to traffick, brought down proviſions in great abundance.

At the time when the king was expected his brother came aboard, to requeſt of Drake that he would come to the caſtle, propoſing to ſtay himſelf as a hoſtage for his return. Drake refuſed to go, but ſent ſome gentlemen, detaining the king's brother in the mean time.

Theſe gentlemen were received by another of the king's brothers, who conducted them to the council-houſe near the caſtle, in which they were directed to walk: there they found threeſcore old men, privy counſellors to the king, and on each ſide of the door without ſtood four old men of foreign countries, who ſerved as interpreters in commerce.

In a ſhort time the king came from the caſtle [illegible] in cloth of gold, with his hair woven into gold [illegible], a chain of gold upon his neck, and on his hands [illegible] very artificially ſet with diamonds and jewels of great value;

[illegible]; over his head was [illegible]
hair of ſtate, on which he [illegible]
ed the houſe, ſtood a [illegible]
ires, to moderate the [illegible]
eived the compliments of the [illegible]
[illegible] diſmiſſed them.

[illegible] caſtle, which they had ſome opportunity [illegible]
[illegible] of no great force [illegible] was built by the
[illegible] who, attempting to reduce this kingdom
[illegible] ſubjection, murdered the king [illegible]
[illegible] by the deſtruction of all
[illegible] general [illegible], which [illegible]
[illegible]

eſcaping. Here even the intrepidity of Drake was ſhaken, and his dexterity baffled; but his piety, however, remained ſtill the ſame, and what he could not now promiſe himſelf from his own ability, he hoped from the aſſiſtance of Providence. The pump was plied, and the ſhip found free from new leaks.

The next attempt was to diſcover towards the ſea ſome place where they might fix their boat, and from thence drag the ſhip into deep water; but upon examination it appeared that the rock, on which they had ſtruck, roſe perpendicularly from the water, and that there was no anchorage, nor any bottom, to be found a boat's length from the ſhip. But this diſcovery, with its conſequences, was by Drake wiſely concealed from the common ſailors, leſt they ſhould abandon themſelves to deſpair, for which there was, indeed, cauſe; there being no proſpect left but that they muſt there ſink with the ſhip, which muſt undoubtedly be ſoon daſhed to pieces, or periſh in attempting to reach the ſhore in their boat, or be cut in pieces by Barbarians if they ſhould arrive at land.

In the midſt of this perplexity and diſtreſs Drake directed that the ſacrament ſhould be adminiſtered, and his men fortified with all the conſolation which religion affords; then perſuaded them to lighten the veſſel by throwing into the ſea part of their lading, which was chearfully complied with, but without effect. At length, when their hopes had forſaken them, and no new ſtruggles could be made, they were on a ſudden relieved by a remiſſion of the wind, which having hitherto blown ſtrongly againſt the ſide of the ſhip, which lay towards the ſea, held it upright againſt the rock; but when the blaſt ſlackened (being then low

back to the king ſome intelligence that might be to the honour and advantage of the empire of China. In ſearch of ſuch information he had now ſpent three years, and had left Tidore for the ſake of converſing with the Engliſh general, from whom he hoped to receive ſuch accounts as would enable him to return with honour and ſafety.

Drake willingly recounted all his adventures and obſervations; to which the Chineſe exile liſtened with the utmoſt attention and delight, and, having fixed them in his mind, thanked God for the knowledge he had gained. He then propoſed to the Engliſh general to conduct him to China, recounting, by way of invitation, the wealth, extent, and felicity of that empire; but Drake could not be induced to prolong his voyage.

He therefore ſet ſail on the 9th of November in queſt of ſome convenient harbour, in a deſart iſland, to refit his ſhip, not being willing, as it ſeems, to truſt the generoſity of the king of Ternate. Five days afterwards he found a very commodious harbour in an iſland overgrown with wood, where he repaired his veſſel, and refreſhed his men, without danger or interruption.

Leaving this place the 12th of December, they ſailed towards the Celebes; but, having a wind not very favourable, they were detained among a multitude of iſlands, mingled with dangerous ſhallows, till January 9, 1580. When they thought themſelves clear, and were ſailing forwards with a ſtrong gale, they were at the beginning of the night ſurprized in their courſe by a ſudden ſhock, of which the cauſe was eaſily diſcovered, for they were thrown upon a ſhoal, and by the ſpeed of their courſe fixed too faſt for any hope of eſcaping.

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water), the ſhip lying higher with that part which reſted on the rock than with the other, and being borne up no longer by the wind, reeled into the deep water, to the ſurprize and joy of Drake and his companions.

This was the greateſt and moſt inextricable diſtreſs which they had ever ſuffered, and made ſuch an impreſſion upon their minds, that for ſome time afterwards they durſt not adventure to ſpread their ſails, but went ſlowly forward with the utmoſt circumſpection.

They thus continued their courſe without any obſervable occurrence, till on the 11th of March they came to anchor before the iſland of Java, and, ſending to the king a preſent of cloth and ſilks, received from him, in return, a large quantity of proviſions; and the day following Drake went himſelf on ſhore, and entertained the king with his muſick, and obtained leave to ſtore his ſhip with proviſions.

The iſland is governed by a great number of petty kings, or raias, ſubordinate to one chief; of theſe princes three came on board together a few days after their arrival; and, having upon their return recounted the wonders which they had ſeen, and the civility with which they had been treated, incited others to ſatisfy their curioſity in the ſame manner; and Raia Donan, the chief king, came himſelf to view the ſhip, with the warlike armaments and inſtruments of navigation.

This intercourſe of civilities ſomewhat retarded the buſineſs for which they came; but at length they not only victualled their ſhip, but cleanſed the bottom, which, in the long courſe, was overgrown with a kind of ſhell-fiſh that impeded her paſſage.

Leaving

Leaving Java on March 26, they ſailed homewards by the Cape of Good Hope, which they ſaw on June the 5th; on the 15th of Auguſt paſſed the Tropic; and on the 26th of September arrived at Plymouth, where they found that, by paſſing through ſo many different climates, they had loſt a day in their account of time, it being Sunday by their journals, but Monday by the general computation.

In this hazardous voyage they had ſpent two years, ten months, and ſome odd days; but were recompenſed for their toils by great riches, and the univerſal applauſe of their countrymen. Drake afterwards brought his ſhip up to Deptford, where queen Elizabeth viſited him on board his ſhip, and conferred the honour of knighthood upon him; an honour in that illuſtrious reign not made cheap by proſtitution, nor even beſtowed without uncommon merit.

It is not neceſſary to give an account equally particular of the remaining part of his life, as he was no longer a private man, but engaged in public affairs, and aſſociated in his expeditions with other generals, whoſe attempts, and the ſucceſs of them, are related in the hiſtories of thoſe times.

In 1585, on the 12th of September, Sir Francis Drake ſet ſail from Plymouth with a fleet of five-and-twenty ſhips and pinnaces, of which himſelf was admiral, captain Martin Forbiſher vice-admiral, and captain Francis Knollis rear-admiral: they were fitted out to cruize upon the Spaniards; and having touched at the iſle of Bayonne, and plundered Vigo, put to ſea again, and on the 16th of November arrived before St. Jago, which they entered without reſiſtance, and reſted there fourteen days, viſiting in the mean time San Do-

mingo, a town within the land, which they found likewiſe deſerted; and, carrying off what they pleaſed of the produce of the iſland, they at their departure deſtroyed the town and villages, in revenge of the murder of one of their boys, whoſe body they found mangled in a moſt inhuman manner.

From this iſland they purſued their voyage to the Weſt-Indies, determining to attack St. Domingo, in Hiſpaniola, as the richeſt place in that part of the world: they therefore landed a thouſand men, and with ſmall loſs entered the town, of which they kept poſſeſſion for a month without interruption or alarm; during which time a remarkable accident happened, which deſerves to be related.

Drake, having ſome intention of treating with the Spaniards, ſent to them a negro-boy with a flag of truce, which one of the Spaniards ſo little regarded, that he ſtabbed him through the body with a lance. The boy, notwithſtanding his wound, came back to the general, related the treatment which he had found, and died in his ſight. Drake was ſo incenſed at this outrage, that he ordered two friars, then his priſoners, to be conveyed with a guard to the place where the crime was committed, and hanged up in the ſight of the Spaniards, declaring that two Spaniſh priſoners ſhould undergo the ſame death every day, till the offender ſhould be delivered up by them: they were too well acquainted with the character of Drake not to bring him on the day following, when, to impreſs the ſhame of ſuch actions more effectually upon them, he compelled them to execute him with their own hands. Of this town, at their departure, they demoliſhed part,

and

and admitted the reſt to be ranſomed for five-and-twenty thouſand ducats.

From thence they ſailed to Carthagena, where the enemy, having received intelligence of the fate of St. Domingo, had ſtrengthened their fortifications, and prepared to defend themſelves with great obſtinacy; but the Engliſh, landing in the night, came upon them by a way which they did not ſuſpect, and being better armed, partly by ſurprize, and partly by ſuperiority of order and valour, became maſters of the place, where they ſtayed without fear or danger ſix weeks, and at their departure received an hundred and ten thouſand ducats, for the ranſom of the town.

They afterwards took St. Auguſtin, and, touching at Virginia, took on board the governor, Mr. Lane, with the Engliſh that had been left there the year before by Sir Walter Raleigh, and arrived at Portſmouth on July 28, 1586, having loſt in the voyage ſeven hundred and fifty men. The gain of this expedition amounted to ſixty thouſand pounds, of which forty were the ſhare of the adventurers, who fitted out the ſhips, and the reſt, diſtributed among the ſeveral crews, amounted to ſix pounds each man. So cheaply is life ſometimes hazarded.

The tranſactions againſt the Armada, 1588, are in themſelves far more memorable, but leſs neceſſary to be recited in this ſuccinct narrative; only let it be remembered, that the poſt of vice-admiral of England, to which Sir Francis Drake was then raiſed, is a ſufficient proof that no obſcurity of birth, or meanneſs of fortune, is unſurmountable to bravery and diligence.

In 1595 Sir Francis Drake, and Sir John Hawkins, were ſent with a fleet to the Weſt-Indies, which expedition

pedition was only memorable for the deſtruction of Nombre de Dios, and the death of the two commanders, of whom Sir Francis Drake died January 9, 1597, and was thrown into the ſea in a leaden coffin, with all the pomp of naval obſequies. It is reported by ſome that the ill ſucceſs of this voyage haſtened his death. Upon what this conjecture is grounded does not appear; and we may be allowed to hope, for the honour of ſo great a man, that it is without foundation; and that he, whom no ſeries of ſucceſs could ever betray to vanity or negligence, could have ſupported a change of fortune without impatience or dejection.

BARRE-

BARRETIER*.

HAVING not been able to procure materials for a compleat life of Mr. Barretier, and being nevertheleſs willing to gratify the curioſity juſtly raiſed in the public by his uncommon attainments, we think the following extracts of letters, written by his father, proper to be inſerted in our collection, as they contain many remarkable paſſages, and exhibit a general view of his genius and learning.

JOHN PHILIP BARRETIER was born at Schwabach, January 19, 1720-21. His father was a Calviniſt miniſter of that place, who took upon himſelf the care of his education. What arts of inſtruction he uſed, or by what method he regulated the ſtudies of his ſon, we are not able to inform the public; but take this opportunity of intreating thoſe, who have received more complete intelligence, not to deny mankind ſo great a benefit as the improvement of education. If Mr. Le Fevre thought the method, in which he taught his children, worthy to be communicated to the learned world, how juſtly may Mr. Barre-

* This article was firſt printed in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1740.

tier

tier claim the univerſal attention of mankind to a ſcheme of education that has produced ſuch a ſtupendous progreſs! The authors, who have endeavoured to teach certain and unfailing rules for obtaining a long life, however they have failed in their attempts, are univerſally confeſſed to have, at leaſt, the merit of a great and noble deſign, and to have deſerved gratitude and honour. How much more then is due to Mr. Barretier, who has ſucceeded in what they have only attempted? for to prolong life, and improve it, are nearly the ſame. If to have all that riches can purchaſe, is to be rich; if to do all that can be done in a long time, is to live long; he is equally a benefactor to mankind, who teaches them to protract the duration, or ſhorten the buſineſs of life.

That there are few things more worthy our curioſity than this method, by which the father aſſiſted the genius of the ſon, every man will be convinced, that conſiders the early proficiency at which it enabled him to arrive; ſuch a proficiency as no one has yet reached at the ſame age, and to which it is therefore probable that every advantageous circumſtance concurred.

At the age of nine years, he not only was maſter of five languages, an attainment in itſelf almoſt incredible, but underſtood, ſays his father, the holy writers, better in their original tongues, than in his own. If he means by this aſſertion, that he knew the ſenſe of many paſſages in the original, which were obſcure in the tranſlation, the account, however wonderful, may be admitted; but if he intends to tell his correſpondent, that his ſon was better acquainted with the two languages of the Bible, than with his own, he muſt be allowed to ſpeak hyperbolically, or to admit that his ſon had ſomewhat neglected the ſtudy of his native language.

language; or we muſt own, that the fondneſs of a parent has tranſported him into ſome natural exaggerations.

Part of this letter I am tempted to ſuppreſs, being unwilling to demand the belief of others to that which appears incredible to myſelf; but as my incredulity may, perhaps, be the product rather of prejudice than reaſon, as envy may beget a diſinclination to admit ſo immenſe a ſuperiority, and as an account is not to be immediately cenſured as falſe, merely becauſe it is wonderful, I ſhall proceed to give the reſt of his father's relation, from his letter of the third of March 1729-30. He ſpeaks, continues he, German, Latin, and French, equally well. He can, by laying before him a tranſlation, read any of the books of the Old or New Teſtament in its original language, without heſitation or perplexity. He is no ſtranger to biblical criticiſm or philoſophy, nor unacquainted with antient or modern geography, and is qualified to ſupport a converſation with learned men, who frequently viſit and correſpond with him.

In his eleventh year, he not only publiſhed a learned letter in Latin, but tranſlated the travels of Rabbi Benjamin from the Hebrew into French, which he illuſtrated with notes, and accompanied with diſſertations; a work in which his father, as he himſelf declares, could give him little aſſiſtance, as he did not underſtand the rabbinical dialect.

The reaſon, for which his father engaged him in this work, was only to prevail upon him to write a fairer hand than he had hitherto accuſtomed himſelf to do, by giving him hopes, that, if he ſhould tranſlate ſome little author, and offer a fair copy of his verſion to ſome bookſeller, he might, in return for it, have other books which he wanted and could not afford to purchaſe.

Incited

Incited by this expectation, he fixed upon the "Travels of Rabbi Benjamin," as moſt proper for his purpoſe, being a book neither bulky nor common, and in one month completed his tranſlation, applying only one or two hours a day to that particular talk. In another month, he drew up the principal notes; and, in the third, wrote ſome diſſertations upon particular paſſages which ſeemed to require a larger examination.

Theſe notes contain ſo many curious remarks and enquiries, out of the common road of learning, and afford ſo many inſtances of penetration, judgment, and accuracy, that the reader finds in every page ſome reaſon to perſuade him that they cannot poſſibly be the work of a child, but of a man long accuſtomed to theſe ſtudies, enlightened by reflection, and dextrous by long practice in the uſe of books. Yet, that it is the performance of a boy thus young, is not only proved by the teſtimony of his father, but by the concurrent evidence of Mr. Le Maitre, his aſſociate in the church of Schwabach, who not only aſſerts his claim to this work, but affirms that he heard him at ſix years of age explain the Hebrew text as if it had been his native language; ſo that the fact is not to be doubted without a degree of incredulity, which it will not be very eaſy to defend.

This copy was however far from being written with the neatneſs which his father deſired; nor did the booksellers, to whom it was offered, make propoſals very agreeable to the expectations of the young tranſlator; but after having examined the performance in their manner, and determined to print it upon conditions not very advantageous, returned it to be tranſcribed, that the printers might not be embarraſſed with a copy ſo difficult to read.

Barretier was now advanced to the latter end of his twelfth year, and had made great advances in his ſtudies, notwithſtanding an obſtinate tumour in his left hand, which gave him great pain, and obliged him to a tedious and troubleſome method of cure; and reading over his performance, was ſo far from contenting himſelf with barely tranſcribing it, that he altered the greateſt part of the notes, new-modelled the diſſertations, and augmented the book to twice its former bulk.

The few touches which his father beſtowed upon the reviſal of the book, though they are minutely ſet down by him in the preface, are ſo inconſiderable that it is not neceſſary to mention them; and it may be much more agreeable, as well as uſeful, to exhibit the ſhort account which he there gives of the method by which he enabled his ſon to ſhew ſo early how eaſy an attainment is the knowledge of the languages, a knowledge which ſome men ſpend their lives in cultivating, to the neglect of more valuable ſtudies, and which they ſeem to regard as the higheſt perfection of human nature.

What applauſes are due to an old age, waſted in a ſcrupulous attention to particular accents and etymologies, may appear, ſays his father, by ſeeing how little time is required to arrive at ſuch an eminence in theſe ſtudies as many even of theſe venerable doctors have not attained, for want of rational methods and regular application.

This cenſure is doubtleſs juſt upon thoſe who ſpend too much of their lives upon uſeleſs niceties, or who appear to labour without making any progreſs; but as the knowledge of languages is neceſſary, and a

minute accuracy ſometimes requiſite, they are by no means to be blamed, who, in compliance with the particular bent of their own minds, make the difficulties of dead languages their chief ſtudy, and arrive at excellence proportionate to their application, ſince it was to the labour of ſuch men that his ſon was indebted for his own learning.

The firſt languages which Barretier learned were the French, German, and Latin, which he was taught not in the common way by a multitude of definitions, rules, and exceptions, which fatigue the attention and burthen the memory, without any uſe proportionate to the time which they require, and the diſguſt which they create. The method by which he was inſtructed was eaſy, and expeditious, and therefore pleaſing. He learned them all in the ſame manner, and almoſt at the ſame time, by converſing in them indifferently with his father.

The other languages of which he was maſter, he learned by a method yet more uncommon. The only book which he made uſe of was the Bible, which his father laid before him in the language that he then propoſed to learn, accompanied with a tranſlation, being taught by degrees the inflections of nouns and verbs. This method, ſays his father, made the Latin more familiar to him in his fourth year than any other language.

When he was near the end of his ſixth year, he entered upon the ſtudy of the Old Teſtament in its original language, beginning with the book of Geneſis, to which his father confined him for ſix months; after which he read curſorily over the reſt of the hiſtorical books, in which

which he found very little difficulty, and then applied himſelf to the ſtudy of the poetical writers, and the prophets, which he read over ſo often, with ſo cloſe an attention, and ſo happy a memory, that he could not only tranſlate them without a moment's heſitation into Latin or French, but turn with the ſame facility the tranſlations into the original language in his tenth year.

Growing at length weary of being confined to a book which he could almoſt entirely repeat, he deviated by ſtealth into other ſtudies, and, as his tranſlation of Benjamin is a ſufficient evidence, he read a multitude of writers of various kinds. In his twelfth year he applied more particularly to the ſtudy of the fathers, and councils of the ſix firſt centuries, and began to make a regular collection of their canons. He read every author in the original, having diſcovered ſo much negligence or ignorance in moſt tranſlations, that he paid no regard to their authority.

Thus he continued his ſtudies, neither drawn aſide by pleaſures, nor diſcouraged by difficulties. The greateſt obſtacle to his improvement was want of books, with which his narrow fortune could not liberally ſupply him; ſo that he was obliged to borrow the greateſt part of thoſe which his ſtudies required, and to return them when he had read them, without being able to conſult them occaſionally, or to recur to them when his memory ſhould fail him.

It is obſervable, that neither his diligence, unintermitted as it was, nor his want of books, a want of which he was in the higheſt degree ſenſible, ever produced in him that aſperity, which a long and recluſe

life, without any circumſtance of diſquiet, frequently creates. He was always gay, lively, and facetious, a temper which contributed much to recommend his learning, and which ſome ſtudents much ſuperior in age would conſult their eaſe, their reputation, and their intereſt, by copying from him.

In the year 1735 he publiſhed *Anti-Artemonius, ſive Initium Evangelii S. Joannis, adverſus Artemonem vindicatum*, and attained ſuch a degree of reputation, that not only the publick, but princes, who are commonly the laſt by whom merit is diſtinguiſhed, began to intereſt themſelves in his ſucceſs, for the ſame year the king of Pruſſia, who had heard of his early advances in literature on account of a ſcheme for diſcovering the longitude, which had been ſent to the Royal Society of Berlin, and which was tranſmitted afterwards by him to Paris and London, engaged to take care of his fortune, having received further proofs of his abilities at his own court.

Mr. Barretier, being promoted to the cure of the church of Stetin, was obliged to travel with his ſon thither from Schwabach, through Leipſic and Berlin, a journey very agreeable to his ſon, as it would furniſh him with new opportunities of improving his knowledge, and extending his acquaintance among men of letters. For this purpoſe they ſtaid ſome time at Leipſic, and then travelled to Hall, where young Barretier ſo diſtinguiſhed himſelf in his converſation with the profeſſors of the univerſity, that they offered him his degree of doctor in philoſophy, a dignity correſpondent to that of maſter of arts among us. Barretier drew up that night ſome poſitions in philoſophy,

and the mathematicks, which he ſent immediately to the preſs, and defended the next day in a crowded auditory, with ſo much wit, ſpirit, preſence of thought, and ſtrength of reaſon, that the whole univerſity was delighted and amazed: he was then admitted to his degree, and attended by the whole concourſe to his lodgings, with compliments and acclamations.

His *Theſes* or philoſophical poſitions, which he printed in compliance with the practice of that univerſity, ran through ſeveral editions in a few weeks, and no teſtimony of regard was wanting that could contribute to animate him in his progreſs.

When they arrived at Berlin, the king ordered him to be brought into his preſence, and was ſo much pleaſed with his converſation, that he ſent for him almoſt every day during his ſtay at Berlin; and diverted himſelf with engaging him in converſations upon a multitude of ſubjects, and in diſputes with learned men; on all which occaſions he acquitted himſelf ſo happily, that the king formed the higheſt ideas of his capacity and future eminence. And thinking, perhaps with reaſon, that active life was the nobleſt ſphere of a great genius, he recommended to him the ſtudy of modern hiſtory, the cuſtoms of nations, and thoſe parts of learning, that are of uſe in publick tranſactions and civil employments, declaring that ſuch abilities properly cultivated might exalt him, in ten years, to be the greateſt miniſter of ſtate in Europe. Barretier, whether we attribute it to his moderation or inexperience, was not dazzled by the proſpect of ſuch high promotion, but anſwered, that he was too much pleaſed with ſcience and quiet, to leave them for ſuch inextricable ſtudies,

or ſuch harraſſing fatigues. A reſolution ſo unpleaſing to the king, that his father attributes to it the delay of thoſe favours which they had hopes of receiving, the king having, as he obſerves, determined to employ him in the miniſtry.

It is not impoſſible that paternal affection might ſuggeſt to Mr. Barretier ſome falſe conceptions of the king's deſigns; for he infers from the introduction of his ſon to the young princes, and the careſſes which he received from them, that the king intended him for their preceptor; a ſcheme, ſays he, which ſome other reſolution happily deſtroyed.

Whatever was originally intended, and by whatever means theſe intentions were fruſtrated; Barretier, after having been treated with the higheſt regard by the whole royal family, was diſmiſſed with a preſent of two hundred crowns; and his father, inſtead of being fixed at Stetin, was made paſtor of the French church at Hall; a place more commodious for ſtudy, to which they retired; Barretier being firſt admitted into the Royal Society at Berlin, and recommended by the king to the univerſity at Hall.

At Hall he continued his ſtudies with his uſual application and ſucceſs, and, either by his own reflections or the perſuaſions of his father, was prevailed upon to give up his own inclinations to thoſe of the king, and direct his enquiries to thoſe ſubjects that had been recommended by him.

He continued to add new acquiſitions to his learning, and to increaſe his reputation by new performances, till, in the beginning of his nineteenth year, his health began to decline, and his indiſpoſition, which, being not alarming or violent, was perhaps not at firſt ſuf-

ficiently

ficiently regarded, increaſed by ſlow degrees for eighteen months, during which he ſpent days among his books, and neither neglected his ſtudies, nor left his gaiety, till his diſtemper, ten days before his death, deprived him of the uſe of his limbs: he then prepared himſelf for his end, without fear or emotion, and on the 5th of October, 1740, reſigned his ſoul into the hands of his Saviour, with confidence and tranquillity.

MORIN*.

LEWIS MORIN was born at Mans, on the 11th of July 1635, of parents eminent for their piety. He was the eldeſt of ſixteen children, a family to which their eſtate bore no proportion, and which, in perſons leſs reſigned to Providence, would have cauſed great uneaſineſs and anxiety.

His parents omitted nothing in his education, which religion requires, and which their fortune could ſupply. Botany was the ſtudy that appeared to have taken poſſeſſion of his inclination, as ſoon as the bent of his genius could be diſcovered. A countryman, who ſupplied the apothecaries of the place, was his firſt maſter, and was paid by him for his inſtructions with the little money that he could procure, or that which was given him to buy ſomething to eat after dinner. Thus abſtinence and generoſity diſcovered themſelves with his paſſion for botany, and the gratification of a

* Tranſlated from an eloge by Fontenelle, and firſt printed in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1741.

deſire indifferent in itſelf was procured by the exerciſe of two virtues.

He was ſoon maſter of all his inſtructor's knowledge, and was obliged to enlarge his acquaintance with plants, by obſerving them himſelf in the neighbourhood of Mans. Having finiſhed his grammatical ſtudies, he was ſent to learn philoſophy at Paris. Whither he travelled on foot like a ſtudent in botany, and was careful not to loſe ſuch an opportunity of improvement.

When his courſe of philoſophy was compleated, he was determined, by his love of botany, to the profeſſion of phyſic, and from that time engaged in a courſe of life, which was never exceeded either by the oſtentation of a philoſopher, or the ſeverity of an anchoret; for he confined himſelf to bread and water, and at moſt allowed himſelf no indulgence beyond fruits. By this method, he preſerved a conſtant freedom and ſerenity of ſpirits, always equally proper for ſtudy; for his ſoul had no pretences to complain of being overwhelmed with matter.

This regimen, extraordinary as it was, had many advantages; for it preſerved his health, an advantage which very few ſufficiently regard; it gave him an authority to preach diet and abſtinence to his patients; and it made him rich without the aſſiſtance of fortune; rich, not for himſelf, but for the poor, who were the only perſons benefited by that artificial affluence, which, of all others, is moſt difficult to acquire. It is eaſy to imagine, that, while he practiſed in the midſt of Paris the ſevere temperance of a hermit, Paris differed no otherwiſe with regard to him, from a hermitage, than

as it ſupplied him with books, and the converſation of learned men.

In 1662 he was admitted doctor of phyſic. About that time Dr. Fagon, Dr. Longuet, and Dr. Galois, all eminent for their ſkill in botany, were employed in drawing up a catalogue of the plants in the Royal Garden, which was publiſhed in 1665, under the name of Dr. Vallot, then firſt phyſician: during the proſecution of this work, Dr. Morin was often conſulted, and from thoſe converſations it was that Dr. Fagon conceived a particular eſteem of him, which he always continued to retain.

After having practiſed phyſic ſome years, he was admitted Expectant at the Hotel Dieu, where he was regularly to have been made Penſionary phyſician upon the firſt vacancy; but mere unaſſiſted merit advances ſlowly, if, what is not very common, it advances at all. Morin had no acquaintance with the arts neceſſary to carry on ſchemes of preferment; the moderation of his deſires preſerved him from the neceſſity of ſtudying them, and the privacy of his life debarred him from any opportunity.

At laſt, however, juſtice was done him in ſpite of artifice and partiality; but his advancement added nothing to his condition, except the power of more extenſive charity; for all the money which he received as a ſalary, he put into the cheſt of the hoſpital, always, as he imagined, without being obſerved. Not content with ſerving the poor for nothing, he paid them for being ſerved.

His reputation roſe ſo high in Paris, that madamoiſelle de Guiſe was deſirous to make him her phyſician, but it was not without difficulty that he was prevailed

vailed upon by his friend, Dr. Dodart, to accept the place. He was by this new advancement laid under the neceſſity of keeping a chariot, an equipage very unſuitable to his temper; but while he complied with thoſe exterior appearances which the public had a right to demand from him, he remitted nothing of his former auſterity in the more private and eſſential parts of his life, which he had always the power of regulating according to his own diſpoſition.

In two years and a half the princeſs fell ſick, and was deſpaired of by Morin, who was a great maſter of prognoſticks. At the time when ſhe thought herſelf in no danger, he pronounced her death inevitable; a declaration to the higheſt degree diſagreeable, but which was made more eaſy to him than to any other by his piety and artleſs ſimplicity. Nor did his ſincerity produce any ill conſequences to himſelf; for the princeſs affected by his zeal, taking a ring from her finger, gave it him as the laſt pledge of her affection, and rewarded him ſtill more to his ſatisfaction, by preparing for death with a true Chriſtian piety. She left him by will an yearly penſion of two thouſand livres, which was always regularly paid him.

No ſooner was the princeſs dead, but he freed himſelf from the incumbrance of his chariot, and retired to St. Victor without a ſervant, having, however, augmented his daily allowance with a little rice boiled in water.

Dodart, who had undertaken the charge of being ambitious on his account, procured him, at the reſtoration of the academy in 1699, to be nominated aſſociate botaniſt; not knowing, what he would doubtleſs have been pleaſed with the knowledge of, that he introduced

ſcripture; dined at eleven, it was fair weather walked till two in the royal garden, where he examined the new plants, and gratified his earlieſt and ſtrongeſt paſſion. For the remaining part of the day, if he had no poor to viſit, he ſhut himſelf up, and read books of literature, hyſic, but chiefly phyſic, as the duty of his profeſſion required. This likewiſe was the time he received viſits, if any were paid him. He often uſed the expreſſion, "Thoſe that "come to ſee me, do me a favour; and thoſe that ſtay "away, do me a favour." It is eaſy to conceive that a man of this temper was not crowded with ſalutations: there was only now and then an Antony that would pay Paul a viſit.

Among his papers was found a Greek and Latin index to Hippocrates, more copious and exact than that of Pini, which he had finiſhed only a year before his death. Such a work required the aſſiduity and patience of an hermit *.

There is likewiſe a journal of the weather, kept without interruption, for more than forty years, in which he has accurately ſet down the ſtate of the barometer and thermometer, the dryneſs and moiſture of the air, the variations of the wind in the courſe of the day, the rain, the thunders, and even the ſudden ſtorms, in a very commodious and conciſe method, which exhibits, in a little room, a great train of different obſervations. What numbers of ſuch remarks

* This is an inſtance of the diſpoſition generally found in writers of lives, to exalt every common occurrence and action into wonders. Are not indexes daily written by men who neither receive nor expect very loud applauſes for their labours? *Orig. Edit.*

had

had eſcaped a man leſs uniform in his life, and whoſe attention had been extended to common objects!

All the eſtate which he left is a collection of medals, another of herbs, and a library rated at two thouſand crowns. Which make it evident that he ſpent much more upon his mind than upon his body.

BURMAN.

BURMAN*.

PETER BURMAN was born at Utrecht, on the 26th day of June, 1668. The family from which he deſcended has for ſeveral generations produced men of great eminence for piety and learning; and his father, who was profeſſor of divinity in the univerſity, and paſtor of the city of Utrecht, was equally celebrated for the ſtrictneſs of his life, the efficacy and orthodoxy of his ſermons, and the learning and perſpicuity of his academical lectures.

From the aſſiſtance and inſtruction which ſuch a father would doubtleſs have been encouraged by the genius of this ſon not to have omitted, he was unhappily cut off at eleven years of age, being at that time by his father's death thrown entirely under the care of his mother, by whoſe diligence, piety, and prudence, his education was ſo regulated, that he had ſcarcely any reaſon, but filial tenderneſs, to regret the loſs of his father.

He was about this time ſent to the public ſchool of Utrecht, to be inſtructed in the learned languages; and

* Firſt printed in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1742.

it will convey no common idea of his capacity and induſtry to relate, that he had paſſed through the claſſes, and was admitted into the univerſity in his thirteenth year.

This account of the rapidity of his progreſs in the firſt part of his ſtudies is ſo ſtupendous, that though it is atteſted by his friend, Dr. Oſterdyke, of whom it cannot be reaſonably ſuſpected that he is himſelf deceived, or that he can deſire to deceive others, it muſt be allowed far to exceed the limits of probability, if it be conſidered, with regard to the methods of education practiſed in our country, where it is not uncommon for the higheſt genius, and moſt comprehenſive capacity, to be entangled for ten years, in thoſe thorny paths of literature, which Burman is repreſented to have paſſed in leſs than two; and we muſt doubtleſs confeſs the moſt ſkilful of our maſters much excelled by the addreſs of the Dutch teachers, or the abilities of our greateſt ſcholars far ſurpaſſed by thoſe of Burman.

But, to reduce this narrative to credibility, it is neceſſary that admiration ſhould give place to inquiry, and that it be diſcovered what proficiency in literature is expected from a ſtudent, requeſting to be admitted into a Dutch univerſity. It is to be obſerved, that in the univerſities in foreign countries, they have profeſſors of philology, or humanity, whoſe employment is to inſtruct the younger claſſes in grammar, rhetoric, and languages; nor do they engage in the ſtudy of philoſophy, till they have paſſed through a courſe of philological lectures and exerciſes, to which in ſome places two years are commonly allotted.

The Engliſh ſcheme of education, which with regard to academical ſtudies is more vigorous, and ſets literary honours at a higher price than that of any other country, exacts from the youth, who are initiated in our colleges, a degree of philological knowledge, ſufficient to qualify them for lectures in philoſophy, which are read to them in Latin, and to enable them to proceed in other ſtudies without aſſiſtance; ſo that it may be conjectured, that Burman, at his entrance into the univerſity, had no ſuch ſkill in languages, nor ſuch ability of compoſition, as are frequently to be met with in the higher claſſes of an Engliſh ſchool; nor was perhaps more than moderately ſkilled in Latin, and taught the firſt rudiments in Greek.

In the univerſity he was committed to the care of the learned Grævius, whoſe regard for his father inclined him to ſuperintend his ſtudies with more than common attention, which was ſoon confirmed and increaſed by his diſcoveries of the genius of his pupil, and his obſervation of his diligence.

One of the qualities which contributed eminently to qualify Grævius for an inſtructor of youth, was the ſagacity by which he readily diſcovered the predominant faculty of each pupil, and the peculiar deſignation by which nature had allotted him to any ſpecies of literature, and by which he was ſoon able to determine, that Burman was remarkably adapted to claſſical ſtudies, and predict the great advances that he would make, by induſtriouſly purſuing the direction of his genius.

Animated by the encouragement of a tutor ſo celebrated, he continued the vigour of his application, and, for ſeveral years, not only attended the lectures of Grævius, but made uſe of every other opportunity of improve-

improvement, with ſuch diligence, as might juſtly be expected to produce an uncommon proficiency.

Having thus attained a ſufficient degree of claſſical knowledge, to qualify him for enquiries into other ſciences, he applied himſelf to the ſtudy of the law, and publiſhed a diſſertation, "de Viceſima Hæreditatum," which he publickly defended, under the profeſſor Van Muyden, with ſuch learning and eloquence, as procured him great applauſe.

Imagining, then, that the converſation of other men of learning might be of uſe towards his farther improvement, and rightly judging, that notions formed in any ſingle ſeminary are for the greateſt part contracted and partial; he went to Leyden, where he ſtudied philoſophy for a year, under M. de Volder, whoſe celebrity was ſo great, that the ſchools aſſigned to the ſciences, which it was his province to teach, were not ſufficient, though very ſpacious, to contain the audience that crowded his lectures, from all parts of Europe.

Yet he did not ſuffer himſelf to be engroſſed by philoſophical diſquiſitions, to the neglect of thoſe ſtudies in which he was more early engaged, and to which he was perhaps by nature better adapted; for he attended at the ſame time Ryckius's explanations of Tacitus, and James Gronovius's lectures on the Greek writers, and has often been heard to acknowledge, at an advanced age, the aſſiſtance which he received from them.

Having thus paſſed a year at Leyden with great advantage, he returned to Utrecht, and once more applied himſelf to philological ſtudies, by the aſſiſtance of Grævius, whoſe early hopes of his genius were now

raiſed to a full confidence of that excellence at which he afterwards arrived.

At Utrecht, in March 1688, in the twentieth year of his age, he was advanced to the degree of doctor of laws; on which occaſion he publiſhed a learned diſſertation, "de Tranſactionibus," and defended it with his uſual eloquence, learning, and ſucceſs.

The attainment of this honour was far from having upon Burman that effect which has been too often obſerved to be produced in others, who, having in their own opinion no higher object of ambition, have elapſed into idleneſs and ſecurity, and ſpent the reſt of their lives in a lazy enjoyment of their academical dignities. Burman aſpired to farther improvements, and, not ſatisfied with the opportunities of literary converſation which Utrecht afforded, travelled into Switzerland and Germany, where he gained an increaſe both of fame and learning.

At his return from this excurſion, he engaged in the practice of the law, and pleaded ſeveral cauſes with ſuch reputation, as might be hoped by a man who had joined to his knowledge of the law, the embelliſhments of polite literature, and the ſtrict ratiocination of true philoſophy, and who was able to employ on every occaſion the graces of eloquence and the power of argumentation.

While Burman was haſtening to high reputation in the courts of juſtice, and to thoſe riches and honours which always follow it, he was ſummoned in 1691, by the magiſtrates of Utrecht, to undertake the charge of collector of the tenths, an office in that place of great honour, and which he accepted therefore as a proof of their confidence and eſteem.

While

While he was engaged in this employment, he married Eve Clotterboke, a young lady of a good family, and uncommon genius and beauty, by whom he had ten children, of which eight died young; and only two ſons, Francis and Caſpar, lived to conſole their mother for their father's death.

Neither public buſineſs, nor domeſtick cares, detained Burman from the proſecution of his literary enquiries; by which he ſo much endeared himſelf to Grævius, that he was recommended by him to the regard of the univerſity of Utrecht, and accordingly, in 1696, was choſen profeſſor of eloquence and hiſtory, to which was added, after ſome time, the profeſſorſhip of the Greek language, and afterwards that of politicks; ſo various did they conceive his abilities, and ſo extenſive his knowledge.

At his entrance upon this new province, he pronounced an oration upon eloquence and poetry.

Having now more frequent opportunities of diſplaying his learning, he aroſe, in a ſhort time, to a high reputation, of which the great number of his auditors was a ſufficient proof, and which the proficiency of his pupils ſhewed not to be accidental or undeſerved.

In 1714 he formed a reſolution of viſiting Paris, not only for the ſake of conferring in perſon, upon queſtions of literature, with the learned men of that place, and of gratifying his curioſity with a more familiar knowledge of thoſe writers whoſe works he admired, but with a view more important, of viſiting the libraries, and making thoſe enquiries which might be of advantage to his darling ſtudy.

The vacation of the univerſity allowed him to ſtay at Paris but ſix weeks, which he employed with ſo much dexterity and induſtry, that he had ſearched the principal libraries, collated a great number of manuſcripts and printed copies, and brought back a great treaſure of curious obſervations.

In this viſit to Paris he contracted an acquaintance, among other learned men, with the celebrated father Montfaucon; with whom he converſed, at his firſt interview, with no other character than that of a traveller; but, their diſcourſe turning upon ancient learning, the ſtranger ſoon gave ſuch proofs of his attainments, that Montfaucon declared him a very uncommon traveller; and confeſſed his curioſity to know his name; which he no ſooner heard, than he roſe from his ſeat, and, embracing him with the utmoſt ardour, expreſſed his ſatisfaction at having ſeen the man whoſe productions of various kinds he had ſo often praiſed; and, as a real proof of his regard, offered not only to procure him an immediate admiſſion to all the libraries of Paris, but to thoſe in remoter provinces, which are not generally open to ſtrangers, and undertook to eaſe the expences of his journey by procuring him entertainment in all monaſteries of his order.

This favour Burman was hindered from accepting, by the neceſſity of returning to Utrecht at the uſual time of beginning a new courſe of lectures, to which there was always ſo great a concourſe of ſtudents, as much increaſed the dignity and fame of the univerſity in which he taught.

He had already extended, to diſtant parts, his reputation for knowledge of ancient hiſtory by a treatiſe "de Vectigalibus Populi Romani," on the revenues

of the Romans; and for his ſkill in Greek learning, and in ancient coins, by a tract called "Jupiter Ful-"gurator;" and after his return from Paris, he publiſhed "Phædrus," firſt with the notes of various commentators, and afterwards with his own. He printed many poems, and made many orations upon different ſubjects, and procured an impreſſion of the epiſtles of Gudius and Sanavius.

While he was thus employed, the profeſſorſhips of hiſtory, eloquence, and the Greek language, became vacant at Leyden, by the death of Perizonius, which Burman's reputation incited the curators of the univerſity to offer him upon very generous terms, and which, after ſome ſtruggles with his fondneſs for his native place, his friends, and his colleagues, he was prevailed on to accept, finding the ſolicitations from Leyden warm and urgent, and his friends at Utrecht, though unwilling to be deprived of him, yet not zealous enough for the honour and advantage of their univerſity, to endeavour to detain him by great liberality.

At his entrance upon this new profeſſorſhip, which was conferred upon him in 1715, he pronounced an oration upon the duty and office of a profeſſor of polite literature; "De publici humanioris Diſciplinæ "profeſſoris proprio officio et munere." And ſhewed by the uſefulneſs and perſpicuity of his lectures, that he was not confined to ſpeculative notions on that ſubject, having a very happy method of accommodating his inſtructions to the different abilities and attainments of his pupils.

Nor did he ſuffer the publick duties of this ſtation to hinder him from promoting learning by labours

of a different kind; for, beſides many poems and orations which he recited on different occaſions, he wrote ſeveral prefaces to the works of others, and publiſhed many uſeful editions of the beſt Latin writers, with large collections of notes from various commentators.

He was twice rector, or chief governor of the univerſity, and diſcharged that important office with equal equity and ability, and gained by his conduct in every ſtation ſo much eſteem, that when the profeſſorſhip of hiſtory of the United Provinces became vacant, it was conferred on him, as an addition to his honours and revenues, which he might juſtly claim; and afterwards, as a proof of the continuance of their regard, and a teſtimony that his reputation was ſtill increaſing, they made him chief librarian, an office which was the more acceptable to him, as it united his buſineſs with his pleaſure, and gave him an opportunity at the ſame time of ſuperintending the library, and carrying on his ſtudies.

Such was the courſe of his life, till, in his old age, leaving off his practice of walking and other exerciſes, he began to be afflicted with the ſcurvy, which diſcovered itſelf by very tormenting ſymptoms of various kinds; ſometimes diſturbing his head with vertigos, ſometimes cauſing faintneſs in his limbs, and ſometimes attacking his legs with anguiſh ſo excruciating, that all his vigour was deſtroyed, and the power of walking entirely taken away, till at length his left foot became motionleſs. The violence of his pain produced irregular fevers, deprived him of reſt, and entirely debilitated his whole frame.

This

This tormenting diſeaſe he bore, though not without ſome degree of impatience, yet without any unbecoming or irrational deſpondency, and applied himſelf in the intermiſſion of his pains to ſeek for comfort in the duties of religion.

While he lay in this ſtate of miſery he received an account of the promotion of two of his grandſons, and a catalogue of the king of France's library, preſented to him by the command of the king himſelf, and expreſſed ſome ſatisfaction on all theſe occaſions; but ſoon diverted his thoughts to the more important conſideration of his eternal ſtate, into which he paſſed on the 31ſt of March 1741, in the 73d year of his age.

He was a man of moderate ſtature, of great ſtrength and activity, which he preſerved by temperate diet, without medical exactneſs, and by allotting proportions of his time to relaxation and amuſement, not ſuffering his ſtudies to exhauſt his ſtrength, but relieving them by frequent intermiſſions; a practice conſiſtent with the moſt exemplary diligence, and which he that omits will find at laſt, that time may be loſt, like money, by unſeaſonable avarice.

In his hours of relaxation he was gay, and ſometimes gave way ſo far to his temper, naturally ſatirical, that he drew upon himſelf the ill-will of thoſe who had been unfortunately the ſubjects of his mirth; but enemies ſo provoked he thought it beneath him to regard or to pacify; for he was fiery, but not malicious, diſdained diſſimulation, and in his gay or ſerious hours preſerved a ſettled deteſtation of falſehood. So that he was an open and undiſguiſed friend or enemy,

enemy, entirely unacquainted with the artifices of fa-terers, but ſo judicious in the choice of friends, and ſo conſtant in his affection to them, that thoſe, with whom he had contracted familiarity in his youth, had for the greateſt part his confidence in his old age.

His abilities, which would probably have enabled him to have excelled in any kind of learning, were chiefly employed, as his ſtation required, on polite literature, in which he arrived at very uncommon knowledge, which, however, appears rather from judicious compilations than original productions. His ſtyle is lively and maſculine, but not without harſhneſs and conſtraint, nor, perhaps, always poliſhed to that purity which ſome writers have attained. He was at leaſt inſtrumental to the inſtruction of mankind, by the publication of many valuable performances, which lay neglected by the greateſt part of the learned world; and, if reputation be eſtimated by uſefulneſs, he may claim a higher degree in the ranks of learning than ſome others of happier elocution, or more vigorous imagination.

The malice or ſuſpicion of thoſe who either did not know, or did not love him, had given riſe to ſome doubts about his religion, which he took an opportunity of removing on his death-bed by a voluntary declaration of his faith, his hope of everlaſting ſalvation from the revealed promiſes of God, and his confidence in the merits of our Redeemer, of the ſincerity of which declaration his whole behaviour in his long illneſs was an inconteſtable proof; and he concluded

cluded his life, which had been illuſtrious for many virtues, by exhibiting an example of true piety.

Of his works we have not been able to procure a complete catalogue: he publiſhed,

"Quinctilianus," 2 vols. 4to.
"Valerius Flaccus,"
"Ovidius," 3 vols. 4to.
"Poetæ Latini Minores," 2 vols. 4to,
} Cum notis Variorum.
"Buchanani Opera," 2 vols. 4to.

SYDÊN-

SYDENHAM*.

THOMAS SYDENHAM was born in the year 1624, at Winford Eagle in Dorſetſhire, where his father William Sydenham, Eſq. had a large fortune. Under whoſe care he was educated, or in what manner he paſſed his childhood, whether he made any early diſcoveries of a genius peculiarly adapted to the ſtudy of nature, or gave any preſages of his future eminence in medicine, no information is to be obtained. We muſt therefore repreſs that curioſity which would naturally incline us to watch the firſt attempts of ſo vigorous a mind, to purſue it in its childiſh enquiries, and ſee it ſtruggling with ruſtic prejudices, breaking on trifling occaſions the ſhackles of credulity, and giving proofs, in its caſual excurſions, that it was formed to ſhake off the yoke of preſcription, and diſpel the phantoms of hypotheſis.

That the ſtrength of Sydenham's underſtanding, the accuracy of his diſcernment, and ardour of his curioſity, might have been remarked from his infancy by a diligent obſerver, there is no reaſon to doubt. For there

* Originally prefixed to the New Tranſlation of Dr. Sydenham's Works, by John Swan, M. D. of Newcaſtle in Staffordſhire, 1742.

is no inſtance of any man, whoſe hiſtory has been minutely related, that did not in every part of life diſcover the ſame proportion of intellectual vigour; but it has been the lot of the greateſt part of thoſe who have excelled in ſcience, to be known only by their own writings, and to have left behind them no remembrance of their domeſtic life, or private tranſactions, or only ſuch memorials of particular paſſages as are, on certain occaſions, neceſſarily recorded in public regiſters.

From theſe it is diſcovered, that at the age of eighteen, in 1642, he commenced a commoner of Magdalen-Hall in Oxford, where it is not probable that he continued long; for he informs us himſelf, that he was with-held from the univerſity by the commencement of the war; nor is it known in what ſtate of life he engaged, or where he reſided during that long ſeries of publick commotion. It is indeed reported, that he had a commiſſion in the king's army, but no particular account is given of his military conduct; nor are we told what rank he obtained when he entered into the army, or when, or on what occaſion, he retired from it.

It is, however, certain, that if ever he took upon him the profeſſion of arms, he ſpent but few years in the camp; for in 1648 he obtained at Oxford the degree of batchelor of phyſick, for which, as ſome medicinal knowledge is neceſſary, it may be imagined that he ſpent ſome time in qualifying himſelf.

His application to the ſtudy of phyſick was, as he himſelf relates, produced by an accidental acquaintance with Dr. Cox, a phyſician eminent at that time in London, who in ſome ſickneſs preſcribed to his brother, and, attending him frequently on that occaſion, enquired of him what profeſſion he deſigned to follow. The young

young man anſwering that he was undetermined, the Doctor recommended phyſick to him, on what account, or with what arguments, it is not related; but his perſuaſions were ſo effectual, that Sydenham determined to follow his advice, and retired to Oxford for leiſure and opportunity to purſue his ſtudies.

It is evident that this converſation muſt have happened before his promotion to any degree in phyſick, becauſe he himſelf fixes it in the interval of his abſence from the univerſity, a circumſtance which will enable us to confute many falſe reports relating to Dr. Sydenham, which have been confidently inculcated, and implicitly believed.

It is the general opinion, that he was made a phyſician by accident and neceſſity, and Sir Richard Blackmore reports in plain terms [*Preface to his Treatiſe on the Small-Pox*], that he engaged in practice without any preparatory ſtudy, or previous knowledge, of the medicinal ſciences; and affirms, that, when he was conſulted by him what books he ſhould read to qualify him for the ſame profeſſion, he recommended Don Quixote.

That he recommended Don Quixote to Blackmore, we are not allowed to doubt; but the relater is himſelf by that ſelf-love which dazzles all mankind from diſcovering, that he might intend a ſatire very different from a general cenſure of all the ancient and modern writers on medicine, ſince he might perhaps mean, either ſeriouſly or in jeſt, to inſinuate, that Blackmore was not adapted by nature to the ſtudy of phyſic, and that, whether he ſhould read Cervantes or Hippocrates, he would be equally unqualified for practice, and equally unſucceſsful in it.

Whatſoever was his meaning, nothing is more evident, than that it was a tranſient ſally of an imagination

warmed with gaiety, or the negligent effuſion of a mind intent on ſome other employment, and in haſte to diſmiſs a troubleſome intruder; for it is certain that Sydenham did not think it impoſſible to write uſefully on medicine, becauſe he has himſelf written upon it; and it is not probable that he carried his vanity ſo far, as to imagine that no man had ever acquired the ſame qualifications beſides himſelf. He could not but know that he rather reſtored than invented moſt of his principles, and therefore could not but acknowledge the value of thoſe writers whoſe doctrines he adopted and enforced.

That he engaged in the practice of phyſic without any acquaintance with the theory, or knowledge of the opinions or precepts of former writers, is undoubtedly falſe; for he declares, that after he had, in purſuance of his converſation with Dr. Cox, determined upon the profeſſion of phyſick, he *applied himſelf in earneſt to it*, and *ſpent ſeveral years in the univerſity* [aliquot annos in academica palæſtra], before he began to practiſe in London.

Nor was he ſatisfied with the opportunites of knowledge which Oxford afforded, but travelled to Montpellier, as Deſault relates [*Diſſertation on Conſumptions*], in queſt of farther information; Montpellier being at that time the moſt celebrated ſchool of phyſick: ſo far was Sydenham from any contempt of academical inſtitutions, and ſo far from thinking it reaſonable to learn phyſick by experiments alone, which muſt neceſſarily be made at the hazard of life.

What can be demanded beyond this by the moſt zealous advocate for regular education? What can be expected from the moſt cautious and moſt induſtrious ſtudent,

enquiry, it will be eaſily diſcovered how much the intereſt of multitudes was engaged in the production and continuance of this opinion, and how cheaply thoſe, of whom it was known that they practiſed phyſick before they ſtudied it, might ſatisfy themſelves and others with the example of the illuſtrious Sydenham.

It is therefore in an uncommon degree uſeful to publiſh a true account of this memorable man, that pride, temerity, and idleneſs may be deprived of that patronage which they have enjoyed too long; that life may be ſecured from the dangerous experiments of the ignorant and preſumptuous; and that thoſe, who ſhall hereafter aſſume the important province of ſuperintending the health of others, may learn from this great maſter of the art, that the only means of arriving at eminence and ſucceſs are labour and ſtudy.

From theſe falſe reports it is probable that another aroſe, to which, though it cannot be with equal certainty confuted, it does not appear that entire credit ought to be given. The acquiſition of a Latin ſtyle did not ſeem conſiſtent with the manner of life imputed to him; nor was it probable, that he, who had ſo diligently cultivated the ornamental parts of general literature, would have neglected the eſſential ſtudies of his own profeſſion. Thoſe therefore who were determined, at whatever price, to retain him in their own party, and repreſent him equally ignorant and daring with themſelves, denied him the credit of writing his own works in the language in which they were publiſhed, and aſſerted, but without proof, that they were compoſed by him in Engliſh, and tranſlated into Latin by Dr. Mapletoft.

Whether Dr. Mapletoft lived and was familiar with him during the whole time in which theſe ſeveral

which he was ſubject for a great part of his life, and which was afterwards accompanied with the ſtone in the kidneys, and, its natural conſequence, bloody urine.

Theſe were diſtempers which even the art of Sydenham could only palliate, without hope of a perfect cure, but which, if he has not been able by his precepts to inſtruct us to remove, he has, at leaſt, by his example taught us to bear; for he never betrayed any indecent impatience, or unmanly dejection, under his torments, but ſupported himſelf by the reflections of philoſophy, and the conſolations of religion, and in every interval of eaſe applied himſelf to the aſſiſtance of others with his uſual aſſiduity.

After a life thus uſefully employed, he died at his houſe in Pall-mall, on the 29th of December, 1689, and was buried in the aiſle, near the ſouth door, of the church of St. James in Weſtminſter.

What was his character, as a phyſician, appears from the treatiſes which he has left, which it is not neceſſary to epitomiſe or tranſcribe; and from them it may likewiſe be collected, that his ſkill in phyſic was not his higheſt excellence; that his whole character was amiable; that his chief view was the benefit of mankind, and the chief motive of his actions the will of God, whom he mentions with reverence, well becoming the moſt enlightened and moſt penetrating mind. He was benevolent, candid, and communicative, ſincere, and religious; qualities, which it were happy if they could copy from him, who emulate his knowledge, and imitate his methods.

CHEYNEL*.

THERE is always this advantage in contending with illuſtrious adverſaries, that the combatant is equally immortalized by conqueſt or defeat. He that dies by the ſword of a hero will always be mentioned when the acts of his enemy are mentioned. The man, of whoſe life the following account is offered to the publick, was indeed eminent among his own party, and had qualities, which, employed in a good cauſe, would have given him ſome claim to diſtinction; but no one is now ſo much blinded with bigotry, as to imagine him equal either to Hammond or Chillingworth; nor would his memory, perhaps, have been preſerved, had he not, by being conjoined with illuſtrious names, become the object of publick curioſity.

Francis Cheynel was born in 1608 at Oxford †, where his father Dr. John Cheynel, who had been fellow of Corpus Chriſti college, practiſed phyſick with great reputation. He was educated in one of the grammar ſchools of his native city, and in the beginning of the year 1623 became a member of the univerſity.

* Firſt printed in The Student, 1751.

† Vide Wood's Ath. Ox. *Orig. Edit.*

It is probable that he loſt his father when he was very young; for it appears, that before 1629 his mother had married Dr. Abbot, biſhop of Saliſbury, whom ſhe had likewiſe buried. From this marriage he received great advantage; for his mother being now allied to Dr. Brent, then warden of Merton college, exerted her intereſt ſo vigorouſly, that he was admitted there a probationer, and afterwards obtained a fellowſhip *.

Having taken the degree of maſter of arts, he was admitted to orders according to the rites of the church of England, and held a curacy near Oxford, together with his fellowſhip. He continued in his college till he was qualified by his years of reſidence for the degree of batchelor of divinity, which he attempted to take in 1641, but was denied his grace †, for diſputing concerning predeſtination, contrary to the king's injunctions.

This refuſal of his degree he mentions in his dedication to his account of Mr. Chillingworth: "Do "not conceive that I ſnatch up my pen in an angry "mood, that I might vent my dangerous wit, and eaſe "my overburdened ſpleen; no, no, I have almoſt for-"got the viſitation of Merton college, and the denial "of my grace, the plundering of my houſe, and little "library: I know when, and where, and of whom, to "demand ſatisfaction for all theſe injuries and indig-"nities. I have learnt *centum plagas Spartana nosti-"litate conoquere.* I have not learnt how to plunder "others of goods, or living, and make myſelf amends "by force of arms. I will not take a living which "belonged to any civil, ſtudious, learned delinquent;

* Vide Wood's Ath. Ox. *Orig. Edit.*

† Vide Wood's Hiſt. Univ. Ox. *Orig. Edit.*

"unleſs

" unleſs it be the much neglected *commendam* of ſome " lordly prelate, condemned by the known laws of the " land, and the higheſt court of the kingdom, for ſome " offence of the firſt magnitude."

It is obſervable, that he declares himſelf to have almoſt forgot his injuries and indignities, though he recounts them with an appearance of acrimony, which is no proof that the impreſſion is much weakened; and inſinuates his deſign of demanding, at a proper time, ſatisfaction for them.

Theſe vexations were the conſequence, rather, of the abuſe of learning, than the want of it; no one that reads his works can doubt that he was turbulent, obſtinate, and petulant, and ready to inſtruct his ſuperiors, when he moſt needed inſtruction from them. Whatever he believed (and the warmth of his imagination naturally made him precipitate in forming his opinions) he thought himſelf obliged to profeſs; and what he profeſſed he was ready to defend, without that modeſty which is always prudent, and generally neceſſary, and which, though it was not agreeable to Mr. Cheynel's temper, and therefore readily condemned by him, is a very uſeful aſſociate to truth, and often introduces her by degrees, where ſhe never could have forced her way by argument or declamation.

A temper of this kind is generally inconvenient and offenſive in any ſociety, but in a place of education is leaſt to be tolerated; for, as authority is neceſſary to inſtruction, whoever endeavours to deſtroy ſubordination, by weakening that reverence which is claimed by thoſe to whom the guardianſhip of youth is committed by their country, defeats at once the inſtitution; and may be juſtly driven from a ſociety, by which he thinks

himſelf too wiſe to be governed, and in [illegible] he is too young to teach, and too opinionative to learn.

This may be readily ſuppoſed to have been the caſe of Cheynel; and I know not how thoſe can be blamed for cenſuring his conduct, or puniſhing his diſobedience, who had a right to govern him, and who might certainly act with equal ſincerity, and with greater knowledge.

With regard to the viſitation of Merton college, the account is equally obſcure. Viſitors are well known to be generally called to regulate the affairs of colleges, when the members diſagree with their head, or with one another; and the temper that Dr. Cheynel diſcovers will eaſily incline his readers to ſuſpect that he could not long live in any place without finding ſome occaſion for debate; nor debate any queſtion without carrying his oppoſition to ſuch a length as might make a moderator neceſſary. Whether this was his conduct at Merton, or whether an appeal to the viſitor's authority was made by him, or his adverſaries, or any other member of the college, is not to be known; it appears only, that there was a viſitation, that he ſuffered by it, and reſented his puniſhment.

He was afterwards preſented to a living of great value, near Banbury, where he had ſome diſpute with archbiſhop Laud. Of this diſpute I have found no particular account. Calamy only ſays he had a ruffle with biſhop Laud, while at his height.

Had Cheynel been equal to his adverſary in greatneſs and learning, it had not been eaſy to have found either a more proper oppoſite; for they were both, to the laſt degree, zealous, active, and pertinacious, and would have afforded mankind a ſpectacle of reſolution

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and boldneſs not often to be ſeen. But the amuſement of beholding the ſtruggle would hardly have been without danger, as they were too fiery not to have communicated their heat, though it ſhould have produced a conflagration of their country.

About the year 1641, when the whole nation was engaged in the controverſy about the rights of the church, and neceſſity of epiſcopacy, he declared himſelf a preſbyterian, and an enemy to biſhops, liturgies, ceremonies, and was conſidered as one of the moſt learned and acute of his party; for, having ſpent much of his life in a college, it cannot be doubted that he had a conſiderable knowledge of books, which the vehemence of his temper enabled him often to diſplay, when a more timorous man would have been ſilent, though in learning not his inferior.

When the war broke out, Mr. Cheynel, in conſequence of his principles, declared himſelf for the parliament; and as he appears to have held it as a firſt principle, that all great and noble ſpirits abhor neutrality, there is no doubt but that he exerted himſelf to gain proſelytes, and to promote the intereſt of that party which he had thought it his duty to eſpouſe. Theſe endeavours were ſo much regarded by the parliament, that, having taken the covenant, he was nominated one of the aſſembly of divines, who were to meet at Weſtminſter for the ſettlement of the new diſcipline.

This diſtinction drew neceſſarily upon him the hatred of the cavaliers; and his living being not far diſtant from the king's head-quarters, he received a viſit from ſome of the troops, who, as he affirms, plundered his houſe, and drove him from it. His living, which was, I ſuppoſe, conſidered as forfeited by his abſence (though

(though he was not ſuffered to continue upon it), was given to a clergyman, of whom he ſays, that he would become a ſtage better than a pulpit; a cenſure which I can neither confute nor admit, becauſe I have not diſcovered who was his ſucceſſor. He then retired into Suſſex, to exerciſe his miniſtry among his friends, in a place where, as he obſerves, there had been little of the power of religion either known or practiſed. As no reaſon can be given why the inhabitants of Suſſex ſhould have leſs knowledge or virtue than thoſe of other places, it may be ſuſpected that he means nothing more than a place where the preſbyterian diſcipline or principles had never been received. We now obſerve, that the Methodiſts, where they ſcatter their opinions, repreſent themſelves as preaching the goſpel to unconverted nations; and enthuſiaſts of all kinds have been inclined to diſguiſe their particular tenets with pompous appellations, and to imagine themſelves the great inſtruments of ſalvation: yet it muſt be confeſſed that all places are not equally enlightened; that in the moſt civilized nations there are many corners which may be called barbarous, where neither politeneſs, nor religion, nor the common arts of life, have yet been cultivated; and it is likewiſe certain, that the inhabitants of Suſſex have been ſometimes mentioned as remarkable for brutality.

From Suſſex he went often to London, where, in 1643, he preached three times before the parliament; and, returning in November to Colcheſter, to keep the monthly faſt there, as was his cuſtom, he obtained a convoy of ſixteen ſoldiers, whoſe bravery or good fortune was ſuch, that they faced and put to flight more than two hundred of the king's forces.

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In this journey he found Mr. Chillingworth in the hands of the parliament's troops, of whoſe ſickneſs and death he gave the account, which has been ſufficiently made known to the learned world by Mr. Maizeaux, in his life of Chillingworth.

With regard to this relation, it may be obſerved, that it is written with an air of fearleſs veracity, and with the ſpirit of a man who thinks his cauſe juſt, and his behaviour without reproach: nor does there appear any reaſon for doubting that Cheynel ſpoke and acted as he relates; for he does not publiſh an apology, but a challenge, and writes not ſo much to obviate calumnies, as to gain from others that applauſe which he ſeems to have beſtowed very liberally upon himſelf for his behaviour on that occaſion.

Since, therefore, this relation is credible, a great part of it being ſupported by evidence which cannot be refuſed, Mr. Maizeaux ſeems very juſtly, in his Life of Mr. Chillingworth, to oppoſe the common report, that his life was ſhortened by the inhumanity of thoſe to whom he was a priſoner; for Cheynel appears to have preſerved, amidſt all his deteſtation of the opinions which he imputed to him, a great kindneſs to his perſon, and veneration for his capacity: nor does he appear to have been cruel to him, otherwiſe than by that inceſſant importunity of diſputation, to which he was doubtleſs incited by a ſincere belief of the danger of his ſoul, if he ſhould die without renouncing ſome of his opinions.

The ſame kindneſs which made him deſirous to convert him before his death, would incline him to preſerve him from dying before he was converted; and accordingly we find, that, when the caſtle was yielded,

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he took care to procure him a commodious lodging: when he was to have been unſeaſonably removed, he attempted to ſhorten his journey, which he knew would be dangerous: when the phyſician was diſguſted by Chillingworth's diſtruſt, he prevailed upon him, as the ſymptoms grew more dangerous, to renew his viſits; and, when death left no other act of kindneſs to be practiſed, procured him the rites of burial, which ſome would have denied him.

Having done thus far juſtice to the humanity of Cheynel, it is proper to enquire how far he deſerves blame. He appears to have extended none of the kindneſs to the opinions of Chillingworth, which he ſhewed to his perſon; for he interprets every word in the worſt ſenſe, and ſeems induſtrious to diſcover in every line hereſies, which might have eſcaped for ever any other apprehenſion: he appears always ſuſpicious of ſome latent malignity, and ready to perſecute what he only ſuſpects, with the ſame violence as if it had been openly avowed: in all his procedure he ſhews himſelf ſincere, but without candour.

About this time, Cheynel, in purſuance of his natural ardour, attended the army under the command of the earl of Eſſex, and added the praiſe of valour to that of learning; for he diſtinguiſhed himſelf ſo much by his perſonal bravery, and obtained ſo much ſkill in the ſcience of war, that his commands were obeyed by the colonels with as much reſpect as thoſe of the general. He ſeems, indeed, to have been born a ſoldier, for he had an intrepidity which was never to be ſhaken by any danger, and a ſpirit of enterprize not to be diſcouraged by difficulty; which were ſupported by an unuſual degree of bodily ſtrength. His ſervices of all

kinds

kinds were thought of ſo much importance by the parliament, that they beſtowed upon him the living of Petworth, in Suſſex. This living was of the value of 700 l. per annum, from which they had ejected a man remarkable for his loyalty, and therefore, in their opinion, not worthy of ſuch revenues. And it may be enquired, whether, in accepting this preferment, Cheynel did not violate the proteſtation which he makes in the paſſage already recited, and whether he did not ſuffer his reſolution to be over-born by the temptations of wealth.

In 1646, when Oxford was taken by the forces of the parliament, and the reformation of the Univerſity was reſolved, Mr. Cheynel was ſent, with ſix others, to prepare the way for a viſitation; being authorized by the parliament to preach in any of the churches, without regard to the right of the members of the univerſity, that their doctrine might prepare their hearers for the changes which were intended.

When they arrived at Oxford, they began to execute their commiſſion, by poſſeſſing themſelves of the pulpits; but, if the relation of Wood * is to be regarded, were heard with very little veneration. Thoſe who had been accuſtomed to the preachers of Oxford, and the liturgy of the church of England, were offended at the emptineſs of their diſcourſes, which were noiſy and unmeaning; at the unuſual geſtures, the wild diſtortions, and the uncouth tone with which they were delivered; at the coldneſs of their prayers for the king, and the vehemence and exuberance of thoſe which they did not fail to utter for *the bleſſed councils* and actions of the parliament and army; and at, what was

* Vide Wood's Hiſt. Antiq. Oxon. *Orig. Edit.*

ſurely

ſurely not to be remarked without indignation, their omiſſion of the Lord's Prayer.

But power eaſily ſupplied the want of reverence, and they proceeded in their plan of reformation; and thinking ſermons not ſo efficacious to converſion as private interrogatories and exhortations, they eſtabliſhed a weekly meeting for *freeing tender conſciences from ſcruple*, at a houſe, that, from the buſineſs to which it was appropriated, was called the *Scruple-ſhop*.

With this project they were ſo well pleaſed, that they ſent to the parliament an account of it, which was afterwards printed, and is aſcribed by Wood to Mr. Cheynel. They continued for ſome weeks to hold their meetings regularly, and to admit great numbers, whom curioſity, or a deſire of conviction, or compliance with the prevailing party, brought thither. But their tranquillity was quickly diſturbed by the turbulence of the Independents, whoſe opinions then prevailed among the ſoldiers, and was very induſtriouſly propagated by the diſcourſes of William Earbury, a preacher of great reputation among them, who one day gathering a conſiderable number of his moſt zealous followers, went to the houſe appointed for the reſolution of ſcruples, on a day which was ſet apart for a diſquiſition of the dignity and office of a miniſter, and began to diſpute with great vehemence againſt the Preſbyterians, whom he denied to have any true miniſters among them, and whoſe aſſemblies he affirmed not to be the true church. He was oppoſed with equal heat by the Preſbyterians, and at length they agreed to examine the point another day, in a regular diſputation. Accordingly they appointed the twelfth of November for an enquiry, "whether, in the

"Chriſtian

"Chriſtian church, the office of miniſter is committed "to any particular perſons?"

On the day fixed, the antagoniſts appeared each attended by great numbers; but when the queſtion was propoſed, they began to wrangle, not about the doctrine which they had engaged to examine, but about the terms of the propoſition, which the Independents alleged to be changed ſince their agreement; and at length the ſoldiers inſiſted that the queſtion ſhould be, "Whether thoſe who call themſelves miniſters have "more right or power to preach the goſpel, than any "other man that is a Chriſtian?" This queſtion was debated for ſome time with great vehemence and confuſion, but without any proſpect of a concluſion. At length, one of the ſoldiers, who thought they had an equal right with the reſt to engage in the controverſy, demanded of the Preſbyterians, whence they themſelves received their orders, whether from biſhops or any other perſons? This unexpected interrogatory put them to great difficulties; for it happened that they were all ordained by the biſhops, which they durſt not acknowledge, for fear of expoſing themſelves to a general cenſure, and being convicted from their own declarations, in which they had frequently condemned Epiſcopacy as contrary to Chriſtianity; nor durſt they deny it, becauſe they might have been confuted, and muſt at once have ſunk into contempt. The ſoldiers, ſeeing their perplexity, inſulted them; and went away boaſting of their victory: nor did the Preſbyterians, for ſome time, recover ſpirit enough to renew their meetings, or to proceed in the work of eaſing conſciences.

Earbury, exulting at the victory, which, not his own abilities, but the ſubtilty of the ſoldier had procured him, began to vent his notions of every kind without ſcruple, and at length aſſerted, that "the "Saints had an equal meaſure of the divine nature "with our Saviour, though not equally manifeſt." At the ſame time he took upon him the dignity of a prophet, and began to utter predictions relating to the affairs of England and Ireland.

His prophecies were not much regarded, but his doctrine was cenſured by the Preſbyterians in their pulpits; and Mr. Cheynel challenged him to a diſputation, to which he agreed, and at his firſt appearance in St. Mary's church addreſſed his audience in the following manner:

"Chriſtian friends, kind fellow-ſoldiers, and wor-"thy ſtudents, I, the humble ſervant of all mankind, "am this day drawn, againſt my will, out of my cell, "into this public aſſembly, by the double chain of ac-"cuſation and a challenge from the pulpit. I have "been charged with hereſy; I have been challenged to "come hither in a letter written by Mr. Francis Chey-"nel. Here then I ſtand in defence of myſelf and my "doctrine, which I ſhall introduce with only this de-"claration, that I claim not the office of a miniſter on "account of any outward call, though I formerly re-"ceived ordination, nor do I boaſt of *illumination*, or "the knowledge of our Saviour, though I have been "held in eſteem by others, and formerly by myſelf. "For I now declare, that I know nothing, and am "nothing, nor would I be thought of otherwiſe than "as an enquirer and ſeeker."

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He then advanced his former poſition in ſtronger terms, and with additions equally deteſtable, which Cheynel attacked with the vehemence which, in ſo warm a temper, ſuch horrid aſſertions might naturally excite. The diſpute, frequently interrupted by the clamours of the audienee, and tumults raiſed to diſconcert Cheynel, who was very unpopular, continued about four hours, and then both the controvertiſts grew weary and retired. The Preſbyterians afterwards thought they ſhould more ſpeedily put an end to the hereſies of Earbury by power than by argument; and, by ſoliciting General Fairfax, procured his removal.

Mr. Cheynel publiſhed an account of this diſpute under the title of "Faith triumphing over Error and "Hereſy in a Revelation," &c. nor can it be doubted but he had the victory, where his cauſe gave him ſo great ſuperiority.

Somewhat before this, his captious and petulant diſpoſition engaged him in a controverſy, from which he could not expect to gain equal reputation. Dr. Hammond had not long before publiſhed his *Practical Catechiſm*, in which Mr. Cheynel, according to his cuſtom, found many errors implied, if not aſſerted; and therefore, as it was much read, thought it convenient to cenſure it in the pulpit. Of this Dr. Hammond being informed, deſired him in a letter to communicate his objections; to which Mr. Cheynel returned an anſwer, written with his uſual temper, and therefore ſomewhat perverſe. The controverſy was drawn out to a conſiderable length; and the papers on both ſides were afterwards made public by Dr. Hammond.

In 1647, it was determined by parliament, that the reformation of Oxford ſhould be more vigorouſly carried on; and Mr. Cheynel was nominated one of the viſitors. The general proceſs of the viſitation, the firmneſs and fidelity of the ſtudents, the addreſs by which the enquiry was delayed, and the ſteadineſs with which it was oppoſed, which are very particularly related by Wood, and after him by Walker, it is not neceſſary to mention here, as they relate not more to Dr. Cheynel's life than to thoſe of his aſſociates.

There is, indeed, ſome reaſon to believe that he was more active and virulent than the reſt, becauſe he appears to have been charged in a particular manner with ſome of their moſt unjuſtifiable meaſures. He was accuſed of propoſing, that the members of the Univerſity ſhould be denied the aſſiſtance of counſel, and was lampooned by name, as a madman, in a ſatire written on the viſitation.

One action, which ſhews the violence of his temper, and his diſregard both of humanity and decency, when they came in competition with his paſſions, muſt not be forgotten. The viſitors, being offended at the obſtinacy of Dr. Fell, Dean of Chriſt-church, and Vice-chancellor of the Univerſity, having firſt deprived him of his vice-chancellorſhip, determined afterwards to diſpoſſeſs him of his deanery; and, in the courſe of their proceedings, thought it proper to ſeize upon his chambers in the college. This was an act which moſt men would willingly have referred to the officers to whom the law aſſigned it; but Cheynel's fury prompted him to a different conduct. He, and three more of the viſitors, went and demanded admiſſion; which, being ſtedily refuſed them, they obtained by the aſſiſtance

tance of a file of ſoldiers, who forced the doors with pick-axes. Then entering, they ſaw Mrs. Fell in the lodgings, Dr. Fell being in priſon at London, and ordered her to quit them; but found her not more obſequious than her huſband. They repeated their orders with menaces, but were not able to prevail upon her to remove. They then retired, and left her expoſed to the brutality of the ſoldiers, whom they commanded to keep poſſeſſion; which Mrs. Fell however did not leave. About nine days afterwards ſhe received another viſit of the ſame kind from the new chancellor, the earl of Pembroke; who having, like the others, ordered her to depart without effect, treated her with reproachful language, and at laſt commanded the ſoldiers to take her up in her chair, and carry her out of doors. Her daughters, and ſome other gentlewomen that were with her, were afterwards treated in the ſame manner; one of whom predicted, without dejection, that ſhe ſhould enter the houſe again with leſs difficulty, at ſome other time; nor was ſhe miſtaken in her conjecture, for Dr. Fell lived to be reſtored to his deanery.

At the reception of the chancellor, Cheynel, as the moſt accompliſhed of the viſitors, had the province of preſenting him with the enſigns of his office, ſome of which were counterfeit, and addreſſing him with a proper oration. Of this ſpeech, which Wood has preſerved, I ſhall give ſome paſſages, by which a judgement may be made of his oratory.

Of the ſtaves of the beadles he obſerves, that "ſome "are ſtained with double guilt, that ſome are pale "with fear, and that others have been made uſe of as "crutches, for the ſupport of bad cauſes and deſpe-

"rate fortunes;" and he remarks of the book of ſtatutes which he delivers, that "the ignorant may "perhaps admire the ſplendor of the cover, but the "learned know that the real treaſure is within." Of theſe two ſentences it is eaſily diſcovered, that the firſt is forced and unnatural, and the ſecond trivial and low.

Soon afterwards Mr. Cheynel was admitted to the degree of Bachelor of Divinity, for which his grace had been denied him 1641, and, as he then ſuffered for an ill-timed aſſertion of the Preſbyterian doctrine, he obtained that his degree ſhould be dated from the time at which he was refuſed it; an honour, which, however, did not ſecure him from being ſoon after publicly reproached as a madman.

But the vigour of Cheynel was thought by his companions to deſerve profit as well as honour; and Dr. Bailey, the preſident of St. John's College, being no more obedient to the authority of the parliament than the reſt, was deprived of his revenues and authority, with which Mr. Cheynel was immediately invested, who, with his uſual coolneſs and modeſty, took poſſeſſion of the lodgings ſoon after by breaking open the doors.

This preferment being not thought adequate to the deſerts or abilities of Mr. Cheynel, it was therefore deſired, by the committee of parliament, that the viſitors would recommend him to the lectureſhip of divinity founded by the Lady Margaret. To recommend him and to choose was at that time the ſame; and he had now the pleaſure of propagating his darling doctrine of predeſtination, without interruption, and without danger.

Being thus flushed with power and success, there is little reason for doubting that he gave way to his natural vehemence, and indulged himself in the utmost excesses of raging zeal, by which he was indeed so much distinguished, that, in a satire mentioned by Wood, he is dignified by the title of Arch-visitor; an appellation which he seems to have been industrious to deserve by severity and inflexibility: for, not contented with the commission which he and his colleagues had already received, he procured six or seven of the members of parliament to meet privately in Mr. Rouse's lodgings, and assume the style and authority of a committee, and from them obtained a more extensive and tyrannical power, by which the visitors were enabled to force the *solemn League and Covenant* and the *negative Oath* upon all the members of the University, and to prosecute those for a contempt who did not appear to a citation, at whatever distance they might be, and whatever reasons they might assign for their absence.

By this method he easily drove great numbers from the university, whose places he supplied with men of his own opinion, whom he was very industrious to draw from other parts, with promises of making a liberal provision for them out of the spoils of heretics and malignants.

Having in time almost extirpated those opinions which he found so prevalent at his arrival, or at least obliged those, who would not recant, to an appearance of conformity, he was at leisure for employments which deserve to be recorded with greater commendation. About this time, many Socinian writers began

to publiſh their notions with great boldneſs, which the Preſbyterians conſidering as heretical and impious, thought it neceſſary to confute; and therefore Cheynel, who had now obtained his doctor's degree, was deſired, in 1649, to write a vindication of the doctrine of the Trinity, which he performed, and publiſhed the next year.

He drew up likewiſe a confutation of ſome Socinian tenets advanced by John Fry; a man who ſpent great part of his life in ranging from one religion to another, and who ſat as one of the judges on the king, but was expelled afterwards from the houſe of commons, and diſabled from ſitting in parliament. Dr. Cheynel is ſaid to have ſhewn himſelf evidently ſuperior to him in the controverſy, and was anſwered by him only with an opprobrious book againſt the Preſbyterian clergy.

Of the remaining part of his life there is found only an obſcure and confuſed account. He quitted the preſidentſhip of St. John's, and the profeſſorſhip, in 1650, as Calamy relates, becauſe he would not take the engagement; and gave a proof that he could ſuffer as well as act in a cauſe which he believed juſt. We have, indeed, no reaſon to queſtion his reſolution, whatever occaſion might be given to exert it; nor is it probable that he feared affliction more than danger, or that he would not have borne perſecution himſelf for thoſe opinions which inclined him to proſecute others.

He did not ſuffer much on this occaſion; for he retained the living of Petworth, to which he thenceforward confined his labours, and where he was very

aſſiduous, and, as Calamy affirms, very ſucceſsful in the exerciſe of his miniſtry, it being his peculiar character to be warm and zealous in all his undertakings.

This heat of his diſpoſition, increaſed by the uncommon turbulence of the times in which he lived, and by the oppoſition to which the unpopular nature of ſome of his employments expoſed him, was at laſt heightened to diſtraction, ſo that he was for ſome years diſorded in his underſtanding, as both Wood and Calamy relate, but with ſuch difference as might be expected from their oppoſite principles. Wood appears to think, that a tendency to madneſs was diſcoverable in a great part of his life; Calamy, that it was only tranſient and accidental, though, in his additions to his firſt narrative, he pleads it as an extenuation of that fury with which his kindeſt friends confeſs him to have acted on ſome occaſions. Wood declares, that he died little better than diſtracted; Calamy, that he was perfectly recovered to a ſound mind before the Reſtoration, at which time he retired to Preſton, a ſmall village in Suſſex, being turned out of his living at Petworth.

It does not appear, that he kept his living till the general ejection of the Nonconformiſts; and it is not unlikely that the aſperity of his carriage, and the known virulence of his temper, might have raiſed him enemies, who were willing to make him feel the effects of perſecution which he had ſo furiouſly incited againſt others; but of this incident of his life there is no particular account.

After his deprivation, he lived (till h s death, whic happened in 1665) at a ſmall village near Chicheſte upon a paternal eſtate, not augmented by the lar preferments waſted upon him in the triumphs of h party; having been remarkable, throughout his life, f hoſpitality and contempt of money.

CAVE*.

EDWARD CAVE was born at Newton in Warwickſhire, Feb. 29, 1691. His father (Joſeph) was the younger ſon of Mr. Edward Cave, of Cave's in the Hole, a lone houſe, on the Street-road in the ſame county, which took its name from the occupier; but having concurred with his elder brother in cutting off the intail of a ſmall hereditary eſtate, by which act it was loſt from the family, he was reduced to follow in Rugby the trade of a ſhoe-maker. He was a man of good reputation in his narrow circle, and remarkable for ſtrength and ruſtic intrepidity. He lived to a great age, and was in his latter years ſupported by his ſon.

It was fortunate for Edward Cave, that, having a diſpoſition to literary attainments, he was not cut off by the poverty of his parents from opportunities of

* This life firſt appeared in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1754, and is now printed from a copy reviſed by the author, at the requeſt of Mr. Nichols, in 1781.

cultivating

cultivating his faculties. The Rugby, in which he had, by the rules of its foundation, a right to be inſtructed, was then in high reputation, under the Rev. Mr. Holyock, to whoſe care moſt of the neighbouring families, even of the higheſt rank, entruſted their ſons. He had judgement to diſcover, and, for ſome time, generoſity to encourage the genius of young Cave; and was ſo well pleaſed with his quick progreſs in the ſchool, that he declared his reſolution to breed him for the univerſity, and recommended him as a ſervitor to ſome of his ſcholars of high rank. But proſperity which depends upon the caprice of others is of ſhort duration. Cave's ſuperiority in literature exalted him to an invidious familiarity with boys who were far above him in rank and expectations; and, in ſuch unequal aſſociations it always happens, whatever unlucky prank was played was imputed to Cave. When any miſchief, great or ſmall, was done, though perhaps others boaſted of the ſtratagem when it was ſucceſsful, yet upon detection or miſcarriage the fault was ſure to fall upon poor Cave.

At laſt, his miſtreſs by ſome inviſible means loſt a favourite cock. Cave was with little examination ſtigmatized as the thief or murderer; not becauſe he was more apparently criminal than others, but becauſe he was more eaſily reached by vindictive juſtice. From that time Mr. Holyock withdrew his kindneſs viſibly from him, and treated him with harſhneſs, which the crime, in its utmoſt aggravation, could ſcarcely deſerve; and which ſurely he would have forborn, had he conſidered how hardly the habitual influence of birth and fortune is reſiſted; and how frequently men, not wholly without ſenſe of virtue, are betrayed to acts more atrocious

than

than the robbery of a hen-roost, by a desire of pleasing their superiors.

Those reflections his master never made, or made without effect; for under pretence that Cave obstructed the discipline of the school, by selling clandestine assistance, and supplying exercises to idlers, he was oppressed with unreasonable tasks, that there might be an opportunity of quarrelling with his failure; and when his diligence had surmounted them, no regard was paid to the performance. Cave bore this persecution a-while, and then left the school, and the hope of a literary education, to seek some other means of gaining a livelihood.

He was first placed with a collector of the excise. He used to recount with some pleasure a journey or two which he rode with him as his clerk, and relate the victories that he gained over the excisemen in grammatical disputations. But the insolence of his mistress, who employed him in servile drudgery, quickly disgusted him, and he went up to London in quest of more suitable employment.

He was recommended to a timber-merchant at the Bankside, and, while he was there on liking, is said to have given hopes of great mercantile abilities; but this place he soon left, I know not for what reason, and was bound apprentice to Mr. Collins, a printer of some reputation, and deputy alderman.

This was a trade for which men were formerly qualified by a literary education, and which was pleasing to Cave, because it furnished some employment for his scholastic attainments. Here, therefore, he resolved to settle, though his master and mistress lived in perpetual discord, and their house was therefore no comfortable

fortable habitation. From the inconveniences of their domeſtic tumults he was ſoon releaſed, having in only two years attained ſo much ſkill in his art, and gained ſo much the confidence of his maſter, that he was ſent without any ſuperintendant to conduct a printing-houſe at Norwich, and publiſh a weekly paper. In this undertaking he met with ſome oppoſition, which produced a public controverſy, and procured young Cave the reputation of a writer.

His maſter died before his apprenticeſhip was expired, and he was not able to bear the perverſeneſs of his miſtreſs. He therefore quitted her houſe upon a ſtipulated allowance, and married a young widow with whom he lived at Bow. When his apprenticeſhip was over, he worked as a journeyman at the printing-houſe of Mr. Barber, a man much diſtinguiſhed, and employed by the Tories, whoſe principles had at that time ſo much prevalence with Cave, that he was for ſome years a writer in "Miſt's Journal;" which, though he afterwards obtained by his wife's intereſt a ſmall place in the Poſt-office, he for ſome time continued. But as intereſt is powerful, and converſation, however mean, in time perſuaſive, he by degrees inclined to another party; in which, however, he was always moderate, though ſteady and determined.

When he was admitted into the Poſt-office he ſtill continued, at his intervals of attendance, to exerciſe his trade, or to employ himſelf with ſome typographical buſineſs. He corrected the "Gradus ad Parnaſſum;" and was liberally rewarded by the company of Stationers. He wrote an "Account of the Criminals," which had for ſome time a conſiderable ſale; and publiſhed many little pamphlets that accident brought into his

his hands, of which it would be very difficult to recover the memory. By the correſpondence which his place in the Poſt-office facilitated, he procured country news-papers, and ſold their intelligence to a Journaliſt in London, for a guinea a week.

He was afterwards raiſed to the office of clerk of the franks, in which he acted with great ſpirit and firmneſs; and often ſtopped franks, which were given by members of parliament to their friends, becauſe he thought ſuch extenſion of a peculiar right illegal. This raiſed many complaints, and having ſtopped, among others, a frank given to the old ducheſs of Marlborough by Mr. Walter Plummer, he was cited before the houſe, as for breach of privilege, and accuſed, I ſuppoſe very unjuſtly, of opening letters to detect them. He was treated with great harſhneſs and ſeverity, but, declining their queſtions by pleading his oath of ſecrecy, was at laſt diſmiſſed. And it muſt be recorded to his honour, that, when he was ejected from his office, he did not think himſelf diſcharged from his truſt, but continued to refuſe to his neareſt friends any information about the management of the office.

By this conſtancy of diligence and diverſification of employment, he in time collected a ſum ſufficient for the purchaſe of a ſmall printing-office, and began the "Gentleman's Magazine," a periodical pamphlet, of which the ſcheme is known wherever the Engliſh language is ſpoken. To this undertaking he owed the affluence in which he paſſed the laſt twenty years of his life, and the fortune which he left behind him, which, though large, had been yet larger, had he not raſhly and wantonly impaired it by innumerable projects, of which I know not that ever one ſucceeded.

"The

"The Gentleman's Magazine," which has now ſubſiſted fifty years, and ſtill continues to enjoy the favour of the world *, is one of the moſt ſucceſsful and lucrative pamphlets which literary hiſtory has upon record, and therefore deſerves, in this narrative, particular notice.

Mr. Cave, when he formed the project, was far from expecting the ſucceſs which he found; and others had ſo little proſpect of its conſequence, that though he had for ſeveral years talked of his plan among printers and bookſellers, none of them thought it worth the trial. That they were not reſtrained by their virtue from the execution of another man's deſign, was ſufficiently apparent as ſoon as that deſign began to be gainful; for in a few years a multitude of magazines aroſe, and periſhed; only the London Magazine, ſupported by a powerful aſſociation of booksellers, and circulated with all the art, and all the cunning of trade, exempted itſelf from the general fate of Cave's invaders, and obtained, though not an equal, yet a conſiderable ſale †.

Cave now began to aſpire to popularity; and being a greater lover of poetry than any other art, he ſometimes offered ſubjects for poems, and propoſed prizes for the beſt performers. The firſt prize was 50 l. for which, being but newly acquainted with wealth, and thinking the influence of 50 l. extremely great, he expected the firſt authors of the kingdom to appear as competitors; and offered the allotment of the prize to the univerſities. But when the time came, no name was ſeen among the writers that had been ever ſeen before; the univerſities and ſeveral private men rejected

* This was ſaid in the beginning of the year 1781; and may be repeated in 1786.

† The London Magazine ceaſed to exiſt in 1785.

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the province of aſſigning the prize *. At all this Mr. Cave wondered for a while; but his natural judgement, and a wider acquaintance with the world, ſoon cured him of his aſtoniſhment, as of many other prejudices and errors. Nor have many men been ſeen raiſed by accident or induſtry to ſudden riches, that retained leſs of the meanneſs of their former ſtate.

He continued to improve his Magazine, and had the ſatisfaction of ſeeing its ſucceſs proportionate to his diligence, till in 1751 his wife died of an aſthma. He ſeemed not at firſt much affected by her death, but in a few days loſt his ſleep and his appetite, which he never recovered; but after having lingered about two years, with many viciſſitudes of amendment and relapſe, fell by drinking acid liquors into a diarrhœa, and afterwards into a kind of lethargic inſenſibility, in which one of the laſt acts of reaſon which he exerted was fondly to preſs the hand that is now writing this little narrative. He died on the 10th of January, 1754, having juſt concluded the twenty-third annual collection †.

He

* The determination was left to Dr. Cromwell Mortimer and Dr. Birch; and by the latter the award was made, which may be ſeen in Gent. Mag. vol. VI. p. 59.

† Mr. Cave was buried in the church of St. James, Clerkenwell, without any epitaph; but the following inſcription at Rugby, from the pen of Dr. Hawkeſworth, is here tranſcribed from the "Anecdotes of Mr. Bowyer," p. 88.

Near this place lies
The body of
JOSEPH CAVE,
Late of this pariſh;
Who departed this life Nov. 18, 1747,
Aged 79 years.

He

He was a man of a large ſtature, not only tall but bulky, and was, when young, of remarkable ſtrength and activity. He was generally healthful, and capable of much labour and long application; but in the laſt years of his life was afflicted with the gout, which he endeavoured to cure or alleviate by a total abſtinence both from ſtrong liquors and animal food. From animal food he abſtained about four years, and from ſtrong liquors much longer; but the gout continued unconquered, perhaps unabated.

His reſolution and perſeverance were very uncommon; in whatever he undertook, neither expence nor fatigue were able to repreſs him: but his conſtancy was calm, and to thoſe who did not know him appeared faint and languid; but he always went forward, though he moved ſlowly.

The

He was placed by Providence in a humble ſtation;
But
Induſtry abundantly ſupplied the wants of Nature,
And
Temperance bleſt him with
Content and Wealth.
As he was an affectionate Father,
He was made happy in the decline of life
By the deſerved eminence of his eldeſt Son
EDWARD CAVE;
Who without intereſt, fortune, or connection,
By the native force of his own genius,
Aſſiſted only by a claſſical education,
Which he received at the Grammar-ſchool
Of this Town,
Planned, executed, and eſtabliſhed
A literary work, called
THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE,

Whereby

The ſame chilneſs of mind was obſervable in his converſation: he was watching the minuteſt accent of thoſe whom he diſguſted by ſeeming inattention; and his viſitant was ſurprized when he came a ſecond time, by preparations to execute the ſcheme which he ſuppoſed never to have been heard.

He was, conſiſtently with this general tranquillity of mind, a tenacious maintainer, though not a clamorous demander of his right. In his youth having ſummoned his fellow journeymen to concert meaſures againſt the oppreſſion of their maſters, he mounted a kind of roſtrum, and harangued them ſo efficaciouſly, that they determined to reſiſt all future invaſions; and when the ſtamp officers demanded to ſtamp the laſt half ſheet of the Magazines, Mr. Cave alone defeated their claim, to which the proprietors of the rival Magazines would meanly have ſubmitted.

Whereby he acquir'd an ample fortune,
The whole of which devolved to his Family.
Here alſo lies
The body of WILLIAM CAVE,
Second Son of the ſaid JOSEPH CAVE,
Who died May 2, 1757, aged 62 years;
And who, having ſurvived his elder brother
EDWARD CAVE,
Inherited from him a competent eſtate;
And, in gratitude to his benefactor,
Ordered this monument to perpetuate his memory:

He liv'd a Patriarch in his numerous race,
And ſhew'd in charity a Chriſtian's grace:
Whate'er a friend or parent feels, he knew;
His hand was open, and his heart was true;
In what he gain'd and gave, he taught mankind,
A grateful always is a generous mind.
Here reſt his clay! his ſoul muſt ever reſt,
Who bleſs'd when living, dying muſt be bleſt.

He friend rather (y c , than re-
us tive; yet many i ances might be given,
re b ı his money and his diligence were employed
: ly others. His (ıity was in like manner
co a l iberate; b t gh cool, it was not infi-
di s, t ı ı , ıot pertinacious.

His ı ı re ow. He saw little at a
time, tl : si h great exactness. He
was l in ı ii t right, ut seldom failed to find
it at t. His ctions were not easily gained, and
his n quickly discovered. His reserve, as it
m ıt l l faults, concealed his virtues: but such
, as t y who best knew him have most la-
me d.

KING

KING of PRUSSIA*.

CHARLES FREDERICK the preſent king of Pruſſia, whoſe actions and deſigns now keep Europe in attention, is the eldeſt ſon of Frederick William by Sophia Dorothea, daughter of George the firſt, king of England. He was born January 24, 1711-12. Of his early years nothing remarkable has been tranſmitted to us. As he advanced towards manhood, he became remarkable by his diſagreement with his father.

The late king of Pruſſia was of a diſpoſition violent and arbitrary, of narrow views, and vehement paſſions, earneſtly engaged in little purſuits, or in ſchemes terminating in ſome ſpeedy conſequence, without any plan of laſting advantage to himſelf or his ſubjects, or any proſpect of diſtant events. He was therefore always buſy though no effects of his activity ever appeared, and always eager though he had nothing to gain. His behaviour was to the laſt degree rough and ſavage. The leaſt provocation, whether deſigned or

* Firſt printed in the Literary Magazine for 1756.

accidental, was returned by blows, which he did not always forbear to the queen and princeſſes.

From ſuch a king and ſuch a father it was not an enormous violation of duty in the immediate heir of a kingdom ſometimes to differ in opinion, and to maintain that difference with decent pertinacity. A prince of a quick ſagacity and comprehenſive knowledge muſt find many practices in the conduct of affairs which he could not approve, and ſome which he could ſcarcely forbear to oppoſe.

The chief pride of the old king was to be maſter of the talleſt regiment in Europe. He therefore brought together from all parts men above the common military ſtandard. To exceed the height of ſix feet was a certain recommendation to notice, and to approach that of ſeven a claim to diſtinction. Men will readily go where they are ſure to be careſſed; and he had therefore ſuch a collection of giants as perhaps was never ſeen in the world before.

To review this towering regiment was his daily pleaſure, and to perpetuate it was ſo much his care, that when he met a tall woman, he immediately commanded one of his Titanian retinue to marry her, that they might propagate procerity, and produce heirs to the father's habiliments.

In all this there was apparent folly, but there was no crime. The tall regiment made a fine ſhew at an expence not much greater, when once it was collected, than would have been beſtowed upon common men. But the king's military paſtimes were ſometimes more pernicious. He maintained a numerous army, of which he made no other uſe than to review and to talk of it; and when he, or perhaps his emiſſaries, ſaw a

boy, whoſe form and ſprightlineſs promiſed a future ſoldier, he ordered a kind of a badge to be put about his neck, by which he was marked out for the ſervice, like the ſons of Chriſtian captives in Turkey; and his parents were forbidden to deſtine him to any other mode of life.

This was ſufficiently oppreſſive, but this was not the utmoſt of his tyranny. He had learned, though otherwiſe perhaps no very great politician, that to be rich was to be powerful; but that the riches of a king ought to be ſeen in the opulence of his ſubjects, he wanted either ability or benevolence to underſtand. He therefore raiſed exorbitant taxes from every kind of commodity and poſſeſſion, and piled up the money in his treaſury, from which it iſſued no more. How the land which had paid taxes once was to pay them a ſecond time, how impoſts could be levied without commerce, or commerce continued without money, it was not his cuſtom to enquire. Eager to ſnatch at money and delighted to count it, he felt new joy at every receipt, and thought himſelf enriched by the impoveriſhment of his dominions.

By which of theſe freaks of royalty the prince was offended, or whether, as perhaps more frequently happens, the offences of which he complained were of a domeſtic and perſonal kind, it is not eaſy to diſcover. But his reſentment, whatever was its cauſe, roſe ſo high, that he reſolved not only to leave his father's court, but his territories, and to ſeek a refuge among the neighbouring or kindred princes. It is generally believed that his intention was to come to England, and live under the protection of his uncle, till his fa-

ther's death, or change of conduct, ſhould give him liberty to return.

His deſign, whatever it was, he concerted with an officer of the army whoſe name was Kat, a man in whom he placed great confidence, and whom, having choſen him for the companion of his flight, he neceſſarily truſted with the preparatory meaſures. A prince cannot leave his country with the ſpeed of a meaner fugitive. Something was to be provided, and ſomething to be adjuſted. And, whether Kat found the agency of others neceſſary, and therefore was conſtrained to admit ſome partners of the ſecret; whether levity or vanity incited him to diſburden himſelf of a truſt that ſwelled in his boſom, or to ſhew to a friend or miſtreſs his own importance; or whether it be in itſelf difficult for princes to tranſact any thing in ſecret; ſo it was, that the king was informed of the intended flight, and the prince and his favourite, a little before the time ſettled for their departure, were arreſted, and confined in different places.

The life of princes is ſeldom in danger, the hazard of their irregularities falls only on thoſe whom ambition or affection combines with them. The king, after an impriſonment of ſome time, ſet his ſon at liberty; but poor Kat was ordered to be tried for a capital crime. The court examined the cauſe, and acquitted him; the king remanded him to a ſecond trial, and obliged his judges to condemn him. In conſequence of the ſentence thus tyrannically extorted, he was publicly beheaded, leaving behind him ſome papers of reflections made in the priſon, which were afterwards printed, and among others an admonition to the prince, for whoſe ſake he ſuffered, not to feſter in himſelf the

opinion of deſtiny, for that a Providence is diſcoverable in every thing round us.

This cruel proſecution of a man who had committed no crime, but by compliance with influence not eaſily to be reſiſted, was not the only act by which the old king irritated his ſon. A lady with whom the prince was ſuſpected of intimacy, perhaps more than virtue allowed, was ſeized, I know not upon what accuſation, and, by the king's order, notwithſtanding all the reaſons of decency and tenderneſs that operate in other countries and other judicatures, was publicly whipped in the ſtreets of Berlin.

At laſt, that the prince might feel the power of a king and a father in its utmoſt rigour, he was in 1733 married againſt his will to the princeſs Elizabetha Chriſtina of Brunſwick Lunenburg Beveren. He married her indeed at his father's command, but without profeſſing for her either eſteem or affection, and, conſidering the claim of parental authority fully ſatisfied by the external ceremony, obſtinately and perpetually during the life of his father refrained from her bed. The poor princeſs lived about ſeven years in the court of Berlin, in a ſtate which the world has not often ſeen, a wife without a huſband, married ſo far as to engage her perſon to a man who did not deſire her affection, and of whom it was doubtful whether he thought himſelf reſtrained from the power of repudiation by an act performed under evident compulſion.

Thus he lived ſecluded from public buſineſs, in contention with his father, in alienation from his wife. This ſtate of uneaſineſs he found the only means of ſoftening. He diverted his mind from the ſcenes about him by ſtudies and liberal amuſements. The

ſtudies of princes ſeldom produce great effects, for princes draw with meaner mortals the lot of understanding; and ſince of many ſtudents not more than one can be hoped to advance far towards perfection, it is ſcarcely to be expected that we ſhould find that in a prince; that the deſire of ſcience ſhould overpower in any mind the love of pleaſure when it is always preſent or always within call; that laborious meditation ſhould be preferred in the days of youth to amuſement and feſtivity; or that perſeverance ſhould preſs forward in contempt of flattery; and that he, in whom moderate acquiſitions would be extolled as prodigies, ſhould exact from himſelf that excellence of which the whole world conſpires to ſpare him the neceſſity.

In every great performance, perhaps in every great character, part is the gift of nature, part the contribution of accident, and part, very often not the greatest part, the effect of voluntary election, and regular deſign. The king of Pruſſia was undoubtedly born with more than common abilities; but that he has cultivated them with more than common diligence is probably the effect of his peculiar condition, of that which he then conſidered as cruelty and misfortune.

In this long interval of unhappineſs and obſcurity he acquired ſkill in the mathematical ſciences, ſuch as is ſaid to put him on the level with thoſe who have made them the buſineſs of their lives. This is probably to ſay too much: the acquiſitions of kings are always magnified. His ſkill in poetry and in the French language have been loudly praiſed by Voltaire, a judge without exception, if his honeſty were equal to his

his knowledge. Muſick he not only underſtands, but practiſes on the German flute in the higheſt perfection; ſo that, according to the regal cenſure of Philip of Macedon, he may be aſhamed to play ſo well.

He may be ſaid to owe to the difficulties of his youth an advantage leſs frequently obtained by princes than literature and mathematics. The neceſſity of paſſing his time without pomp, and of partaking of the pleaſures and labours of a lower ſtation, made him acquainted with the various forms of life, and with the genuine paſſions, intereſts, deſires, and diſtreſſes, of mankind. Kings without this help from temporary infelicity ſee the world in a miſt, which magnifies every thing near them, and bounds their view to a narrow compaſs, which few are able to extend by the mere force of curioſity. I have always thought that what Cromwell had more than our lawful kings, he owed to the private condition in which he firſt entered the world, and in which he long continued; in that ſtate he learned his art of ſecret tranſaction, and the knowledge by which he was able to oppoſe zeal to zeal, and make one enthuſiaſt deſtroy another.

The king of Pruſſia gained the ſame arts, and, being born to fairer opportunities of uſing them, brought to the throne the knowledge of a private man without the guilt of uſurpation. Of this general acquaintance with the world there may be found ſome traces in his whole life. His converſation is like that of other men upon common topics, his letters have an air of familiar elegance, and his whole conduct is that of a man who has to do with men, and who is ignorant what motives will prevail over friends or enemies.

In

inſtead of addreſſing him as *His Majeſty*, ſhe ſhould only call him *Son*.

As he was paſſing ſoon after between Berlin and Potſdam, a thouſand boys who had been marked out for military ſervice, ſurrounded his coach, and cried out, "Merciful king, deliver us from our ſlavery." He promiſed them their liberty, and ordered the next day that the badge ſhould be taken off.

He ſtill continued that correſpondence with learned men which he began when he was prince; and the eyes of all ſcholars, a race of mortals formed for dependence, were upon him, as a man likely to renew the times of patronage, and to emulate the bounties of Lewis the Fourteenth.

It ſoon appeared that he was reſolved to govern with very little miniſterial aſſiſtance: he took cognizance of every thing with his own eyes; declared that, in all contrarieties of intereſt between him and his ſubjects, the public good ſhould have the preference; and in one of the firſt exertions of regal power baniſhed the prime miniſter and favourite of his father, as one that had *betrayed his maſter, and not his truſt.*

He then declared his reſolution to grant a general toleration of religion, and among other liberalities of conceſſion allowed the profeſſion of Free Maſonry. It is the great taint of his character, that he has given reaſon to doubt, whether this toleration is the effect of charity or indifference, whether he means to ſupport good men of every religion, or conſiders all religions as equally good.

There had ſubſiſted for ſome time in Pruſſia an order called the *Order for Merit*, which, according to its denomination, had been conferred with very little diſtinction.

tinction. The king inſtituted the *Order for merit*, with which he honoured thoſe whom he conſidered as deſerving. There were ſome who thought their merit not ſufficiently recompenſed by this new title; but he was not very ready to grant pecuniary rewards. Thoſe who were moſt in his favour he ſometimes preſented with ſhuff-boxes, on which was inſcribed *Amitie augmente le prix.*

He was, however, charitable if not liberal, for he ordered the magiſtrates of the ſeveral diſtricts to be very attentive to the relief of the poor; and, if the funds eſtabliſhed for that uſe were not ſufficient, permitted that the deficiency ſhould be ſupplied out of the revenues of the town.

One of his firſt cares was the advancement of learning. Immediately upon his acceſſion, he wrote to Rollin and Voltaire, that he deſired the continuance of their friendſhip; and ſent for Mr. Maupertuis, the principal of the French academicians, who paſſed a winter in Lapland, to verify, by the menſuration of a degree near the Pole, the Newtonian doctrine of the form of the earth. He requeſted of Maupertuis to come to Berlin, to ſettle an academy, in terms of great ardour and great condeſcenſion.

At the ſame time, he ſhewed the world that literary amuſements were not likely, as has more than once happened to royal ſtudents, to withdraw him from the care of the kingdom, or make him forget his intereſt. He began by reviving a claim to Herſtal and Hermal, two diſtricts in the poſſeſſion of the biſhop of Liege. When he ſent his commiſſary to demand the homage of the inhabitants, they refuſed him admiſſion, declaring that they acknowledged no ſovereign but the biſhop.

biſhop. The king then wrote a letter to the biſhop, in which he complained of the violation of his right, and the contempt of his authority, charged the prelate with countenancing the late act of diſobedience, and required an anſwer in two days.

In three days the anſwer was ſent, in which the biſhop founds his claim to the two lordſhips upon a grant of Charles the Fifth, guarantied by France and Spain; alledges that his predeceſſors had enjoyed this grant above a century, and that he never intended to infringe the rights of Pruſſia; but, as the houſe of Brandenburg had always made ſome pretenſions to that territory, he was willing to do what other biſhops had offered, to purchaſe that claim for an hundred thouſand crowns.

To every man that knows the ſtate of the feudal countries, the intricacy of their pedigrees, the confuſion of their alliances, and the different rules of inheritance that prevail in different places, it will appear evident, that of reviving antiquated claims there can be no end, and that the poſſeſſion of a century is a better title than can commonly be produced. So long a preſcription ſuppoſes an acquieſcence in the other claimants; and that acquieſcence ſuppoſes alſo ſome reaſon, perhaps now unknown, for which the claim was forborn. Whether this rule could be conſidered as valid in the controverſy between theſe ſovereigns may however be doubted, for the biſhop's anſwer ſeems to imply, that the title of the houſe of Brandenburg had been kept alive by repeated claims, though the ſeizure of the territory had been hitherto forborn.

The king did not ſuffer his claim to be ſubjected to any altercations, but, having publiſhed a declaration in

which

which he charged the biſhop with violence and injuſtice, and remarked that the feudal laws allowed every man, whoſe poſſeſſion was withheld from him, to enter it with an armed force, he immediately diſpatched two thouſand ſoldiers into the controverted countries, where they lived without controul, exerciſing every kind of military tyranny, till the cries of the inhabitants forced the biſhop to relinquiſh them to the quiet government of Pruſſia.

This was but a petty acquiſition; the time was now come when the king of Pruſſia was to form and execute greater deſigns. On the 9th of October 1740, half Europe was thrown into confuſion by the death of Charles the Sixth, emperor of Germany, by whoſe death all the hereditary dominions of the houſe of Auſtria deſcended, according to the pragmatic ſanction, to his eldeſt daughter, who was married to the duke of Lorrain, at the time of the emperor's death, duke of Tuſcany.

By how many ſecurities the pragmatic ſanction was fortified, and how little it was regarded when thoſe ſecurities became neceſſary: how many claimants ſtarted up at once to the ſeveral dominions of the houſe of Auſtria: how vehemently their pretenſions were enforced, and how many invaſions were threatened or attempted: the diſtreſſes of the emperor's daughter, known for ſeveral years by the title only of the Queen of Hungary, becauſe Hungary was the only country to which her claim had not been diſputed: the firmneſs with which ſhe ſtruggled with her difficulties, and the good fortune by which ſhe ſurmounted them: the narrow plan of this eſſay will not ſuffer me to relate. Let them

them be told by ſome other writer of more leiſure and wider intelligence.

Upon the emperor's death, many of the German princes fell upon the Auſtrian territories as upon a dead carcaſe, to be diſmembered among them without reſiſtance. Among theſe, with whatever juſtice, certainly with very little generoſity, was the king of Pruſſia, who, having aſſembled his troops, as was imagined to ſupport the pragmatic ſanction, on a ſudden entered Sileſia with thirty thouſand men, publiſhing a declaration, in which he diſclaims any deſign of infringing the rights of the houſe of Auſtria, but urges his claim to Sileſia, as ariſing *from antient conventions of family and confraternity between the houſe of* Brandenburg *and the princes of* Sileſia, *and other honourable titles.* He ſays, the fear of being defeated by other pretenders to the Auſtrian dominions, obliged him to enter Sileſia without any previous expoſtulation with the queen, and that he ſhall *ſtrenuouſly aſſiſt the intereſts of the houſe of* Auſtria.

Such a declaration was, I believe, in the opinion of all Europe, nothing leſs than the aggravation of hoſtility by inſult, and was received by the Auſtrians with ſuitable indignation. The king purſued his purpoſe, marched forward, and in the frontiers of Sileſia made a ſpeech to his followers, in which he told them, that he conſidered them rather "as friends than ſubjects; "that the troops of Brandenburg had been always "eminent for their bravery, that they would always "fight in his preſence, and that he would recompenſe "thoſe who ſhould diſtinguiſh themſelves in his ſer-"vice, rather as a father than as a king."

The

The civilities of the great are never thrown away. The ſoldiers would naturally follow ſuch a leader with alacrity; eſpecially becauſe they expected no oppoſition: but human expectations are frequently deceived.

Entering thus ſuddenly into a country which he was ſuppoſed rather likely to protect than to invade, he acted for ſome time with abſolute authority; but ſuppoſing that this ſubmiſſion would not always laſt, he endeavoured to perſuade the queen to a ceſſion of Sileſia, imagining that ſhe would eaſily be perſuaded to yield what was already loſt. He therefore ordered his miniſters to declare at Vienna, "that he was ready to "guaranty all the German dominions of the houſe "of Auſtria: that he would conclude a treaty with "Auſtria, Ruſſia, and the Maritime powers; that he "would endeavour that the duke of Lorrain ſhould be "elected emperor, and believed that he could accom-"pliſh it: that he would immediately advance to "the queen two millions of florins: that, in recom-"pence for all this, he required Sileſia to be yielded to "him."

Theſe ſeem not to be the offers of a prince very much convinced of his own right. He afterwards moderated his claim, and ordered his miniſter to hint at Vienna, that half of Sileſia would content him.

The queen anſwered, that though the king alledged, as his reaſon for entering Sileſia, the danger of the Auſtrian territories from other pretenders, and endeavoured to perſuade her to give up part of her poſſions for the preſervation of the reſt, it was evident that he was the firſt and only invader, and that, till he entered in a hoſtile manner, all her eſtates were unmoleſted.

To his promiſes of aſſiſtance ſhe replied, "that ſhe "ſet an high value on the king of Pruſſia's friendſhip; "but that he was already obliged to aſſiſt her against "invaders, both by the golden bull, and the pragmatic "ſanction, of which he was a guarantee; and that, if "theſe ties were of no force, ſhe knew not what to "hope from other engagements." Of his offers of alliances with Ruſſia and the Maritime powers, ſhe obſerved, that it could be never fit to alienate her dominions for the conſolidation of an alliance formed only to keep them intire.

With regard to his intereſt in the election of an emperor, ſhe expreſſed her gratitude in ſtrong terms; but added, that the election ought to be free, and that it muſt be neceſſarily embarraſſed by conteations that raiſed in the heart of the empire. Of the pecuniary aſſiſtance propoſed ſhe remarks, that no prince ever made war to oblige another to take money, and that the contributions already levied in Silefia exceeded the two millions offered as its purchaſe.

She concluded, that as ſhe values the king's friendſhip, ſhe was willing to purchaſe it by any compliance but the diminution of her dominions, and exhorted him to perform his part in ſupport of the pragmatic ſanction.

The king, finding negociation thus ineffectual, puſhed forward his inroads, and now began to ſhew how ſecretly he could take his meaſures. When he called a council of war, he propoſed the queſtion in a few words: all his generals wrote their opinions on his preſence upon ſeparate papers, which he carried away, and, examining them in private, formed his

reſolution without imparting it otherwiſe than by his orders.

He began, not without policy, to ſeize firſt upon the eſtates of the clergy, an order every where neceſſary, and every where envied. He plundered the convents of their ſtores of proviſion; and told them, that he never had heard of any magazines erected by the apoſtles.

This inſult was mean, becauſe it was unjuſt; but thoſe who could not reſiſt were obliged to bear it. He proceeded in his expedition; and a detachment of his troops took Jablunca, one of the ſtrong places of Sileſia, which was ſoon after abandoned, for want of proviſions, which the Auſtrian huſſars, who were now in motion, were buſy to interrupt.

One of the moſt remarkable events of the Sileſia war, was the conqueſt of Great Glogaw, which was taken by an aſſault in the dark, headed by prince Leopold of Anhault Deſſau. They arrived at the foot of the fortifications about twelve at night, and in two hours were maſters of the place. In attempts of this kind many accidents happen which cannot be heard without ſurprize. Four Pruſſian grenadiers who had climbed the ramparts, miſſing their own company, met an Auſtrian captain with fifty-two men: they were at firſt frighted, and were about to retreat; but, gathering courage, commanded the Auſtrians to lay down their arms, and in the terror of darkneſs and confuſion were unexpectedly obeyed.

At the ſame time a conſpiracy to kill or carry away the king of Pruſſia was ſaid to be diſcovered. The Pruſſians publiſhed a memorial, in which the Auſtrian court was accuſed of employing emiſſaries and aſſaſſins

againſt the king; and it was alledged, in direct terms, that one of them had confeſſed himſelf obliged by oath to deſtroy him, which oath had been given him in an aulic council in the preſence of the duke of Lorrain.

To this the Auſtrians anſwered, "that the character "of the queen and duke was too well known not to "deſtroy the force of ſuch an accuſation, that the oath "of the confeſſion was an impoſture, and that no ſuch "attempt was ever made."

Each party was now inflamed, and orders were given to the Auſtrian general to hazard a battle. The two armies met at Molwitz, and parted without a complete victory on either ſide. The Auſtrians quitted the field in good order; and the king of Pruſſia rode away upon the firſt diſorder of his troops, without waiting for the laſt event. This attention to his perſonal ſafety has not yet been forgotten.

After this there was no action of much importance. But the king of Pruſſia, irritated by oppoſition, transferred his intereſt in the election to the duke of Bavaria; and the queen of Hungary, now attacked by France, Spain, and Bavaria, was obliged to make peace with him at the expence of half Sileſia, without procuring thoſe advantages which were once offered her.

To enlarge dominions has been the boaſt of many princes; to diffuſe happineſs and ſecurity through wide regions has been granted to few. The king of Pruſſia has aſpired to both theſe honours, and endeavoured to join the praiſe of legiſlator to that of conqueror.

To ſettle property, to ſuppreſs falſe claims, and to regulate the adminiſtration of civil and criminal juſtice, are attempts ſo difficult and ſo uſeful, that I ſhall willingly ſuſpend or contract the hiſtory of battles and ſieges, to give a larger account of this pacific enterprize.

That the king of Pruſſia has conſidered the nature, and the reaſons of laws, with more attention than is common to princes, appears from his diſſertation on the *reaſons for enacting and repealing Laws*; a piece which yet deſerves notice, rather as a proof of good inclination than of great ability: for there is nothing to be found in it more than the moſt obvious books may ſupply, or the weakeſt intellect diſcover. Some of his obſervations are juſt and uſeful; but upon ſuch a ſubject who can think without often thinking right? It is however not to be omitted, that he appears always propenſe towards the ſide of mercy. "If a "poor man," ſays he, "ſteals in his want a watch, "or a few pieces from one to whom the loſs is inconſiderable, is this a reaſon for condemning him to "death?"

He regrets that the laws againſt duels have been ineffectual; and is of opinion, that they can never attain their end, unleſs the princes of Europe ſhall agree not to afford an aſylum to duelliſts, and to puniſh all who ſhall inſult their equals either by word, deed, or writing. He ſeems to ſuſpect this ſcheme of being chimerical. "Yet why," ſays he, "ſhould not perſo"nal quarrels be ſubmitted to judges, as well as queſ"tions of poſſeſſion? and why ſhould not a congreſs be "appointed for the general good of mankind, as well "as for ſo many purpoſes of leſs importance?"

He declares himſelf with great ardour [illegible] of torture, and by ſome miſinformation charges [illegible] Engliſh that they ſtill retain it.

It is perhaps impoſſible to review the laws of [illegible] country without diſcovering many defects and [illegible] ſuperfluities. Laws often continue, when their reaſon [illegible] have ceaſed. Laws made for the firſt ſtate of the ſociety continue unabroliſhed, when the general form of life is changed. Parts of the judicial procedure, which were at firſt only accidental, become in time eſſential, and formalities are accumulated on each other, till the art of litigation requires more ſtudy, than the diſcovery of right.

The king of Pruſſia, examining the inſtitutions of his own country, thought them ſuch as could only be amended by a general abrogation, and the eſtabliſhment of a new body of law, to which he gave the name of the CODE FREDERIQUE, which is comprized in one volume of no great bulk, and muſt therefore unavoidably contain general poſitions, to be accommodated to particular caſes by the wiſdom and integrity of the courts. To embarraſs juſtice by multiplicity of laws, or to hazard it by confidence in judges, ſeem to be the oppoſite rocks on which all civil inſtitutions have been wrecked, and between which legiſlative wiſdom has never yet found an open paſſage.

Of this new ſyſtem of laws, contracted as it is, a full account cannot be expected in theſe memoirs; but, that curioſity may not be diſmiſſed without ſome gratification, it has been thought proper to epitomiſe the king's *plan for the reformation of his courts.*

"The differences which ariſe between members of "the ſame ſociety, may be terminated by a voluntary "agreement

" agreement between the parties, by arbitration, or by " a judicial proceſs.

" The two firſt methods produce more frequently a " temporary ſuſpenſion of diſputes than a final termi- " nation. Courts of juſtice are therefore neceſſary, " with a ſettled method of procedure, of which the " moſt ſimple is to cite the parties, to hear their pleas, " and diſmiſs them with immediate deciſion.

" This however is in many caſes impracticable, and " in others is ſo ſeldom practiſed, that it is frequent " rather to incûr loſs than to ſeek for legal repara- " tion, by entering a labyrinth of which there is no " end.

" This tedioufneſs of ſuits keeps the parties in diſ- " quiet and perturbation, rouſes and perpetuates ani- " moſities, exhauſts the litigants by expence, retards " the progreſs of their fortune, and diſcourages ſtran- " gers from ſettling.

" Theſe inconveniences, with which the beſt regu- " lated polities of Europe are embarraſſed, muſt be " removed, not by the total prohibition of ſuits, which " is impoſſible, but by contraction of proceſſes; by " opening an eaſy way for the appearance of truth, " and removing all obſtructions by which it is con- " cealed.

" The ordonance of 1667, by which Lewis the Four- " teenth eſtabliſhed an uniformity of procedure through " all his courts, has been conſidered as one of the great- " eſt benefits of his reign.

" The king of Pruſſia, obſerving that each of his " provinces had a different method of judicial proce- " dure, propoſed to reduce them all to one form; " which being tried with ſucceſs in Pomerania, a pro-

" put. There are therefore allowed a bill, an an-
" ſwer, a reply, and a rejoinder, to be delivered in
" writing.

" No cauſe is allowed to be heard in more than
" three different courts. To further the firſt decision,
" every advocate is enjoined, under ſevere penalties,
" not to begin a ſuit till he has collected all the neceſ-
" ſary evidence. If the firſt court has decided in an
" unſatisfactory manner, an appeal may be made to
" the ſecond, and from the ſecond to the third. The
" proceſs on each appeal is limited to ſix months.
" The third court may indeed paſs an erroneous judg-
" ment; and then the injury is without redreſs. But
" this objection is without end, and therefore with-
" out force. No method can be found of preſerving
" humanity from error; but of conteſt there muſt ſome
" time be an end; and he, who thinks himſelf injured
" for want of an appeal to a fourth court, muſt con-
" ſider himſelf as ſuffering for the public.

" There is a ſpecial advocate appointed for the
" poor.

" The attorneys, who had formerly the care of col-
" lecting evidence, and of adjuſting all the pre-
" minaries of a ſuit, are now totally diſmiſſed; the
" whole affair is put into the hands of the advo-
" cates, and the office of an attorney is annulled for
" ever.

" If any man is hindered by ſome lawful impedi-
" ment from attending his ſuit, time will be granted
" him upon the repreſentation of his caſe."

Such is the order according to which civil juſtice is adminiſtered through the extenſive dominions of the king of Pruſſia; which, if it exhibits nothing

very

very ſubtle or profound, affords one proof more that the right is eaſily diſcovered, and that men do not ſo often want ability to find, as willingneſs to practiſe it.

We now return to the war.

The time at which the queen of Hungary was willing to purchaſe peace by the reſignation of Sileſia, though it came at laſt, was not come yet. She had all the ſpirit, though not all the power of her anceſtors, and could not bear the thought of loſing any part of her patrimonial dominions to the enemies, which the opinion of her weakneſs raiſed every where againſt her.

In the beginning of the year 1742, the elector of Bavaria was inveſted with the imperial dignity, ſupported by the arms of France, maſter of the kingdom of Bohemia; and confederated with the elector Palatine, and the elector of Saxony, who claimed Moravia; and with the king of Pruſſia, who was in poſſeſſion of Sileſia.

Such was the ſtate of the queen of Hungary, preſſed on every ſide, and on every ſide preparing for reſiſtance: ſhe yet refuſed all offers of accommodation, for every prince ſet peace at a price which ſhe was not yet ſo far humbled as to pay.

The king of Pruſſia was among the moſt zealous and forward in the confederacy againſt her. He promiſed to ſecure Bohemia to the emperor, and Moravia to the elector of Saxony; and, finding no enemy in the field able to reſiſt him, he returned to Berlin, and left Schwerin his general to proſecute the conqueſt.

The Pruſſians in the midſt of winter took Olmutz, the capital of Moravia, and laid the whole country under

der contribution. The cold then hindered them from action, and they only blocked up the fortreſſes of Brinn and Spielberg.

In the ſpring, the king of Pruſſia came again into the field, and undertook the ſiege of Brinn; but upon the approach of prince Charles of Lorrain retired from before it, and quitted Moravia, leaving only a garriſon in the capital.

The condition of the queen of Hungary was now changed. She was a few months before without money, without troops, incircled with enemies. The Bavarians had entered Auſtria, Vienna was threatened with a ſiege, and the queen left it to the fate of war, and retired into Hungary, where ſhe was received with zeal and affection, not unmingled however with that neglect which muſt always be borne by greatneſs in diſtreſs. She bore the diſreſpect of her ſubjects with the ſame firmneſs as the outrages of her enemies; and at laſt perſuaded the Engliſh not to deſpair of her preſervation, by not deſpairing herſelf.

Voltaire in his late hiſtory has aſſerted, that a large ſum was raiſed for her ſuccour, by voluntary ſubſcriptions of the Engliſh ladies. It is the great failing of a ſtrong imagination to catch greedily at wonders. He was miſinformed, and was perhaps unwilling to learn, by a ſecond enquiry, a truth leſs ſplendid and amuſing. A contribution was by news-writers, upon their own authority, fruitleſly, and, I think, illegally propoſed. It ended in nothing. The parliament voted a ſupply, and five hundred thouſand pounds were remitted to her.

It has been always the weakneſs of the Auſtrian family to ſpend in the magnificence of empire thoſe revenues

revenues which ſhould be kept for its defence. The court is ſplendid, but the treaſury is empty; and, at the beginning of every war, advantages are gained againſt them, before their armies can be aſſembled and equipped.

The Engliſh money was to the Auſtrians as a ſhower to a field, where all the vegetative powers are kept unactive by a long continuance of drought. The armies, which had hitherto been hid in mountains and foreſts, ſtarted out of their retreats; and wherever the queen's ſtandard was erected, nations ſcarcely known by their names ſwarmed immediately about it. An army, eſpecially a defenſive army, multiplies itſelf. The contagion of enterprize ſpreads from one heart to another. Zeal for a native or deteſtation of a foreign ſovereign, hope of ſudden greatneſs or riches, friendſhip or emulation between particular men, or, what are perhaps more general and powerful, deſire of novelty and impatience of inactivity, fill a camp with adventurers, add rank to rank, and ſquadron to ſquadron.

The queen had ſtill enemies on every part, but ſhe now on every part had armies ready to oppoſe them. Auſtria was immediately recovered; the plains of Bohemia were filled with her troops, though the fortreſſes were garriſoned by the French. The Bavarians were recalled to the defence of their own country, now waſted by the incurſions of troops that were called Barbarians, greedy enough of plunder, and daring perhaps beyond the rules of war, but otherwiſe not more cruel than thoſe whom they attacked. Prince Lobkowitz with one army obſerved the motions of Broglio, the French general in Bohemia; and prince Charles with another

another put a ſtop to the advances of the king of Pruſſia.

It was now the turn of the Pruſſians to retire. They abandoned Olmutz, and left behind them part of their cannon and their magazines. And the king, finding that Broglio could not long oppoſe prince Lobkowitz, haſtened into Bohemia to his aſſiſtance; and having received a reinforcement of twenty-three thouſand men, and taken the caſtle of Glatz, which, being built upon a rock, ſcarcely acceſſible, would have defied all his power, had the garriſon been furniſhed with proviſions, he purpoſed to join his allies, and proſecute his conqueſts.

Prince Charles, ſeeing Moravia thus evacuated by the Pruſſians, determined to garriſon the towns which he had juſt recovered, and purſue the enemy, who, by the aſſiſtance of the French, would have been too powerful for prince Lobkowitz.

Succeſs had now given confidence to the Auſtrians, and had proportionably abated the ſpirit of their enemies. The Saxons, who had co-operated with the king of Pruſſia in the conqueſt of Moravia, of which they expected the perpetual poſſeſſion, ſeeing all hopes of ſudden acquiſition defeated, and the province left again to its former maſters, grew weary of following a prince, whom they conſidered as no longer acting the part of their confederate; and when they approached the confines of Bohemia took a different road, and left the Pruſſians to their own fortune.

The king continued his march, and Charles his purſuit. At Czaſlaw the two armies came in ſight of one another, and the Auſtrians reſolved on a deciſive day. On the 6th of May, about ſeven in the morning, the

Auſtrians

Auſtrians began the attack: their impetuoſity was matched by the firmneſs of the Pruſſians. The animoſity of the two armies was much inflamed: the Auſtrians were fighting for their country, and the Pruſſians were in a place where defeat muſt inevitably end in death or captivity. The fury of the battle continued four hours: the Pruſſian horſe were at length broken, and the Auſtrians forced their way to the camp, where the wild troops, who had fought with ſo much vigour and conſtancy, at the ſight of plunder forgot their obedience, nor had any man the leaſt thought but how to load himſelf with the richeſt ſpoils.

While the right wing of the Auſtrians was thus employed, the main body was left naked: the Pruſſians recovered from their confuſion, and regained the day. Charles was at laſt forced to retire, and carried with him the ſtandard of his enemies, the proofs of a victory, which, though ſo nearly gained, he had not been able to keep.

The victory however was dearly bought; the Pruſſian army was much weakened, and the cavalry almoſt totally deſtroyed. Peace is eaſily made when it is neceſſary to both parties; and the king of Pruſſia had now reaſon to believe that the Auſtrians were not his only enemies. When he found Charles advancing, he ſent to Broglio for aſſiſtance, and was anſwered that "he "muſt have orders from Verſailles." Such a deſertion of his moſt powerful ally diſconcerted him, but the battle was unavoidable.

When the Pruſſians were returned to the camp, the king, hearing that an Auſtrian officer was brought in mortally wounded, had the condeſcenſion to viſit him. The officer, ſtruck with this act of humanity, ſaid, after a ſhort

a ſhort converſation, "I ſhould die, ſir, [illegible]
"after this honour, if I might firſt ſhew my gra
"to your majeſty by informing you with wh
"you are now united, allies that have no int
"to deceive you." The king appearing to ſl
this intelligence; "Sir," ſaid the Auſtrian, "if yo
"will permit me to ſend a meſſenger to Vien
"lieve the queen will not refuſe to tranſmit
"cepted letter now in her hands, which will
"report beyond all doubt."

The meſſenger was ſent, and the letter tranſm
which contained the order ſent to Broglio, who
firſt, forbidden to mix his troops on any occaſion
the Pruſſians. Secondly, he was ordered to
at a diſtance from the king. Thirdly, to keep
body of twenty thouſand men to obſerve the
army. Fourthly, to obſerve very cloſely the moti
the king, for important reaſons. Fifthly, to hazard
thing; but to pretend want of reinforcements, or
abſence of Belliſle.

The king now with great reaſon conſidered hi
as diſengaged from the confederacy, being deſer
the Saxons, and betrayed by the French: he then
accepted the mediation of king George, and in
weeks after the battle of Czaſlaw made peace with
queen of Hungary, who granted to him the whole
vince of Sileſia, a country of ſuch extent and opu
that he is ſaid to receive from it one third part of
revenues. By one of the articles of this treaty
ſtipulated, "that neither ſhould aſſiſt the enemi
"the other."

The queen of Hungary thus diſentangled on
ſide, and ſet free from the moſt formidable of her
m

allies, ſoon perſuaded the Saxons to peace; took poſſeſſion of Bavaria; drove the emperor, after all his imaginary conqueſts, to the ſhelter of a neutral town, where he was treated as a fugitive; and beſieged the French in Prague, in the city which they had taken from her.

Having thus obtained Sileſia, the king of Pruſſia returned to his own capital, where he reformed his laws, forbid the torture of criminals, concluded a defenſive alliance with England, and applied himſelf to the augmentation of his army.

This treaty of peace with the queen of Hungary was one of the firſt proofs, given by the king of Pruſſia, of the ſecrecy of his counſels. Belliſle, the French general, was with him in the camp, as a friend and coadjutor in appearance, but in truth a ſpy, and a writer of intelligence. Men who have great confidence in their own penetration are often by that confidence deceived; they imagine that they can pierce through all the involutions of intrigue without the diligence neceſſary to weaker minds, and therefore ſit idle and ſecure; they believe that none can hope to deceive them, and therefore that none will try. Belliſle, with all his reputation of ſagacity, though he was in the Pruſſian camp, gave every day freſh aſſurances of the king's adherence to the allies; while Broglio, who commanded the army at a diſtance, diſcovered ſufficient reaſon to ſuſpect his deſertion. Broglio was ſlighted, and Belliſle believed, till on the 11th of June the treaty was ſigned, and the king declared his reſolution to keep a neutrality.

This is one of the great performances of polity which mankind ſeem agreed to celebrate and admire; yet to all this nothing was neceſſary but the determination of a very few men to be ſilent.

From this time the queen of Hungary proceeded with an uninterupted torrent of ſucceſs. The French, driven from ſtation to ſtation, and deprived of fortreſs after fortreſs, were at laſt encloſed with their two generals, Belliſle and Broglio, in the walls of Prague, which they had ſtored with all proviſions neceſſary to a town beſieged, and where they defended themſelves three months before any proſpect appeared of relief.

The Auſtrians, having been engaged chiefly in the field, and in ſudden and tumultuary excurſions rather than a regular war, had no great degree of ſkill in attacking or defending towns. They likewiſe would naturally conſider all the miſchiefs done to the city as falling ultimately on themſelves, and therefore were willing to gain it by time rather than by force.

It was apparent that, how long ſoever Prague might be defended, it muſt be yielded at laſt, and therefore all arts were tried to obtain an honourable capitulation. The meſſengers from the city were ſent back ſometimes unheard, but always with this anſwer, "that no "terms would be allowed, but that they ſhould yield "themſelves priſoners of war."

The condition of the garriſon was in the eyes of all Europe deſperate; but the French, to whom the praiſe of ſpirit and activity cannot be denied, reſolved to make an effort for the honour of their arms. Maillebois was at that time encamped with his army in Weſtphalia. Orders were ſent him to relieve Prague. The enterprize was conſidered as romantic. Maillebois was a march of forty days diſtant from Bohemia, the paſſes were narrow, and the ways foul; and it was likely that Prague would be taken before he could reach it. The march was, however, begun: the army, being joined by that of count Saxe, conſiſted of fifty thouſand men, who,

who, notwithſtanding all the difficulties which two Auſtrian armies could put in their way, at laſt entered Bohemia. The ſiege of Prague, though not raiſed, was remitted, and a communication was now opened to it with the country. But the Auſtrians, by perpetual intervention, hindered the garriſon from joining their friends. The officers of Maillebois incited him to a battle, becauſe the army was hourly leſſening by the want of proviſions; but, inſtead of preſſing on to Prague, he retired into Bavaria, and completed the ruin of the emperor's territories.

The court of France, diſappointed and offended, conferred the chief command upon Broglio, who eſcaped from the beſiegers with very little difficulty, and kept the Auſtrians employed till Belliſle by a ſudden ſally quitted Prague, and without any great loſs joined the main army. Broglio then retired over the Rhine into the French dominions, waſting in his retreat the country which he had undertaken to protect, and burning towns, and deſtroying magazines of corn, with ſuch wantonneſs, as gave reaſon to believe that he expected commendation from his court for any miſchiefs done, by whatever means.

The Auſtrians purſued their advantages, recovered all their ſtrong places, in ſome of which French garriſons had been left, and made themſelves maſters of Bavaria, by taking not only Munich the capital, but Ingolſtadt the ſtrongeſt fortification in the elector's dominions, where they found a great number of cannon and quantity of ammunition intended in the dreams of projected greatneſs for the ſiege of Vienna, all the archives of the ſtate, the plate and ornaments of the electoral palace, and what had been conſidered as moſt wor-

manded the troops ſtipulated for the protection of Hanover, not perhaps becauſe they were thought neceſſary, but that the king's deſigns might be gueſſed from his anſwer, which was, that troops were not granted for the defence of any country till that country was in danger, and that he could not believe the elector of Hanover to be in much dread of an invaſion, ſince he had withdrawn the native troops, and put them into the pay of England.

He had, undoubtedly, now formed deſigns which made it neceſſary that his troops ſhould be kept together, and the time ſoon came when the ſcene was to be opened. Prince Charles of Lorrain, having chaſed the French out of Bavaria, lay for ſome months encamped on the Rhine, endeavouring to gain a paſſage into Alſace. His attempts had long been evaded by the ſkill and vigilance of the French general, till at laſt, June 21, 1744, he executed his deſign, and lodged his army in the French dominions, to the ſurpriſe and joy of a great part of Europe. It was now expected that the territories of France would in their turn feel the miſeries of war; and the nation, which ſo long kept the world in alarm, be taught at laſt the value of peace.

The king of Pruſſia now ſaw the Auſtrian troops at a great diſtance from him, engaged in a foreign country againſt the moſt powerful of all their enemies. Now, therefore, was the time to diſcover that he had lately made a treaty at Francfort with the emperor, by which he had engaged, "that as the court of Vienna "and its allies appeared backward to re-eſtabliſh the "tranquillity of the empire, and more cogent methods "appeared neceſſary; he, being animated with a de-

uſe of force to reſtore the power of the laws, and the authority of the emperor.

That the queen of Hungary has treated the emperor's hereditary dominions with inexpreſſible cruelty.

That Germany has been overrun with foreign troops, which have marched through neutral countries without the cuſtomary requiſitions.

That the emperor's troops have been attacked under neutral fortreſſes, and obliged to abandon the empire, of which their maſter is the head.

That the imperial dignity has been treated with indecency by the Hungarian troops.

The queen declaring the election of the emperor void, and the diet of Francfort illegal, had not only violated the imperial dignity, but injured all the princes who have the right of election.

That he has no particular quarrel with the queen of Hungary; and that he deſires nothing for himſelf, and only enters as an auxiliary into a war for the liberties of Germany.

That the emperor had offered to quit his pretenſion to the dominions of Auſtria, on condition that his hereditary countries be reſtored to him.

That this propoſal had been made to the king of England at Hanau, and rejected in ſuch a manner as ſhewed that the king of England had no intention to reſtore peace, but rather to make his advantage of the troubles.

That the mediation of the Dutch had been deſired; but that they declined to interpoſe, knowing the inflexibility of the Engliſh and Auſtrian courts.

That the ſame terms were again offered at Vienna, and again rejected: that therefore the queen muſt im-

pute it to her own council that her enemies [illegible] allies.

That he is not fighting for any interest of his that he demands nothing for himself; but is done to exert all his powers in defence of the empire vindication of the right of election, and in supp the liberties of Germany, which the queen of H would enslave.

When this declaration was sent to the Prussi ter in England, it was accompanied with a strance to the king, in which many of the fo positions were repeated; the emperor's candi disinterestedness was magnified; the dangerous of the Austrians were displayed; it was imp them as the most flagrant violation of the G constitution, that they had driven the emperor out of the empire; the public spirit and gener his Prussian majesty were again heartily declare it was said, that this quarrel having no con with English interests, the English ought not t pose.

Austria and all her allies were put into ama by this declaration, which at once dismounte from the summit of success, and obliged them t through the war a second time. What succo what promises, Prussia received from France wa publickly known; but it is not to be doubted, prince so watchful of opportunity sold assistance it was so much wanted, at the highest rate; nor c supposed that he exposed himself to so much only for the freedom of Germany, and a few pet tricts in Bohemia.

The French, who, from ravaging the empire at diſcretion, and waſting whatever they found either among enemies or friends, were now driven into their own dominions, and in their own dominions were inſulted and purſued, were on a ſudden by this new auxiliary reſtored to their former ſuperiority, at leaſt were diſburthened of their invaders, and delivered from their terrors. And all the enemies of the houſe of Bourbon ſaw with indignation and amazement the recovery of that power which they had with ſo much coſt and bloodſhed brought low, and which their animoſity and elation had diſpoſed them to imagine yet lower than it was.

The queen of Hungary ſtill retained her firmneſs. The Pruſſian declaration was not long without an anſwer, which was tranſmitted to the European princes with ſome obſervations on the Pruſſian miniſter's remonſtrance to the court of Vienna, which he was ordered by his maſter to read to the Auſtrian council, but not to deliver. The ſame caution was practiſed before when the Pruſſians, after the emperor's death, invaded Sileſia. This artifice of political debate may, perhaps, be numbered by the admirers of greatneſs among the refinements of conduct; but, as it is a method of proceeding not very difficult to be contrived or practiſed, as it can be of very rare uſe to honeſty or wiſdom, and as it has been long known to that claſs of men whoſe ſafety depends upon ſecreſy, though hitherto applied chiefly in petty cheats and ſlight tranſactions; I do not ſee that it can much advance the reputation of regal underſtanding, or indeed that it can add more to the ſafety, than it takes away from the honour, of him that ſhall adopt it.

The

The queen in her anſwer, after charging the king of Pruſſia with breach of the treaty of Breſlaw, and obſerving how much her enemies will exult to ſee the peace now the third time broken by him, declares,

That ſhe had no intention to injure the rights of the electors, and that ſhe calls in queſtion not the event but the manner of the election.

That ſhe had ſpared the emperor's troops with great tenderneſs, and that they were driven out of the empire only becauſe they were in the ſervice of France.

That ſhe is ſo far from diſturbing the peace of the empire, that the only commotions now raiſed in it are the effect of the armaments of the king of Pruſſia.

Nothing is more tedious than public records, when they relate to affairs which by diſtance of time or place loſe their power to intereſt the reader. Every thing grows little as it grows remote; and of things thus diminiſhed, it is ſufficient to ſurvey the aggregate without a minute examination of the parts.

It is eaſy to perceive, that, if the king of Pruſſia's reaſons be ſufficient, ambition or animoſity can never want a plea for violence and invaſion. What he charges upon the queen of Hungary, the waſte of countries, the expulſion of the Bavarians, and the employment of foreign troops, is the unavoidable conſequence of a war inflamed on either ſide to the utmoſt violence. All theſe grievances ſubſiſted when he made the peace, and therefore they could very little juſtify its breach.

It is true, that every prince of the empire is obliged to ſupport the imperial dignity, and aſſiſt the emperor when his rights are violated. And every ſubſequent contract muſt be underſtood in a ſenſe conſiſtent with

former obligations. Nor had the king power to make a peace on terms contrary to that conſtitution by which he held a place among the Germanic electors. But he could have eaſily diſcovered that not the emperor but the duke of Bavaria was the queen's enemy, not the adminiſtrator of the imperial power, but the claimant of the Auſtrian dominions. Nor did his allegiance to the emperor, ſuppoſing the emperor injured, oblige him to more than a ſuccour of ten thouſand men. But ten thouſand men could not conquer Bohemia, and without the conqueſt of Bohemia he could receive no reward for the zeal and fidelity which he ſo loudly profeſſed.

The ſucceſs of this enterprize he had taken all poſſible precaution to ſecure. He was to invade a country guarded only by the faith of treaties, and therefore left unarmed, and unprovided of all defence. He had engaged the French to attack prince Charles, before he ſhould repaſs the Rhine, by which the Auſtrians would at leaſt have been hindered from a ſpeedy march into Bohemia: they were likewiſe to yield him ſuch other aſſiſtance as he might want.

Relying therefore upon the promiſes of the French, he reſolved to attempt the ruin of the houſe of Auſtria, and in Auguſt 1744 broke into Bohemia at the head of an hundred and four thouſand men. When he entered the country, he publiſhed a proclamation, promiſing, that his army ſhould obſerve the ſtricteſt diſcipline, and that thoſe who made no reſiſtance ſhould be ſuffered to remain at quiet in their habitations. He required that all arms, in the cuſtody of whomſoever they might be placed, ſhould be given up, and put into the hands

The king, delighted with his progreſs, and expecting like other mortals, elated with ſucceſs, that his proſperity could not be interrupted, continued his march, and began in the latter end of September the ſiege of Prague. He had gained ſeveral of the outer poſts, when he was informed that the convoy which attended his artillery was attacked by an unexpected party of the Auſtrians. The king went immediately to their aſſiſtance with the third part of his army, and found his troops put to flight, and the Auſtrians haſting away with his cannons: ſuch a loſs would have diſabled him at once. He fell upon the Auſtrians, whoſe number would not enable them to withſtand him, recovered his artillery, and having alſo defeated Bathiani, raiſed his batteries; and there being no artillery to be placed againſt him, he deſtroyed a great part of the city. He then ordered four attacks to be made at once, and reduced the beſieged to ſuch extremities, that in fourteen days the governor was obliged to yield the place.

At the attack commanded by Schwerin, a grenadier is reported to have mounted the baſtion alone, and to have defended himſelf for ſome time with his ſword, till his followers mounted after him; for this act of bravery, the king made him a lieutenant, and gave him a patent of nobility.

Nothing now remained but that the Auſtrians ſhould lay aſide all thought of invading France, and apply their whole power to their own defence. Prince Charles, at the firſt news of the Pruſſian invaſion, prepared to repaſs the Rhine. This the French, according to their contract with the king of Pruſſia, ſhould have attempted

attempted to hinder; but they knew by experience the Auſtrians would not be beaten without reſiſtance, and that reſiſtance always incommodes an affailant. As the king of Pruſſia rejoiced in the diſtance of the Auſtrians, whom he conſidered as entangled in the French territories; the French rejoiced in the neceſſity of their return, and pleaſed themſelves with the proſpect of eaſy conqueſts, while powers whom they conſidered with equal malevolence ſhould be employed in maſſacring each other.

Prince Charles took the opportunity of bright moonſhine to repaſs the Rhine; and Noailles, who had early intelligence of his motions, gave him very little diſturbance, but contented himſelf with attacking the rear-guard, and when they retired to the main body ceaſed his purſuit.

The king, upon the reduction of Prague, ſtruck a medal, which had on one ſide a plan of the town, with this inſcription:

"Prague taken by the King of Pruſſia,
September 16, 1744;
For the third time in three years."

On the other ſide were two verſes, in which he prayed, "That his Conqueſts might produce Peace." He then marched forward with the rapidity which conſtitutes his military character, took poſſeſſion of almoſt all Bohemia, and began to talk of entering Auſtria and beſieging Vienna.

The queen was not yet wholly without reſource. The elector of Saxony, whether invited or not, was not compriſed in the union of Frankfort; and as every ſovereign is growing leſs as his next neighbour is growing

ing greater, he could not heartily wiſh ſucceſs to a confederacy which was to aggrandize the other powers of Germany. The Pruſſians gave him likewiſe a particular and immediate provocation to oppoſe them; for, when they departed to the conqueſt of Bohemia, with all the elation of imaginary ſucceſs, they paſſed through his dominions with unlicenſed and contemptuous diſdain of his authority. As the approach of Prince Charles gave a new proſpect of events, he was eaſily perſuaded to enter into an alliance with the queen, whom he furniſhed with a very large body of troops.

The king of Pruſſia having left a garriſon in Prague, which he commanded to put the burghers to death if they left their houſes in the night, went forward to take the other towns and fortreſſes, expecting, perhaps, that prince Charles would be interrupted in his march; but the French, though they appeared to follow him, either could not or would not overtake him.

In a ſhort time, by marches preſſed on with the utmoſt eagerneſs, Charles reached Bohemia, leaving the Bavarians to regain the poſſeſſion of the waſted plains of their country, which their enemies, who ſtill kept the ſtrong places, might again ſeize at will. At the approach of the Auſtrian army the courage of the king of Pruſſia ſeemed to have failed him. He retired from poſt to poſt, and evacuated town after town, and fortreſs after fortreſs, without reſiſtance or appearance of reſiſtance, as if he was reſigning them to the rightful owners.

It might have been expected that he ſhould have made ſome effort to reſcue Prague; but, after a faint attempt to diſpute the paſſage of the Elbe, he ordered his

his garriſon of eleven thouſand men to quit the place. They left behind them their magazines, and heavy artillery, among which were ſeven pieces of remarkable excellence, called "The Seven Electors." But they took with them their field cannon and a great number of carriages laden with ſtores and plunder, which they were forced to leave in their way to the Saxons and Auſtrians that harraſſed their march. They at laſt entered Sileſia with the loſs of about a third part.

The king of Pruſſia ſuffered much in his retreat, for beſides the military ſtores, which he left every where behind him, even to the cloaths of his troops, there was a want of proviſions in his army, and conſequently frequent deſertions and many diſeaſes: and a ſoldier ſick or killed was equally loſt to a flying army.

At laſt he re-entered his own territories, and having ſtationed his troops in places of ſecurity, returned for a time to Berlin, where he forbad all to ſpeak either ill or well of the campaign.

To what end ſuch a prohibition could conduce, it is difficult to diſcover: there is no country in which men can be forbidden to know what they know, and what is univerſally known may as well be ſpoken. It is true, that in popular governments ſeditious diſcourſes may inflame the vulgar, but in ſuch governments they cannot be reſtrained, and in abſolute monarchies they are of little effect.

When the Pruſſians invaded Bohemia, and this whole nation was fired with reſentment, the king of England gave orders in his palace that none ſhould mention his nephew with diſreſpect; by this command he maintained

tained the decency neceſſary between princes, without enforcing, and probably without expecting obedience but in his own preſence.

The king of Pruſſia's edict regarded only himſelf, and therefore it is difficult to tell what was his motive, unleſs he intended to ſpare himſelf this mortification of abſurd and illiberal flattery, which, to a mind ſtung with diſgrace, muſt have been in the higheſt degree painful and diſguſting.

Moderation in proſperity is a virtue very difficult to all mortals; forbearance of revenge, when revenge is within reach, is ſcarcely ever to be found among princes. Now was the time when the queen of Hungary might perhaps have made peace on her own terms; but keenneſs of reſentment, and arrogance of ſucceſs, with-held her from the due uſe of the preſent opportunity. It is ſaid, that the king of Pruſſia in his retreat ſent letters to prince Charles, which were ſuppoſed to contain ample conceſſions, but were ſent back unopened. The king of England offered likewiſe to mediate between them; but his propoſitions were rejected at Vienna, where a reſolution was taken not only to revenge the interruption of their ſucceſs on the Rhine by the recovery of Sileſia, but to reward the Saxons for their ſeaſonable help, by giving them part of the Pruſſian dominions.

In the beginning of the year 1745 died the emperor Charles of Bavaria; the treaty of Frankfort was conſequently at an end; and the king of Pruſſia, being no longer able to maintain the character of auxiliary to the emperor, and having avowed no other reaſon for the war, might have honourably withdrawn his forces,

and on his own principles have complied with terms of peace: but no terms were offered him; the queen purſued him with the utmoſt ardour of hoſtility, and the French left him to his own conduct, and his own deſtiny.

His Bohemian conqueſts were already loſt; and he was now chaſed back into Sileſia, where, at the beginning of the year, the war continued in an equilibration by alternate loſſes and advantages. In April, the elector of Bavaria ſeeing his dominions over-run by the Auſtrians, and receiving very little ſuccour from the French, made a peace with the queen of Hungary upon eaſy conditions, and the Auſtrians had more troops to employ againſt Pruſſia.

But the revolutions of war will not ſuffer human preſumption to remain long unchecked. The peace with Bavaria was ſcarcely concluded when the battle of Fontenoy was loſt, and all the allies of Auſtria called upon her to exert her utmoſt power for the preſervation of the Low Countries; and, a few days after the loſs at Fontenoy, the firſt battle between the Pruſſians and the combined army of Auſtrians and Saxons was fought at Niedburg in Sileſia.

The particulars of this battle were variouſly reported by the different parties, and publiſhed in the journals of that time; to tranſcribe them would be tedious and uſeleſs, becauſe accounts of battles are not eaſily underſtood, and becauſe there are no means of determining to which of the relations credit ſhould be given. It is ſufficient that they all end in claiming or allowing a compleat victory to the king of Pruſſia, who gained all the Auſtrian artillery, killed four thouſand, took ſeven

ſeven thouſand priſoners, with the loſs, according to the Pruſſian narrative, of only ſixteen hundred men.

He now advanced again into Bohemia, where, however, he made no great progreſs. The queen of Hungary, though defeated, was not ſubdued. She poured in her troops from all parts to the reinforcement of prince Charles, and determined to continue the ſtruggle with all her power. The king ſaw that Bohemia was an unpleaſing and inconvenient theatre of war, in which he ſhould be ruined by a miſcarriage, and ſhould get little by a victory. Saxony was left defenceleſs, and if it was conquered might be plundered.

He therefore publiſhed a declaration againſt the elector of Saxony, and, without waiting for reply, invaded his dominions. This invaſion produced another battle at Standentz, which ended, as the former, to the advantage of the Pruſſians. The Auſtrians had ſome advantage in the beginning; and their irregular troops, who are always daring, and are always ravenous, broke into the Pruſſian camp, and carried away the military cheſt. But this was eaſily repaired by the ſpoils of Saxony.

The queen of Hungary was ſtill inflexible, and hoped that fortune would at laſt change. She recruited once more her army, and prepared to invade the territories of Brandenburg; but the king of Pruſſia's activity prevented all her deſigns. One part of his forces ſeized Leipſic, and the other once more defeated the Saxons; the king of Poland fled from his dominions, prince Charles retired into Bohemia. The king of Pruſſia entered Dreſden as a conqueror, exacted very ſevere contributions from the whole country, and the

Auſtrians and Saxons were at laſt compelled to receive from him ſuch a peace as he would grant. He impoſed no ſevere conditions except the payment of the contributions, made no new claim of dominions, and, with the elector Palatine, acknowledged the duke of Tuſcany for emperor.

The lives of princes, like the hiſtories of nations, have their periods. We ſhall here ſuſpend our narrative of the king of Pruſſia, who was now at the height of human greatneſs, giving laws to his enemies, and courted by all the powers of Europe.

BROWNE.

BROWNE*.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE was born at London, in the pariſh of St Michael in Cheapſide, on the 19th of October, 1605†. His father was a merchant, of an antient family at Upton in Cheſhire. Of the name or family of his mother, I find no account.

Of his childhood or youth, there is little known, except that he loſt his father very early; that he was, according to the common ‡ fate of orphans, defrauded by one of his guardians; and that he was placed for his education at the ſchool of Wincheſter.

His mother, having taken § three thouſand pounds, as the third part of her huſband's property, left her ſon, by conſequence, ſix thouſand, a large fortune for a man deſtined to learning at that time, when com-

* Firſt printed in 1752.

† Life of ſir Thomas Browne, prefixed to the Antiquities of Norwich.

‡ Whitefoot's character of ſir Thomas Browne, in a marginal note.

§ Life of ſir Thomas Browne.

merce had not yet filled the nation with nominal riches. But it happened to him, as to many others, to be made poorer by opulence; for his mother ſoon married ſir Thomas Dutton, probably by the inducement of her fortune; and he was left to the rapacity of his guardian, deprived now of both his parents, and therefore helpleſs and unprotected.

He was removed in the beginning of the year 16[illegible]; from Wincheſter to Oxford *, and entered a gentleman-commoner of Broadgate-Hall, which was ſoon afterwards endowed, and took the name of Pembroke-college, from the earl of Pembroke, then chancellor of the Univerſity. He was admitted to the degree of Bachelor of Arts, January 31, 1626-7; being, as Wood remarks, the firſt man of eminence graduated from the new college, to which the zeal or gratitude of thoſe that love it moſt can wiſh little better than that it may long proceed as it began.

Having afterwards taken his degree of maſter of arts, he turned his ſtudies to phyſick †, and practiſed it for ſome time in Oxfordſhire; but ſoon afterwards, either induced by curioſity, or invited by promiſes, he quitted his ſettlement, and accompanied his ‡ father-in-law, who had ſome employment in Ireland, in a viſitation of the forts and caſtles, which the ſtate of Ireland then made neceſſary.

He that has once prevailed on himſelf to break his connections of acquaintance, and begin a wandering life, very eaſily continues it. Ireland had, at that time, very little to offer to the obſervation of a man of letters: he, therefore, paſſed § into France and Italy;

* Wood's Athenæ Oxonienſes.

† Wood. ‡ Life of Sir Thomas Browne. § Ibid.

made

made ſome ſtay at Montpellier and Padua, which were then the celebrated ſchools of phyſick; and, returning home through Holland, procured himſelf to be created doctor of phyſick at Leyden.

When he began his travels, or when he concluded them, there is no certain account; nor do there remain any obſervations made by him in his paſſage through thoſe countries which he viſited. To conſider, therefore, what pleaſure or inſtruction might have been received from the remarks of a man ſo curious and diligent, would be voluntarily to indulge a painful reflection, and load the imagination with a wiſh, which, while it is formed, is known to be vain. It is, however, to be lamented, that thoſe who are moſt capable of improving mankind, very frequently neglect to communicate their knowledge; either becauſe it is more pleaſing to gather ideas than to impart them, or becauſe, to minds naturally great, few things appear of ſo much importance as to deſerve the notice of the publick.

About the year 1634 *, he is ſuppoſed to have returned to London; and the next year to have written his celebrated treatiſe, called *Religio Medici*, "The religion of a phyſician †," which he declares himſelf never to have intended for the preſs, having compoſed it only for his own exerciſe and entertainment. It, indeed, contains many paſſages, which, relating merely to his own perſon, can be of no great importance to the publick: but when it was written, it happened to him as to others, he was too much pleaſed with his

* Biographia Britannica.

† Letter to ſir Kenelm Digby, prefixed to the Religio Medici, folio edition.

performance, not to think that it might please others as much; he, therefore, communicated it to his friends, and receiving, I ſuppoſe, that exuberant applauſe with which every man repays the grant of peruſing a manuſcript, he was not very diligent to obſtruct his own praiſe by recalling his papers, but ſuffered them to wander from hand to hand, till at laſt, without his own conſent, they were in 1642 given to a printer.

This has, perhaps, ſometimes befallen others; and this, I am willing to believe, did really happen to Dr. Browne: but there is ſurely ſome reaſon to doubt the truth of the complaint ſo frequently made of ſurreptitious editions. A ſong, or an epigram, may be eaſily printed without the author's knowledge; becauſe it may be learned when it is repeated, or may be written out with very little trouble: but a long treatiſe, however elegant, is not often copied by mere zeal or curioſity, but may be worn out in paſſing from hand to hand, before it is multiplied by a tranſcript. It is eaſy to convey an imperfect book, by a diſtant hand, to the preſs, and plead the circulation of a falſe copy as an excuſe for publiſhing the true, or to correct what is found faulty or offenſive, and charge the errors on the tranſcriber's depravations.

This is a ſtratagem, by which an author panting for fame, and yet afraid of ſeeming to challenge it, may at once gratify his vanity, and preſerve the appearance of modeſty; may enter the liſts, and ſecure a retreat: and this candour might ſuffer to paſs undetected as an innocent fraud, but that indeed no fraud is innocent; for the confidence which makes the happineſs of ſociety is in ſome degree diminiſhed by every man, whoſe practice is at variance with his words.

The *Religio Medici* was no ſooner publiſhed than it excited the attention of the publick, by the novelty of paradoxes, the dignity of ſentiment, the quick ſucceſſion of images, the multitude of abſtruſe alluſions, the ſubtlety of diſquiſition, and the ſtrength of language.

What is much read will be much criticiſed. The earl of Dorſet recommended this book to the peruſal of ſir Kenelm Digby, who returned his judgement upon it, not in a letter, but a book; in which, though mingled with ſome poſitions fabulous and uncertain, there are acute remarks, juſt cenſures, and profound ſpeculations; yet its principal claim to admiration is, that * it was written in twenty-four hours, of which part was ſpent in procuring Browne's book, and part in reading it.

Of theſe animadverſions, when they were yet not all printed, either officiouſneſs or malice informed Dr. Browne; who wrote to ſir Kenelm with much ſoftneſs and ceremony, declaring the unworthineſs of his work to engage ſuch notice, the intended privacy of the compoſition, and the corruptions of the impreſſion; and received an anſwer equally genteel and reſpectful, containing high commendations of the piece, pompous profeſſions of reverence, meek acknowledgements of inability, and anxious apologies for the haſtineſs of his remarks.

The reciprocal civility of authors is one of the moſt riſible ſcenes in the farce of life. Who would not have thought, that theſe two luminaries of their age had ceaſed to endeavour to grow bright by the obſcuration of each other? yet the animadverſions thus weak, thus precipitate, upon a book thus injured in the

* Digby's letter to Browne, prefixed to the Religio Medici, fol. edit.

Urn-

tranſcription, quickly paſſed the preſs; and *Religio Medici* was more accurately publiſhed, with an admonition prefixed "to thoſe who have or ſhall peruſe the "obſervations upon a former corrupt copy;" in which there is a ſevere cenſure, not upon Digby, who was to be uſed with ceremony, but upon the obſervator who had uſurped his name: nor was this invective written by Dr. Browne, who was ſuppoſed to be ſatisfied with his opponent's apology; but by ſome officious friend, zealous for his honour, without his conſent.

Browne has, indeed, in his own preface, endeavoured to ſecure himſelf from rigorous examination, by alleging, that "many things are delivered rhetorically, "many expreſſions merely tropical, and therefore "many things to be taken in a ſoft and flexible ſenſe, "and not to be called unto the rigid teſt of reaſon." The firſt glance upon his book will indeed diſcover examples of this liberty of thought and expreſſion: "I "could be content (ſays he) to be nothing almoſt to "eternity, if I might enjoy my Saviour at the laſt." He has little acquaintance with the acuteneſs of Browne, who ſuſpects him of a ſerious opinion, that any thing can be "almoſt eternal," or that any time beginning and ending, is not infinitely leſs than infinite duration.

In this book he ſpeaks much, and, in the opinion of Digby, too much of himſelf; but with ſuch generality and conciſeneſs as affords very little light to his biographer: he declares, that, beſides the dialects of different provinces, he underſtood ſix languages; that he was no ſtranger to Aſtronomy; and that he had ſeen ſeveral countries: but what moſt awakens curioſity is, his ſolemn aſſertion, that "his life has been a miracle

"of thirty years; which to relate were not hiſtory, "but a piece of poetry, and would ſound like a fable."

There is, undoubtedly, a ſenſe in which all life is miraculous; as it is an union of powers of which we can image no connexion, a ſucceſſion of motions of which the firſt cauſe muſt be ſupernatural: but life, thus explained, whatever it may have of miracle, will have nothing of fable; and therefore, the author undoubtedly had regard to ſomething, by which he imagined himſelf diſtinguiſhed from the reſt of mankind.

Of theſe wonders, however, the view that can be now taken of his life offers no appearance. The courſe of his education was like that of others, ſuch as put him little in the way of extraordinary caſualties. A ſcholaſtick and academical life is very uniform; and has, indeed, more ſafety than pleaſure. A traveller has greater opportunities of adventure; but Browne traverſed no unknown ſeas, or Arabian deſarts: and, ſurely, a man may viſit France and Italy, reſide at Montpellier and Padua, and at laſt take his degree at Leyden, without any thing miraculous. What it was that would, if it was related, ſound ſo poetical and fabulous, we are left to gueſs; I believe without hope of gueſſing rightly. The wonders probably were tranſacted in his own mind: ſelf-love, co-operating with an imagination vigorous and fertile as that of Browne, will find or make objects of aſtoniſhment in every man's life: and, perhaps, there is no human being, however hid in the crowd from the obſervation of his fellow-mortals, who, if he has leiſure and diſpoſition to recollect his own thoughts and actions, will not conclude his life in ſome ſort a miracle, and imagine himſelf

diſtinguiſhed

diſtinguiſhed from all the reſt of h
diſcriminations of nature or of fortu

The ſucceſs of this performance
naturally encourage the author to
A gentleman of Cambridge *, who
weather, turned it not inelegantl
from his verſion it was again tra
German, Dutch, and French; an
Latin tranſlation was publiſhed wi
Lenuus Nicolaus Molifarius. Of t
tions, which in all the editions fro
the book, the author is unknown.

Of Merryweather, to whoſe ze
much indebted for the ſudden exte
I know nothing, but that he publi
for the inſtruction of young perſons
of a Latin ſtyle. He printed his tra
with ſome difficulty †. The firſt
offered it carried it to Salmaſius,
" (ſays he) in ſtate for three mont
couraged its publication: it was
by two other printers, and at laſt wa
kius.

The peculiarities of this book ra
is uſual, many admirers and many
know not of more than one profe
ten under ‡ the title of Medicus M
ander Roſs, which was univerſall
world.

* Life of ſir Thomas Browne.
† Merryweather's letter, inſerted in the Lif
‡ Life of ſir Thomas Browne.

At the time when this book was publiſhed, Dr. Browne reſided at Norwich, where he had ſettled in 1636, by * the perſuaſion of Dr. Luſhington his tutor, who was then rector of Barnham Weſtgate in the neighbourhood. It is recorded by Wood, that his practice was very extenſive, and that many patients reſorted to him. In 1637 † he was incorporated doctor of phyſick in Oxford.

He married in 1641 ‡ Mrs. Mileham, of a good family in Norfolk; "a lady (ſays Whitefoot) of ſuch "ſymmetrical proportion to her worthy huſband, both "in the graces of her body and mind, that they "ſeemed to come together by a kind of natural mag-"netiſm."

This marriage could not but draw the raillery of contemporary wits § upon a man, who had juſt been wiſhing in his new book, "that we might procreate, "like trees, without conjunction;" and had ‖ lately declared, that "the whole world was made for man, "but only the twelfth part of man for woman;" and, that "man is the whole world, but woman only the "rib or crooked part of man."

Whether the lady had been yet informed of theſe contemptuous poſitions, or whether ſhe was pleaſed with the conqueſt of ſo formidable a rebel, and conſidered it as a double triumph, to attract ſo much merit, and overcome ſo powerful prejudices; or whether, like moſt others, ſhe married upon mingled motives, between convenience and inclination; ſhe had, however, no reaſon to repent, for ſhe lived happily with him one and forty years, and bore him ten children, of

* Wood's Athenæ Oxonienſes. † Wood. ‡ Whitefoot.
§ Howel's Letters. ‖ Religio Medici.

whom

whom one ſon and three daughte
rents: ſhe ſurvived him two y
widowhood in plenty, if not in o

Browne having now entered th
and experienced the delights of p
of cenſure, probably found his
eye diminiſhed; and, therefore,
he truſted his name to the critick
in 1646 * he printed *Enquiries i*
Errours; a work, which as it aro
invention, but from obſervation
tained not a ſingle diſcourſe of on
which the latter part aroſe from th
meration of many unconnected p
been the collection of years, and
early formed and long purſued, t
had been continually referred, an
ally to its preſent bulk by the dail
particles of knowledge. It is i
that he had longer delayed the pu
what the remaining part of his
niſhed: the thirty-ſix years which
in ſtudy and experience, would
large additions to an *Enquiry into*
publiſhed in 1673 the ſixth ed
provements; but I think rather
what he had already written, than
quiſition. But with the work,
whether hindered from continui
praiſe, or wearineſs of labour, th
muſt be content; and remember,

* [illegible]c of ſir Thomas B

things there is ſomething to be wiſhed which we muſt wiſh in vain.

This book, like his former, was received with great applauſe, was anſwered by Alexander Roſs, and tranſlated into Dutch and German, and not many years ago into French. It might now be proper, had not the favour with which it was at firſt received filled the kingdom with copies, to reprint it with notes, partly ſupplemental, and partly emendatory, to ſubjoin thoſe diſcoveries which the induſtry of the laſt age has made, and correct thoſe miſtakes which the author has committed not by idleneſs or negligence, but for want of Boyle's and Newton's philoſophy.

He appears indeed to have been willing to pay labour for truth. Having heard a flying rumour of ſympathetick needles, by which, ſuſpended over a circular alphabet, diſtant friends or lovers might correſpond, he procured two ſuch alphabets to be made, touched his needles with the ſame magnet, and placed them upon proper ſpindles: the reſult was, that when he moved one of his needles, the other, inſtead of taking by ſympathy the ſame direction, "ſtood like the pil-"lars of Hercules." That it continued motionleſs, will be eaſily believed; and moſt men would have been content to believe it, without the labour of ſo hopeleſs an experiment. Browne might himſelf have obtained the ſame conviction by a method leſs operoſe, if he had thruſt his needles through corks, and ſet them afloat in two baſons of water.

Notwithſtanding his zeal to detect old errors, he ſeems not very eaſy to admit new poſitions; for he never mentions the motion of the earth but with contempt and ridicule, though the opinion, which admits it,

were diſtinguiſhed from thoſe of other ſubſtances. Of the uſeleſſneſs of all theſe enquiries, Browne ſeems not to have been ignorant; and, therefore, concludes them with an obſervation which can never be too frequently recollected.

"All or moſt apprehenſions reſted in opinions of "ſome future being, which, ignorantly or coldly be- "lieved, begat thoſe perverted conceptions, ceremo- "nies, ſayings, which Chriſtians pity or laugh at. "Happy are they, which live not in that diſadvantage "of time, when men could ſay little for futurity, but "from reaſon; whereby the nobleſt mind fell often "upon doubtful deaths, and melancholy diſſolutions: "with theſe hopes Socrates warmed his doubtful ſpirits "againſt the cold potion; and Cato, before he durſt "give the fatal ſtroke, ſpent part of the night in "reading the Immortality of Plato, thereby confirm- "ing his wavering hand unto the animoſity of that "attempt.

"It is the heavieſt ſtone that melancholy can throw "at a man, to tell him he is at the end of his nature; "or that there is no further ſtate to come, unto which "this ſeems progreſſional, and otherwiſe made in vain: "without this accompliſhment, the natural expecta- "tion and deſire of ſuch a ſtate were but a fallacy in "nature; unſatisfied conſiderators would quarrel at the "juſtice of the conſtitution, and reſt content that "Adam had fallen lower, whereby, by knowing no "other original, and deeper ignorance of themſelves, "they might have enjoyed the happineſs of inferior "creatures, who in tranquillity poſſeſs their conſti- "tutions, as having not the apprehenſion to deplore "their own natures; and being framed below the cir-

world an object of wonder to which nature had contributed little. To this ambition, perhaps, we owe the frogs of Homer, the gnat and the bees of Virgil, the butterfly of Spenſer, the ſhadow of Wowerus, and the quincunx of Browne.

In the proſecution of this ſport of fancy, he conſiders every production of art and nature in which he could find any decuſſation or approaches to the form of a quincunx; and as a man once reſolved upon ideal diſcoveries ſeldom ſearches long in vain, he finds his favourite figure in almoſt every thing, whether natural or invented, ancient or modern, rude or artificial, ſacred and civil, ſo that a reader, not watchful againſt the power of his infuſions, would imagine that decuſſation was the great buſineſs of the world, and that nature and art had no other purpoſe than to exemplify and imitate a quincunx.

To ſhew the excellence of this figure, he enumerates all its properties; and finds in it almoſt every thing of uſe or pleaſure: and to ſhew how readily he ſupplies what he cannot find, one inſtance may be ſufficient: "though therein (ſays he) we meet not with right angles, yet every rhombus containing four angles equal "unto two right, it virtually contains two right in "every one."

The fanciful ſports of great minds are never without ſome advantage to knowledge. Browne has interſperſed many curious obſervations on the form of plants, and the laws of vegetation; and appears to have been a very accurate obſerver of the modes of germination, and to have watched with great nicety the evolution of the parts of plants from their ſeminal principles.

He is then naturally led to treat of the number Five; and finds, that by this number many things are circumſcribed; that there are five kinds of vegetable productions, five ſections of a cone, five orders of architecture, and five acts of a play. And obſerving that five was the ancient conjugal, or wedding number he proceeds to a ſpeculation which I ſhall give in his own words; "the ancient numeriſts made out the "conjugal number by two and three, the firſt parity "and imparity, the active and paſſive digits, or "material and formal principles in generative ſocie-"ties."

Theſe are all the tracts which he publiſhed. But many papers were found in his cloſet: "ſome of them, "(ſays Whitefoot) deſigned for the preſs, were often "tranſcribed and corrected by his own hand, after the "faſhion of great and curious writers."

Of theſe, two collections have been publiſhed; one by Dr. Teniſon, the other in 1722 by a nameleſs editor. Whether the one or the other ſelected thoſe pieces which the author would have preferred, cannot be known: but they have both the merit of giving to mankind what was too valuable to be ſuppreſſed: and what might, without their interpoſition, have perhaps periſhed among other innumerable labours of learned men, or have been burnt in a ſcarcity of fuel like the papers of Peirecius.

The firſt of theſe poſthumous treatiſes contains *Obſervations upon ſeveral plants mentioned in Scripture*: theſe remarks, though they do not immediately either rectify the faith, or refine the morals of the reader, yet are by no means to be cenſured as ſuperfluous niceties, or uſeleſs ſpeculations; for they often ſhew ſome

propriety of deſcription, or elegance of alluſion, utterly undiſcoverable to readers not ſkilled in Oriental botany; and are often of more important uſe, as they remove ſome difficulty from narratives, or ſome obſcurity from precepts.

The next is, *Of garlands, or coronary and garland plants*; a ſubject merely of learned curioſity, without any other end than the pleaſure of reflecting on ancient cuſtoms, or on the induſtry with which ſtudious men have endeavoured to recover them.

The next is a letter, *On the fiſhes eaten by our Saviour with his Diſciples, after his reſurrection from the dead*; which contains no determinate reſolution of the queſtion, what they were, for indeed it cannot be determined. All the information that diligence or learning could ſupply conſiſts in an enumeration of the fiſhes produced in the waters of Judea.

Then follow, *Anſwers to certain queries about fiſhes, birds, and inſects*; and *A letter of hawks and falconry ancient and modern*: in the firſt of which he gives the proper interpretation of ſome ancient names of animals, commonly miſtaken; and in the other has ſome curious obſervation on the art of hawking, which he conſiders as a practice unknown to the ancients. I believe all our ſports of the field are of Gothic original; the ancients neither hunted by the ſcent, nor ſeemed much to have practiſed horſemanſhip as an exerciſe; and though, in their works, there is mention of *aucupium* and *piſcatio*, they ſeem no more to have been conſidered as diverſions, than agriculture or any other manual labour.

In two more letters he ſpeaks of *the cymbals of the Hebrews*, but without any ſatisfactory determination; and

Engliſh; of which every word is the ſame in both languages, excepting the terminations and orthography. The words are, indeed, Saxon, but the phraſeology is Engliſh; and, I think, would not have been underſtood by Bede or Ælfric, notwithſtanding the confidence of our author. He has, however, ſufficiently proved his poſition, that the Engliſh reſembles its parental language more than any modern European dialect.

There remain five tracts of this collection yet unmentioned; one, *Of artificial hills, mounts, or barrows, in England*; in reply to an interrogatory letter of E. D. whom the writers of the *Biographia Britannica* ſuppoſe to be, if rightly printed, W. D. or ſir William Dugdale, one of Browne's correſpondents. Theſe are declared by Browne, in concurrence, I think, with all other antiquaries, to be for the moſt part funeral monuments. He proves, that both the Danes and Saxons buried their men of eminence under piles of earth, "which "admitting (ſays he) neither ornament, epitaph, nor "inſcription, may, if earthquakes ſpare them, outlaſt "other monuments: obeliſks have their term, and "pyramids will tumble; but theſe mountainous monu-"ments may ſtand, and are like to have the ſame period "with the earth."

In the next, he anſwers two geographical queſtions; one concerning Troas, mentioned in the Acts and Epiſtles of St. Paul, which he determines to be the city built near the ancient Ilium; and the other concerning the dead ſea, of which he gives the ſame account with other writers.

Another letter treats *Of the anſwers of the oracle of Apollo, at Delphos*, to Crœſus king of Lydia. In this

tract nothing deſerves notice, more t hat he conſiders the oracles as evidently and indubitably ſupernatural, and founds all his diſquiſition upon that poſtulate. He wonders why the phyſiologiſts of old, having ſuch means of inſtruction, did not inquire into the ſecrets of nature: But judiciouſly concludes, that ſuch queſtions would probably have been vain; "for no "matters cognoſcible, and formed for our diſquiſition, "our induſtry muſt be our oracle, and reaſon our "Apollo."

The pieces that remain are, *A prophecy concerning the future ſtate of ſeveral nations*; in which Browne plainly diſcovers his expectation to be the ſame with that entertained lately with more confidence by Dr. Berkeley, "that America will be the ſeat of the fifth empire:" and *Muſeum clauſum, ſive Bibliotheca abſcondita*; in which the author amuſes himſelf with imagining the exiſtence of books and curioſities, either never in being, or irrecoverably loſt.

Theſe pieces I have recounted as they are ranged in Teniſon's collection, becauſe the editor has given no account of the time at which any of them were written. Some of them are of little value, more than as they gratify the mind with the picture of a great ſcholar, turning his learning into amuſement; or ſhew upon how great a variety of enquiries the ſame mind has been ſucceſsfully employed.

The other collection of his poſthumous pieces, publiſhed in octavo, London 1722, contains *Repertorium; or ſome account of the tombs and monuments in the cathedral of Norwich*; where, as Teniſon obſerves, there is not matter proportionate to the ſkill of the antiquary.

The

The other pieces are, "Anſwers to Sir William "Dugdale's enquiries about the fens; a letter concern- "ing Ireland; another relating to urns newly diſco- "vered; ſome ſhort ſtrictures on different ſubjects; and "a letter to a friend on the death of his intimate "friend," publiſhed ſingly by the author's ſon in 1690.

There is inſerted, in the "Biographia Britannica, "a letter containing inſtructions for the ſtudy of phy- "ſick;" which, with the eſſays here offered to the public, completes the works of Dr. Browne.

To the life of this learned man, there remains little to be added, but that in 1665 he was choſen honorary fellow of the college of phyſicians, as a man, "Vir- "tute et literis ornatiſſimus;—eminently embelliſhed "with literature and virtue:" and, in 1671, received, at Norwich, the honour of knighthood from Charles II. a prince, who, with many frailties and vices, had yet ſkill to diſcover excellence, and virtue to reward it with ſuch honorary diſtinctions at leaſt as coſt him nothing, yet, conferred by a king ſo judicious and ſo much beloved, had the power of giving merit new luſtre and greater popularity.

Thus he lived in high reputation, till in his ſeventy-ſixth year he was ſeized with a colic, which, after having tortured him about a week, put an end to his life at Norwich, on his birth-day, October 19, 1682 *. Some of his laſt words were expreſſions of ſubmiſſion to the will of God, and fearleſſneſs of death.

He lies buried in the church of St. Peter, Mancroft, in Norwich, with this inſcription on a mural monument, placed on the ſouth pillar of the altar:

M. S.

* Browne's remains. Whitefoot.

M. S.
Hic ſitus eſt THOMAS BROWNE, M. D.
Et miles.
Anno 1605, Londini natus;
Generoſa familia apud Uptons
In agro Ceſtrienſi oriundus.
Scholâ primum Wintonienſi, poſtea
In Coll. Pembr.
Apud Oxonienſes bonis literis
Haud leviter imbutus;
In urbe hâc Nordovicenſi medicinam
Arte egregia, & fælici ſucceſſu profeſſus;
Scriptis quibus tituli, RELIGIO MEDICI
ET PSEUDODOXIA EPIDEMICA aliiſque
Per orbem notiſſimus.
Vir prudentiſſimus, integerrimus, doctiſſimus;
Obiit Octob. 19, 1682.
Pie poſuit mœſtiſſima conjux
Da. Doroth. Br.

Near the foot of this pillar
Lies Sir Thomas Browne, kt. and doctor in phyſick,
Author of Religio Medici, and other learned books,
Who practiſed phyſick in this city 46 years,
And died Oct. 1682, in the 77th year of his age.
In memory of whom,
Dame Dorothy Browne, who had bin his affectionate
Wife 47 years, cauſed this monument to be
Erected.

Beſides his lady, who died in 1685, he left a ſon and three daughters. Of the daughters nothing very remarkable is known; but his ſon, Edward Browne, requires a particular mention.

He

He was born about the year 1642; and, after having paſſed through the claſſes of the ſchool at Norwich, became bachelor of phyſick at Cambridge; and, afterwards removing to Merton-College in Oxford, was admitted there to the ſame degree, and afterwards made a doctor. In 1668 he viſited part of Germany; and in the year following made a wider excurſion into Auſtria, Hungary, and Theſſaly; where the Turkiſh ſultan then kept his court at Lariſſa. He afterwards paſſed through Italy. His ſkill in natural hiſtory made him particularly attentive to mines and metallurgy. Upon his return he publiſhed an account of the countries through which he had paſſed; which I have heard commended by a learned traveller, who has viſited many places after him, as written with ſcrupulous and exact veracity, ſuch as is ſcarcely to be found in any other book of the ſame kind. But whatever it may contribute to the inſtruction of a naturaliſt, I cannot recommend it as likely to give much pleaſure to common readers; for whether it be that the world is very uniform, and therefore he who is reſolved to adhere to truth will have few novelties to relate; or that Dr. Browne was, by the train of his ſtudies, led to enquire moſt after thoſe things by which the greateſt part of mankind is little affected; a great part of his book ſeems to contain very unimportant accounts of his paſſage from one place where he ſaw little, to another where he ſaw no more.

Upon his return, he practiſed phyſick in London; was made phyſician firſt to Charles II. and afterwards, in 1682, to St. Bartholomew's hoſpital. About the ſame time he joined his name to thoſe of many other eminent men, in "a tranſlation of Plutarch's lives."

He

He was firſt cenſor, then elect, and treaſurer of the college of phyſicians; of which in 1705 he was choſen preſident, and held his office till in 1708 he died in a degree of eſtimation ſuitable to a man ſo variouſly accompliſhed, that king Charles had honoured him with this panegyrick, that "he was as learned a man "of the college, and as well-bred as any of the "court."

Of every great and eminent character, part breaks forth into publick view, and part lies hid in domeſtick privacy. Theſe qualities, which have been exerted in any known and laſting performances, may, at any diſtance of time, be traced and eſtimated; but theſe excellencies are ſoon forgotten; and thoſe minute peculiarities which diſcriminate every man from all others, if they are not recorded by thoſe whom perſonal knowledge enables to obſerve them, are irrecoverably loſt. This mutilation of character muſt have happened, among many others, to ſir Thomas Browne, had it not been delineated by his friend Mr. Whitefoot, "who "eſteemed it an eſpecial favour of Providence, to have "had a particular acquaintance with him for two "thirds of his life." Part of his obſervations I ſhall therefore copy.

"For a character of his perſon, his complexion and "hair was anſwerable to his name; his ſtature was mo-"derate, and habit of body neither fat nor lean, but "ευτάκτω.

"In his habit of cloathing, he had an averſion to all "finery, and affected plainneſs, both in the faſhion and "ornaments. He ever wore a cloke, or boots, when "few others did. He kept himſelf always very warm, "and thought it moſt ſafe ſo to do, though he never

"loaded

" loaded himſelf with ſuch a multitude of garments,
" as Suetonius reports of Auguſtus, enough to cloath a
" good family.

" The horizon of his underſtanding was much lar-
" ger than the hemiſphere of the world: all that was
" viſible in the heavens he comprehended ſo well, that
" few that are under them knew ſo much: he could tell
" the number of the viſible ſtars in his horizon, and
" call them all by their names that had any; and of the
" earth he had ſuch a minute and exact geographical
" knowledge, as if he had been by Divine Providence
" ordained ſurveyor-general of the whole terreſtrial orb,
" and its products, minerals, plants, and animals. He
" was ſo curious a botaniſt, that, beſides the ſpecifical
" diſtinctions, he made nice and elaborate obſervations,
" equally uſeful as entertaining.

" His memory, though not ſo eminent as that of
" Seneca or Scaliger, was capacious and tenacious, in-
" ſomuch as he remembered all that was remarkable
" in any book that he had read; and not only knew
" all perſons again that he had ever ſeen at any diſ-
" tance of time, but remembered the circumſtances of
" their bodies, and their particular diſcourſes and
" ſpeeches.

" In the Latin poets he remembered every thing
" that was acute and pungent: he had read moſt of the
" hiſtorians, antient and modern, wherein his obſerva-
" tions were ſingular, not taken notice of by common
" readers; he was excellent company when he was at
" leiſure, and expreſſed more light than heat in the
" temper of his brain.

" He had no deſpotical power over his affections
" and paſſions (that was a privilege of original per-

" fection,

" fection, forfeited by the neglect of the uſe of [illegible]
" as large a political power over them, as any [illegible]
" or man of his time, whereof he gave ſo great [illegible]
" riment, that he hath very rarely been known [illegible]
" been overcome with any of them. The ſtrong[illegible]
" that were found in him, both of the irafcible and
" concupiſcible, were under the controul of his reaſon.
" Of admiration, which is one of them, being the only
" product, either of ignorance, or uncommon know-
" ledge, he had more and leſs than other men. Upon
" the ſame account of his knowing more than others,
" ſo that though he met with many rarities, he ad-
" mired them not ſo much as others do.

" He was never ſeen to be tranſported with mirth,
" or dejected with ſadneſs; always chearful, but ſeldom
" merry, at any ſenſible rate; ſeldom heard to break a
" jeſt; and, when he did, he would be apt to blush at
" the levity of it: his gravity was natural, without af-
" fectation.

" His modeſty was viſible in a natural habitual blush,
" which was increaſed upon the leaſt occaſion, and often
" diſcovered without any obſervable cauſe.

" They that knew no more of him than by the
" briſkneſs of his writings, found themſelves deceived
" in their expectation, when they came in his com-
" pany, noting the gravity and ſobriety of his aſpect
" and converſation; ſo free from loquacity, or much
" talkativeneſs, that he was ſomething difficult to be
" engaged in any diſcourſe; though, when he was ſo,
" it was always ſingular, and never trite or vulgar.
" Parſimonious in nothing but his time, whereof he
" made as much improvement, with as little loſs, as
" any man in it: when he had any to ſpare from his

" drudging practice, he was ſcarce patient of any " diverſion from his ſtudy; ſo impatient of ſloth " and idleneſs, that he would ſay, he could not do " nothing.

" Sir Thomas underſtood moſt of the European lan- " guages; viz. all that are in Hutter's Bible, which he " made uſe of. The Latin and Greek he underſtood " critically; the Oriental languages, which never were " vernacular in this part of the world, he thought the " uſe of them would not anſwer the time and pains of " learning them; yet had ſo great a veneration for the " matrix of them, viz. the Hebrew, conſecrated to the " oracles of God, that he was not content to be " totally ignorant of it; though very little of his ſci- " ence is to be found in any books of that primitive " language. And though much is ſaid to be written " in the derivative idioms of that tongue, eſpecially " the Arabick, yet he was ſatisfied with the tranſla- " tions, wherein he found nothing admirable.

" In his religion he continued in the ſame mind " which he had declared in his firſt book, written when " he was but thirty years old, his *Religio Medici*, where- " in he fully aſſented to that of the church of England, " preferring it before any in the world, as did the learned " Grotius. He attended the publick ſervice very con- " ſtantly, when he was not with-held by his practice; " never miſſed the ſacrament in his pariſh, if he were " in town; read the beſt Engliſh ſermons he could " hear of, with liberal applauſe; and delighted not in " controverſies. In his laſt ſickneſs, wherein he con- " tinued about a week's time, enduring great pain of " the colic, beſides a continual fever, with as much " patience as hath been ſeen in any man, without any

" [illegible]

" pretence of Stoical apathy, animoſity, or vanity of
" not being concerned thereat, or ſuffering no im-
" peachment of happineſs—*Nihil agis, dolor.*

" His patience was founded upon the Chriſtian phi-
" loſophy, and a ſound faith of God's providence, and
" a meek and holy ſubmiſſion thereunto, which he ex-
" preſſed in few words. I viſited him near his end,
" when he had not ſtrength to hear or ſpeak much;
" the laſt words which I heard from him were, be-
" ſides ſome expreſſions of dearneſs, that he did freely
" ſubmit to the will of God, being without fear: he
" had oft triumphed over the king of terrors in others,
" and given many repulſes in the defence of patients;
" but, when his own turn came, he ſubmitted with a
" meek, rational, and religious courage.

" He might have made good the old ſaying of *Di-*
" *Galenus opes*, had he lived in a place that could have
" afforded it. But his indulgence and liberality to his
" children, eſpecially in their travels, two of his
" ſons in divers countries, and two of his daughters
" in France, ſpent him more than a little. He
" was liberal in his houſe-entertainments and in his
" charity; he left a comfortable, but no great eſtate,
" both to his lady and children, gained by his own in-
" duſtry.

" Such was his ſagacity and knowledge of all hiſ-
" tory, antient and modern, and his obſervations there-
" upon ſo ſingular, that it hath been ſaid, by them
" that knew him beſt, that if his profeſſion, and place
" of abode, would have ſuited his ability, he would
" have made an extraordinary man for the priv y-coun-
" cil, not much inferior to the famous Padre Paulo,
" the late oracle of the Venetian ſtate.

" Though

"Though he were no prophet, nor ſon of a prophet, "yet in that faculty which comes neareſt it he ex- "celled, i. e. the ſtochaſtick, wherein he was ſeldom "miſtaken, as to future events, as well publick as pri- "vate; but not apt to diſcover any preſages or ſuper- "ſtition."

It is obſervable, that he who in his earlier years had read all the books againſt religion, was in the latter part of his life averſe from controverſies. To play with important truths, to diſturb the repoſe of eſtabliſhed tenets, to ſubtilize objections, and elude proof, is too often the ſport of youthful vanity, of which maturer experience commonly repents. There is a time when every man is weary of raiſing difficulties only to taſk himſelf with the ſolution, and deſires to enjoy truth without the labour or hazard of conteſt. There is, perhaps, no better method of encountering theſe troubleſome irruptions of ſcepticiſm, with which inquiſitive minds are frequently harraſſed, than that which Browne declares himſelf to have taken: "If there ariſe "any doubts in my way, I do forget them; or at leaſt "defer them, till my better ſettled judgment, and "more manly reaſon, be able to reſolve them: for I "perceive, every man's reaſon is his beſt *Oedipus*, "and will, upon a reaſonable truce, find a way to "looſe thoſe bonds, wherewith the ſubtilties of er- "ror have enchained our more flexible and tender "judgments."

The foregoing character may be confirmed and enlarged by many paſſages in the *Religio Medici*; in which it appears, from Whitefoot's teſtimony, that the author, though no very ſparing panegyriſt of himſelf, has

not exceeded the truth, with reſpect to attainments or viſible qualities.

There are, indeed, ſome interior and ſecret virtues which a man may ſometimes have without the knowledge of others; and may ſometimes aſſume to himſelf, without ſufficient reaſons for his opinion. It is charged upon Browne, by Dr. Watts, as an inſtance of arrogant temerity, that, after a long detail of his attainments, he declares himſelf to have eſcaped "the "firſt and father-ſin of pride." A peruſal of the *Religio Medici* will not much contribute to produce a belief of the author's exemption from this father-ſin: pride is a vice, which pride itſelf inclines every man to find in others, and to overlook in himſelf.

As eaſily may we be miſtaken in eſtimating our own courage, as our own humility; and therefore, when Browne ſhews himſelf perſuaded, that "he could loſe "an arm without a tear, or with a few groans be "quartered to pieces," I am not ſure that he ſees in himſelf any uncommon powers of endurance; or, indeed, any thing more than a ſudden effervescence of imagination, which, uncertain and involuntary as it is, he miſtook for ſettled reſolution.

"That there were not many extant, that in a noble "way feared the face of death leſs than himſelf;" he might likewiſe believe at a very eaſy expence, while death was yet at a diſtance; but the time will come to every human being, when it muſt be known how well he can bear to die; and it has appeared, that our author's fortitude did not deſert him in the great hour of trial.

It was obſerved by ſome of the remarkers on the *Religio Medici*, that "the author was yet alive, and "might

"might grow worſe as well as better;" it is therefore happy, that this ſuſpicion can be obviated by a teſtimony given to the continuance of his virtue, at a time when death had ſet him free from danger of change, and his panegyriſt from temptation to flattery.

But it is not on the praiſes of others, but on his own writings, that he is to depend for the eſteem of poſterity; of which he will not eaſily be deprived while learning ſhall have any reverence among men: for there is no ſcience in which he does not diſcover ſome ſkill; and ſcarce any kind of knowledge, profane or ſacred, abſtruſe or elegant, which he does not appear to have cultivated with ſucceſs.

His exuberance of knowledge, and plenitude of ideas, ſometimes obſtruct the tendency of his reaſoning, and the clearneſs of his deciſions: on whatever ſubject he employed his mind, there ſtarted up immediately ſo many images before him, that he loſt one by graſping another. His memory ſupplied him with ſo many illuſtrations, parallel or dependent notions, that he was always ſtarting into collateral conſiderations: but the ſpirit and vigour of his purſuit always gives delight; and the reader follows him, without reluctance, through his mazes, in themſelves flowery and pleaſing, and ending at the point originally in view.

"To have great excellences and great faults, *magnæ "virtutes nec minora vitia*, is the poeſy," ſays our author, "of the beſt natures." This poeſy may be properly applied to the ſtyle of Browne: it is vigorous, but rugged; it is learned, but pedantick; it is deep, but obſcure; it ſtrikes, but does not pleaſe; it commands, but does not allure: his tropes are harſh, and

his combinations uncouth. He fell into an age in which our language began to loſe the ſtability which it had obtained in the time of Elizabeth; and was conſidered by every writer as a ſubject on which he might try his plaſtic ſkill, by moulding it according to his own fancy. Milton in conſequence of this encroaching licence, began to introduce the Latin idiom: and Browne, though he gave leſs diſturbance to our ſtructures in phraſeology, yet poured in a multitude of exotick words; many, indeed, uſeful and ſignificant, which, if rejected, muſt be ſupplied by circumlocution, ſuch as *commenſality* for the ſtate of many living at the ſame table; but many ſuperfluous, as a *paralogical* for an unreaſonable doubt; and ſome ſo obſcure, that they conceal his meaning rather than explain it, as *arthritical analogies* for parts that ſerve ſome animals in the place of joints.

His ſtyle is, indeed, a tiſſue of many languages; a mixture of heterogeneous words, brought together from diſtant regions, with terms originally appropriated to one art, and drawn by violence into the ſervice of another. He muſt however be confeſſed to have augmented our philoſophical diction; and in defence of his uncommon words and expreſſions, we muſt conſider, that he had uncommon ſentiments, and was not content to expreſs in many words that idea for which any language could ſupply a ſingle term.

But his innovations are ſometimes pleaſing, and his temerities happy: he has many *verba ardentia*, forcible expreſſions, which he would never have found, but by venturing to the utmoſt verge of propriety; and flights which would never have been reached,

but by one who had very little fear of the ſhame of falling.

There remains yet an objection againſt the writings of Browne, more formidable than the animadverſions of criticiſm. There are paſſages, from which ſome have taken occaſion to rank him among deiſts, and others among atheiſts. It would be difficult to gueſs how any ſuch concluſion ſhould be formed, had not experience ſhewn that there are two ſorts of men willing to enlarge the catalogue of infidels.

It has been long obſerved, that an atheiſt has no juſt reaſon for endeavouring converſions; and yet none harraſs thoſe minds which they can influence, with more importunity of ſolicitation to adopt their opinions. In proportion as they doubt the truth of their own doctrines, they are deſirous to gain the atteſtation of another underſtanding; and induſtriouſly labour to win a proſelyte, and eagerly catch at the ſlighteſt pretence to dignify their ſect with a celebrated name *.

The others become friends to infidelity only by unſkilful hoſtility; men of rigid orthodoxy, cautious converſation, and religious aſperity. Among theſe, it is too frequently the practice, to make in their heat conceſſions to atheiſm, or deiſm, which their moſt confident advocates had never dared to claim, or to hope. A ſally of levity, an idle paradox, an indecent jeſt, an unſeaſonable objection, are ſufficient in the opinion of theſe men, to efface a name from the liſts of Chriſtianity, to exclude a ſoul from everlaſting life. Such men are ſo watchful to cenſure, that they have

* Therefore no Heretick's deſire to ſpread
Their wild opinions like theſe Epicures,
For ſo their ſtaggering thoughts are computed,
And other men's aſſent their doubt aſſures. DAVIES.

Whether Browne has been numbered among the contemners of religion, by the fury of its friends, or the artifice of its enemies, it is no difficult taſk to replace him among the moſt zealous profeſſors of Chriſtianity. He may, perhaps, in the ardour of his imagination, have hazarded an expreſſion, which a mind intent upon faults may interpret into hereſy, if conſidered apart from the reſt of his diſcourſe; but a phraſe is not to be oppoſed to volumes: there is ſcarcely a writer to be found, whoſe profeſſion was not divinity, that has ſo frequently teſtified his belief of the ſacred writings, has appealed to them with ſuch unlimited ſubmiſſion, or mentioned them with ſuch invaried reverence.

It is, indeed, ſomewhat wonderful, that he ſhould be placed without the pale of Chriſtianity, who declares, that "he aſſumes the honourable ſtyle of a Chriſtian," not becauſe it is "the religion of his country," but becauſe "having in his riper years and confirmed "judgment ſeen and examined all, he finds himſelf "obliged, by the principles of grace, and the law of "his own reaſon, to embrace no other name but this:" who, to ſpecify his perſuaſion yet more, tells us, that "he is of the Reformed religion; of the ſame belief "our Saviour taught, the apoſtles diſſeminated, the "fathers authorized, and the martyrs confirmed:" who, though "paradoxical in philoſophy, loves in divinity "to keep the beaten road; and pleaſes himſelf that he "has no taint of hereſy, ſchiſm, or error:" to whom, "where the Scripture is ſilent, the Church is a text; "where that ſpeaks, 'tis but a comment;" and who uſes not "the dictates of his own reaſon, but where "there is a joint ſilence of both: who bleſſes himſelf, "that he lived not in the days of miracles, when faith

" had been thruſt upon him; bu
" bleſſing, pronounced to all that
He cannot ſurely be charged wit
who " believes that our Saviour w
" and roſe again, and deſires to ſ
and who affirms, that " this is n
that " we have reaſon to owe t
" tory;" and that " they only ha
" bold and noble faith, who lived
" and upon obſcure prophecies
" could raiſe a belief." Nor can
ſitive and ritual parts of religion
who doubts, whether a good man
ſoned euchariſt; and " who wou
" arm, rather than a church."

The opinions of every man m
himſelf: concerning his practice, it
evidence of others. Where theſe
no higher degree of hiſtorical certai
and they apparently concur to pro
a zealous adherent to the faith of
in obedience to his laws, and died
mercy.

ASCHAM*.

ROGER ASCHAM was born in the year 1515, at Kirby Wiſke (or Kirby Wicke), a village near Northallerton in Yorkſhire, of a family above the vulgar. His father John Aſcham was houſe-ſteward in the family of Scroop; and in that age, when the different orders of men were at a greater diſtance from each other, and the manners of gentlemen were regularly formed by menial ſervices in great houſes, lived with a very conſpicuous reputation. Margaret Aſcham, his wife, is ſaid to have been allied to many conſiderable families, but her maiden name is not recorded. She had three ſons, of whom Roger was the youngeſt, and ſome daughters; but who can hope, that of any progeny more than one ſhall deſerve to be mentioned? They lived married ſixty-ſeven years, and at laſt died together almoſt on the ſame hour of the ſame day.

Roger having paſſed his firſt years under the care of his parents, was adopted into the family of Antony

* Firſt printed before his Works in 4to.

Wingfield,

Wingfield, who maintained him, and committed his education, with that of his own ſons, to the care of one Bond, a domeſtic tutor. He very early diſcovered an unuſual fondneſs for literature by an eager peruſal of Engliſh books; and having paſſed happily through the ſcholaſtick rudiments, was put, in 1530, by his patron Wingfield, to St. John's college in Cambridge.

Aſcham entered Cambridge at a time when the laſt great revolution of the intellectual world was filling every academical mind with ardour or anxiety. The deſtruction of the Conſtantinopolitan empire had driven the Greeks with their language into the interior parts of Europe, the art of printing had made the books eaſily attainable, and Greek now began to be taught in England. The doctrines of Luther had already filled all the nations of the Romiſh communion with controverſy and diſſention. New ſtudies of literature, and new tenets of religion, found employment for all who were deſirous of truth, or ambitious of fame. Learning was at that time proſecuted with that eagerneſs and perſeverance which in this age of indifference and diſſipation it is not eaſy to conceive. To teach or to learn, was at once the buſineſs and the pleaſure of the academical life; and an emulation of ſtudy was raiſed by Cheke and Smith, to which even the preſent age perhaps owes many advantages, without remembering or knowing its benefactors.

Aſcham ſoon reſolved to unite himſelf to thoſe who were enlarging the bounds of knowledge, and, immediately upon his admiſſion into the college, applied himſelf to the ſtudy of Greek. Thoſe who were zealous for the new learning, were often no great friends

to the old religion; and Aſcham, as he became a Grecian, became a Proteſtant. The Reformation was not yet begun, diſaffection to Popery was conſidered as a crime juſtly puniſhed by excluſion from favour and preferment, and was not yet openly profeſſed, though ſuperſtition was gradually loſing its hold upon the publick. The ſtudy of Greek was reputable enough, and Aſcham purſued it with diligence and ſucceſs equally conſpicuous. He thought a language might be moſt eaſily learned by teaching it; and when he had obtained ſome proficiency in Greek, read lectures, while he was yet a boy, to other boys who were deſirous of inſtruction. His induſtry was much encouraged by Pember, a man of great eminence at that time, though I know not that he has left any monuments behind him, but what the gratitude of his friends and ſcholars has beſtowed. He was one of the great encouragers of Greek learning, and particularly applauded Aſcham's lectures, aſſuring him in a letter, of which Graunt has preſerved an extract, that he would gain more knowledge by explaining one of Æſop's fables to a boy, than by hearing one of Homer's poems explained by another.

Aſcham took his bachelor's degree in 1534, February 18, in the eighteenth year of his age; a time of life at which it is more common now to enter the univerſities than to take degrees, but which, according to the modes of education then in uſe, had nothing of remarkable prematurity. On the 23d of March following, he was choſen fellow of the college; which election he conſidered as a ſecond birth. Dr. Metcalf the maſter of the college, a man, as Aſcham tells us, "meanly learned himſelf, but no mean encourager of "learning

"learning in others," clandeſtinely promoted his ſtu
though he openly ſeemed firſt to oppoſe it, and af
wards to cenſure it, becauſe Aſcham was known
vour the new opinions; and the maſter himſelf wa
cuſed of giving an unjuſt preference to the Nor
men, one of the factions into which this nation
divided, before we could find any more importa
ſon of diſſention, than that ſome were born on the N
thern and ſome on the Southern ſide of Trent. A
cauſe is ſufficient for a quarrel; and the zealots of
North and South lived long in ſuch animoſity, tha
was thought neceſſary at Oxford to keep them q
by chuſing one proctor every year from each.

He ſeems to have been hitherto ſupported by
bounty of Wingfield, which his attainment of a fe
ſhip now freed him from the neceſſity of recei
Dependence, though in thoſe days it was more co
mon, and leſs irkſome, than in the preſent ſtate
things, can never have been free from diſcontent;
therefore he that was releaſed from it muſt always
rejoiced. The danger is, leſt the joy of eſcaping fr
the patron may not leave ſufficient memory of the b
nefactor. Of this forgetfulneſs Aſcham cannot be
cuſed; for he is recorded to have preſerved the m
grateful and affectionate reverence for Wingfi
and to have never grown weary of recounting h
benefits.

His reputation ſtill increaſed, and many reſorted
his chamber to hear the Greek writers explained. H
was likewiſe eminent for other accompliſhments. B
the advice of Pembet, he had learned to play on muſi
cal inſtruments, and he was one of the few who ex
celled in the mechanical art of writing, which the

beg

began to be cultivated among us, and in which we now ſurpaſs all other nations. He not only wrote his pages with neatneſs, but embelliſhed them with elegant draughts and illuminations; an art at that time ſo highly valued, that it contributed much both to his fame and his fortune.

He became maſter of arts in March 1537, in his twenty-firſt year; and then, if not before, commenced tutor, and publickly undertook the education of young men. A tutor of one-and-twenty, however accompliſhed with learning, however exalted by genius, would now gain little reverence or obedience; but in thoſe days of diſcipline and regularity, the authority of the ſtatutes eaſily ſupplied that of the teacher; all power that was lawful was reverenced. Beſides, young tutors had ſtill younger pupils.

Aſcham is ſaid to have courted his ſcholars to ſtudy by every incitement, to have treated them with great kindneſs, and to have taken care at once to inſtill learning and piety, to inlighten their minds, and to form their manners. Many of his ſcholars roſe to great eminence; and among them William Grindal was ſo much diſtinguiſhed, that, by Cheke's recommendation, he was called to court as a proper maſter of languages for the lady Elizabeth.

There was yet no eſtabliſhed lecturer of Greek; the univerſity therefore appointed Aſcham to read in the open ſchools, and paid him out of the publick purſe an honorary ſtipend, ſuch as was then reckoned ſufficiently liberal. A lecture was afterwards founded by king Henry, and he then quitted the ſchools, but continued to explain Greek authors in his own college.

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He was at fi an o t pronunciation introduced, r t ancient reſtored, and this time by C ith, and made ſome tious ſtruggles for the c n practice, which the credit and dignity of his ponifts did not permit to defend very publickly, or with much vehemence: nor were they long his ts; for either his affection for their merit, s c ion of the cogency of their arguments, ſoon cha d his opinion and his practice, and he adhered e ter to their method of utterance.

Of this controverſy it is not neceſſary to give a circumſtantial account; ſomething of it may be found in Strype's life of Smith, and ſomething in Baker's Reflections upon Learning; it is ſufficient to remark here, that Cheke's pronunciation was that which now prevails in the ſchools of England. Diſquiſitions not only verbal, but merely literal, are too minute for popular narration.

He was not leſs eminent as a writer of Latin, than as a teacher of Greek. All the publick letters of the univerſity were of his compoſition; and as little qualifications muſt often bring great abilities into notice, he was recommended to this honourable employment not leſs by the neatneſs of his hand, than the elegance of his ſtyle.

However great was his learning, he was not always immured in his chamber; but, being valetudinary, and weak of body, thought it neceſſary to ſpend many hours in ſuch exerciſes as might beſt relieve him after the fatigue of ſtudy. His favourite amuſement was archery, in which he ſpent, or, in the opinion of

others, loſt ſo much time, that thoſe whom either his faults or virtues made his enemies, and perhaps ſome whoſe kindneſs wiſhed him always worthily employed, did not ſcruple to cenſure his practice, as unſuitable to a man profeſſing learning, and perhaps of bad example in a place of education.

To free himſelf from this cenſure was one of the reaſons for which he publiſhed, in 1544, his "Toxophi-"lus, or the ſchole or partitions of ſhooting," in which he joins the praiſe with the precepts of archery. He deſigned not only to teach the art of ſhooting, but to give an example of diction more natural and more truly Engliſh than was uſed by the common writers of that age, whom he cenſures for mingling exotick terms with their native language, and of whom he complains, that they were made authors, not by ſkill or education, but by arrogance and temerity.

He has not failed in either of his purpoſes. He has ſufficiently vindicated archery as an innocent, ſalutary, uſeful, and liberal diverſion; and if his precepts are of no great uſe, he has only ſhown, by one example among many, how little the hand can derive from the mind, how little intelligence can conduce to dexterity. In every art, practice is much; in arts manual, practice is almoſt the whole. Precept can at moſt but warn againſt error, it can never beſtow excellence.

The bow has been ſo long diſuſed, that moſt Engliſh readers have forgotten its importance, though it was the weapon by which we gained the battle of Agincourt, a weapon which, when handled by Engliſh yeomen, no foreign troops were able to reſiſt. We were not only abler of body than the French, and therefore

therefore superior in the use of arms, which are formidable only in proportion to the strength with which they are handled, but the national practice of shooting for pleasure or for prizes, by which every man was inured to archery from his infancy, gave us insuperable advantage, the bow requiring more practice to skilful use than any other instrument of offence.

Fire-arms were then in their infancy; and though battering-pieces had been some time in use, I know not whether any soldiers were armed with hand-guns when the "Toxophilus" was first published. They were soon after used by the Spanish troops, whom other nations made haste to imitate: but how little they could yet effect, will be understood from the account given by the ingenious author of the "Exercise for the "Norfolk Militia."

"The first muskets were very heavy, and could not "be fired without a rest; they had match-locks, and "barrels of a wide bore, that carried a large ball and "charge of powder, and did execution at a greater "distance.

"The musketeers on a march carried only their rests "and ammunition, and had boys to bear their mus-"kets after them, for which they were allowed great "additional pay.

"They were very slow in loading, not only by rea-"son of the unweildiness of the pieces, and because "they carried the powder and balls separate, but "from the time it took to prepare and adjust the "match; so that their fire was not near so brisk as "ours is now. Afterwards a lighter kind of match-"lock musket came into use, and they carried their

"ammunition in bandeliers, which were broad belts "that came over the ſhoulder, to which were hung "ſeveral little caſes of wood covered with leather, each "containing a charge of powder; the balls they car-"ried looſe in a pouch; and they had alſo a priming-"horn hanging by their ſide.

"The old Engliſh writers call thoſe large muſkets "calivers: the harquebuze was a lighter piece, that "could be fired without a reſt. The match-lock was "fired by a match fixed by a kind of tongs in the "ſerpentine or cock, which, by pulling the trigger, "was brought down with great quickneſs upon the "priming in the pan; over which there was a ſliding "cover, which was drawn back by the hand juſt at "the time of firing. There was a great deal of nicety "and care required to fit the match properly to the "cock, ſo as to come down exactly true on the prim-"ing, to blow the aſhes from the coal, and to guard "the pan from the ſparks that fell from it. A great "deal of time was alſo loſt in taking it out of the "cock, and returning it between the fingers of the "left hand every time that the piece was fired; "and wet weather often rendered the matches uſe-"leſs."

While this was the ſtate of fire-arms, and this ſtate continued among us to the civil war with very little improvement, it is no wonder that the long-bow was preferred by Sir Thomas Smith, who wrote of the choice of weapons in the reign of queen Elizabeth, when the uſe of the bow ſtill continued, though the muſket was gradually prevailing. Sir John Hayward, a writer yet later, has, in his Hiſtory of the Norman kings, endea-

voured to evince the ſuperiority of the archer to the muſketeer: however, in the long peace of king James, the bow was wholly forgotten. Guns have from this time been the weapons of the Engliſh, as of other nations, and, as they are now improved, are certainly more efficacious.

Aſcham had yet another reaſon, if not for writing his book, at leaſt for preſenting it to king Henry. England was not then what it may be now juſtly termed, the capital of literature; and therefore thoſe who aſpired to ſuperiour degrees of excellence, thought it neceſſary to travel into other countries. The purſe of Aſcham was not equal to the expence of peregrination; and therefore he hoped to have it augmented by a penſion. Nor was he wholly diſappointed; for the king rewarded him with an yearly payment of ten pounds.

A penſion of ten pounds granted by a king of England to a man of letters, appears to modern readers ſo contemptible a benefaction, that it is not unworthy of enquiry what might be its value at that time, and how much Aſcham might be enriched by it. Nothing is more uncertain than the eſtimation of wealth by denominated money; the precious metals never retain long the ſame proportion to real commodities, and the ſame names in different ages do not imply the ſame quantity of metal; ſo that it is equally difficult to know how much money was contained in any nominal ſum, and to find what any ſuppoſed quantity of gold or ſilver would purchaſe; both which are neceſſary to the commenſuration of money, or the adjuſtment of proportion between the ſame ſums at different periods of time.

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A numeral pound in king Henry's time contained, as now, twenty ſhillings; and therefore it muſt be inquired what twenty ſhillings could perform. Bread-corn is the moſt certain ſtandard of the neceſſaries of life. Wheat was generally ſold at that time for one ſhilling the buſhel: if therefore we take five ſhillings the buſhel for the current price, ten pounds were equivalent to fifty. But here is danger of a fallacy. It may be doubted, whether wheat was the general bread-corn of that age; and if rye, barley, or oats, were the common food, and wheat, as I ſuſpect, only a delicacy, the value of wheat will not regulate the price of other things. This doubt is however in favour of Aſcham; for if we raiſe the worth of wheat, we raiſe that of his penſion.

But the value of money has another variation, which we are ſtill leſs able to aſcertain: the rules of cuſtom, or the different needs of artificial life, make that revenue little at one time which is great at another. Men are rich and poor, not only in proportion to what they have, but to what they want. In ſome ages, not only neceſſaries are cheaper, but fewer things are neceſſary. In the age of Aſcham, moſt of the elegancies and expences of our preſent faſhions were unknown: commerce had not yet diſtributed ſuperfluity through the lower claſſes of the people, and the character of a ſtudent implied frugality, and required no ſplendour to ſupport it. His penſion, therefore, reckoning together the wants which he could ſupply, and the wants from which he was exempt, may be eſtimated, in my opinion, at more than one hundred pounds a year; which, added to the income of his fellowſhip, put him far enough above diſtreſs.

This was an year of good fortune to Aſcham. He was choſen orator to the univerſity on the removal of Sir John Cheke to court, where he was made tutor to prince Edward. A man once diſtinguiſhed ſoon gains admirers. Aſcham was now received to notice by many of the nobility, and by great ladies, among whom it was then the faſhion to ſtudy the ancient languages. Lee, archbiſhop of York, allowed him a yearly penſion; how much we are not told. He was, probably about this time employed in teaching many illuſtrious perſons to write a fine hand; and, among others, Henry and Charles, dukes of Suffolk, the princeſs Elizabeth, and prince Edward.

Henry VIII. died two years after, and a reformation of religion being now openly proſecuted by king Edward and his council, Aſcham, who was known to favour it, had a new grant of his penſion, and continued at Cambridge, where he lived in great familiarity with Bucer, who had been called from Germany to the profeſſorſhip of divinity. But his retirement was ſoon at an end; for in 1548 his pupil Grindal, the maſter of the princeſs, Elizabeth, died, and the princeſs, who had already ſome acquaintance with Aſcham, called him from his college to direct her ſtudies. He obeyed the ſummons, as we may eaſily believe, with readineſs, and for two years inſtructed her with great diligence; but then, being diſguſted either by her or her domeſticks, or perhaps eager for another change of life, he left her without her conſent, and returned to the univerſity. Of this precipitation he long repented; and, as thoſe who are not accuſtomed to diſreſpect cannot eaſily forgive it, he probably felt the effects of his imprudence to his death.

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After having viſited Cambridge, he took a journey into Yorkſhire, to ſee his native place, and his old acquaintance, and there received a letter from the court, informing him, that he was appointed ſecretary to Sir Richard Moriſine, who was to be diſpatched as ambaſſador into Germany. In his return to London he paid that memorable viſit to lady Jane Gray, in which he found her reading the *Phædo* in Greek, as he has related in his *Schoolmaſter*.

In the year 1550, he attended Moriſine to Germany, and wandered over a great part of the country, making obſervations upon all that appeared worthy of his curioſity, and contracting acquaintance with men of learning. To his correſpondent Sturmius he paid a viſit, but Sturmius was not at home, and thoſe two illuſtrious friends never ſaw each other. During the courſe of this embaſſy, Aſcham undertook to improve Moriſine in Greek, and for four days in the week explained ſome pages of *Herodotus* every morning, and more than two hundred verſes of *Sophocles* or *Euripides* every afternoon. He read with him likewiſe ſome of the orations of *Demoſthenes*. On the other days he compiled the letters of buſineſs, and in the night filled up his diary, digeſted his remarks, and wrote private letters to his friends in England, and particularly to thoſe of his college, whom he continually exhorted to perſeverance in ſtudy. Amidſt all the pleaſures of novelty which his travels ſupplied, and in the dignity of his public ſtation, he preferred the tranquillity of private ſtudy, and the quiet of academical retirement. The reaſonableneſs of this choice has been always diſputed; and in the contrariety of human intereſts and diſpoſitions, the controverſy will not eaſily be decided.

He made a ſhort excurſion into Italy, and mentions in his *Schoolmaſter* with great ſeverity the vices of Venice. He was deſirous of viſiting Trent while the council were ſitting; but the ſcantineſs of his purſe defeated his curioſity.

In this journey he wrote his *Report and diſcourſe of the affairs in Germany*, in which he deſcribes the diſpoſitions and intereſts of the German princes like a man inquiſitive and judicious, and recounts many particularities which are loſt in the maſs of general hiſtory, in a ſtyle which to the ears of that age was undoubtedly mellifluous, and which is now a very valuable ſpecimen of genuine Engliſh.

By the death of king Edward in 1553, the Reformation was ſtopped, Moriſine was recalled, and Aſcham's penſion and hopes were at an end. He therefore retired to his fellowſhip in a ſtate of diſappointment and deſpair, which his biographer has endeavoured to expreſs in the deepeſt ſtrain of plaintive declamation. "He was deprived of all his ſupport," ſays Graunt, "ſtripped of his penſion, and cut off from the aſſiſ-"tance of his friends, who had now loſt their influence; "ſo that he had NEC PRÆMIA NEC PRÆDIA, neither "penſion nor eſtate to ſupport him at Cambridge." There is no credit due to a rhetorician's account either of good or evil. The truth is, that Aſcham ſtill had in his fellowſhip all that in the early part of his life had given him plenty, and might have lived like the other inhabitants of the college, with the advantage of more knowledge and higher reputation. But notwithſtanding his love of academical retirement, he had now too long enjoyed the pleaſures and feſtivities of publick

lick life, to return with a good will to academical poverty.

He had however better fortune than he expected; and, if he lamented his condition like his hiſtorian, better than he deſerved. He had during his abſence in Germany been appointed Latin ſecretary to king Edward; and by the intereſt of Gardiner, biſhop of Wincheſter, he was inſtated in the ſame office under Philip and Mary, with a ſalary of twenty pounds a year.

Soon after his admiſſion to his new employment, he gave an extraordinary ſpecimen of his abilities and diligence, by compoſing and tranſcribing with his uſual elegance, in three days, forty-ſeven letters to princes and perſonages, of whom cardinals were the loweſt.

How Aſcham, who was known to be a Proteſtant, could preſerve the favour of Gardiner, and hold a place of honour and profit in queen Mary's court, it muſt be very natural to inquire. Cheke, as is well known, was compelled to a recantation; and why Aſcham was ſpared, cannot now be diſcovered. Graunt, at a time when the tranſactions of queen Mary's reign muſt have been well enough remembered, declares, that Aſcham always made open profeſſion of the Reformed religion, and that Englesfield and others often endeavoured to incite Gardiner againſt him, but found their accuſations rejected with contempt: yet he allows, that ſuſpicions and charges of temporization and compliance had ſomewhat ſullied his reputation. The author of the Biographia Britannica conjectures, that he owed his ſafety to his innocence and uſefulneſs; that it would have been unpopular to attack a man ſo little

liable to cenſure, and that the loſs of his pen could not have been eaſily ſupplied. But the truth is, that morality was never ſuffered in the days of perſecution to protect hereſy; nor are we ſure that Aſcham was more clear from common failings, than thoſe who ſuffered more; and whatever might be his abilities, they were not ſo neceſſary, but Gardiner could have eaſily filled his place with another ſecretary. Nothing is more vain, than at a diſtant time to examine the motives of diſcrimination and partiality; for the inquirer, having conſidered intereſt and policy, is obliged at laſt to omit more frequent and more active motives of human conduct, caprice, accident, and private affections.

At that time, ſome were puniſhed, many were forborn; and of many why ſhould not Aſcham happen to be one? He ſeems to have been calm and prudent, and content with that peace which he was ſuffered to enjoy; a mode of behaviour that ſeldom fails to produce ſecurity. He had been abroad in the laſt years of king Edward, and had at leaſt given no recent offence. He was certainly, according to his own opinion, not much in danger; for in the next year he reſigned his fellowſhip, which by Gardiner's favour he had continued to hold, though not reſident; and married Margaret Howe, a young gentlewoman of a good family.

He was diſtinguiſhed in this reign by the notice of cardinal Pole, a man of great candour, learning, and gentleneſs of manners, and particularly eminent for his ſkill in Latin, who thought highly of Aſcham's ſtyle; of which it is no inconſiderable proof, that when Pole was deſirous of communicating a ſpeech made by himſelf as legate, in parliament, to the pope, he employed Aſcham to tranſlate it.

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He is ſaid to have been not only protected by the officers of ſtate, but favoured and countenanced by the queen herſelf; ſo that he had no reaſon of complaint in that reign of turbulence and perſecution: nor was his fortune much mended, when in 1558 his pupil Elizabeth mounted the throne. He was continued in his former employment, with the ſame ſtipend: but though he was daily admitted to the preſence of the queen, aſſiſted her private ſtudies, and partook of her diverſions; ſometimes read to her in the learned languages, and ſometimes played with her at draughts and cheſs; he added nothing to his twenty pounds a year but the prebend of Weſtwang in the church of York, which was given him the year following. His fortune was therefore not proportionate to the rank which his offices and reputation gave him, or to the favour in which he ſeemed to ſtand with his miſtreſs. Of this parſimonious allotment it is again a hopeleſs ſearch to inquire the reaſon. The queen was not naturally bountiful, and perhaps did not think it neceſſary to diſtinguiſh by any prodigality of kindneſs a man who had formerly deſerted her, and whom ſhe might ſtill ſuſpect of ſerving rather for intereſt than affection. Graunt exerts his rhetorical powers in praiſe of Aſcham's diſintereſtedneſs and contempt of money; and declares, that though he was often reproached by his friends with neglect of his own intereſt, he never would aſk any thing, and inflexibly refuſed all preſents which his office or imagined intereſt induced any to offer him. Camden, however, imputes the narrowneſs of his condition to his love of dice and cock-fights; and Graunt, forgetting himſef, allows that Aſcham was ſometimes thrown into agonies by diſappointed expectations.

tations. It may be eaſily diſcovered from his *Schoolmaſter*, that he felt his wants, though he might neglect to ſupply them; and we are left to ſuſpect that he ſhewed his contempt of money only by loſing at play. If this was his practice, we may excuſe Elizabeth, who knew the domeſtick character of her ſervants, if ſhe did not give much to him who was laviſh of a little.

However he might fail in his oeconomy, it were indecent to treat with wanton levity the memory of a man who ſhared his frailties with all, but whoſe learning or virtues few can attain, and by whoſe excellencies many may be improved, while himſelf only ſuffered by his faults.

In the reign of Elizabeth nothing remarkable is known to have befallen him, except that, in 1563, he was invited by Sir Edward Sackville to write the *Schoolmaſter*, a treatiſe on education, upon an occaſion which he relates in the beginning of the book. This work, though begun with alacrity in hopes of a conſiderable reward, was interrupted by the death of the patron, and afterwards ſorrowfully and ſlowly finiſhed, in the gloom of diſappointment, under the preſſure of diſtreſs. But of the author's diſinclination or dejection there can be found no tokens in the work, which is conceived with great vigour, and finiſhed with great accuracy; and perhaps contains the beſt advice that was ever given for the ſtudy of languages.

This treatiſe he completed, but did not publiſh; for that poverty which in our days drives authors ſo haſtily in ſuch numbers to the preſs, in the time of Aſcham, I believe, debarred them from it. The printers gave little for a copy, and, if we may believe the tale

of

of Ralegh's hiſtory, were not forward to print what was offered them for nothing. Aſcham's book therefore lay unſeen in his ſtudy, and was at laſt dedicated to lord Cecil by his widow.

Aſcham never had a robuſt or vigorous body, and his excuſe for ſo many hours of diverſion was his inability to endure a long continuance of ſedentary thought. In the latter part of his life he found it neceſſary to forbear any intenſe application of the mind from dinner to bed-time, and roſe to read and write early in the morning. He was for ſome years hectically feveriſh; and though he found ſome alleviation of his diſtemper, never obtained a perfect recovery of his health. The immediate cauſe of his laſt ſickneſs was too cloſe application to the compoſition of a poem, which he purpoſed to preſent to the queen on the day of her acceſſion. To finiſh this, he forbore to ſleep at his accuſtomed hours, till in December 1568 he fell ſick of a kind of lingering diſeaſe, which Graunt has not named, nor accurately deſcribed. The moſt afflictive ſymptom was want of ſleep, which he endeavoured to obtain by the motion of a cradle. Growing every day weaker, he found it vain to contend with his diſtemper, and prepared to die with the reſignation and piety of a true Chriſtian. He was attended on his death-bed by Gravet, vicar of St. Sepulchre, and Dr. Nowel the learned dean of St. Paul's, who gave ample teſtimony to the decency and devotion of his concluding life. He frequently teſtified his deſire of that diſſolution which he ſoon obtained. His funeral ſermon was preached by Dr. Nowel.

Roger Aſcham died in the fifty-third year of his age, at a time when, according to the general courſe of life, much

much might yet have been expected from him, at when he might have hoped for much from others: but his abilities and his wants were at an end together; and who can determine, whether he was cut off from advantages, or reſcued from calamities? He appears to have been not much qualified for the improvement of his fortune. His diſpoſition was kind and ſocial, he delighted in the pleaſures of converſation, and was probably not much inclined to buſineſs. This may be ſuſpected from the paucity of his writings. He has left little behind him; and of that little nothing was publiſhed by himſelf but the *Toxophilus*, and the account of Germany. The *Schoolmaſter* was printed by his widow; and the epiſtles were collected by Grant, who dedicated them to queen Elizabeth, that he might have an opportunity of recommending his ſon Giles Aſcham to her patronage. The dedication was not loſt: the young man was made, by the queen's mandate, fellow of a college in Cambridge, where he obtained conſiderable reputation. What was the effect of his widow's dedication to Cecil, is not known: it may be hoped that Aſcham's works obtained for his family, after his deceaſe, that ſupport which he did not in his life very plenteouſly procure them.

Whether he was poor by his own fault, or the fault of others, cannot now be decided; but it is certain that many have been rich with leſs merit. His philological learning would have gained him honour in any country; and among us it may juſtly call for that reverence which all nations owe to thoſe who firſt rouſe them from ignorance, and kindle among them the light of literature. Of his manners nothing can be ſaid but from his own teſtimony, and that of his contemporaries.

temporaries. Thoſe who mention him allow him many virtues. His courteſy, benevolence, and liberality, are celebrated; and of his piety we have not only the teſtimony of his friends, but the evidence of his wrings.

That his Engliſh works have been ſo long neglected, is a proof of the uncertainty of literary fame. He was ſcarcely known as an author in his own language till Mr. Upton publiſhed his *Schoolmaſter* with learned notes. His other pieces were read only by thoſe few who delight in obſolete books; but as they are now collected into one volume, with the addition of ſome letters never printed before, the publick has an opportunity of recompenſing the injury, and allotting Aſcham the reputation due to his knowledge and his eloquence.

END OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.

REFERENCE DEPART

This book is under no circum
taken from the Build